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The Australian **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

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Sold Every Week

PRICE



SPECIAL ISSUE
**MELBOURNE'S GALA
OLYMPIC SEASON**

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NOVEMBER 21, 1956

Vol. 24, No. 25

IN DREAD OF WAR

WARS are fought by men and endured by women.

For weeks the women of Australia and other countries have been tortured by the question — must they endure war again?

Mothers look at sons, wives at husbands, girls at their husbands-to-be. They wonder are these men, now so full of life and laughter, destined to be names in a casualty list?

That is how women feel when war looms. Few can look at international problems objectively.

In every bone of the bodies that have borne children, in every fibre of those that should bear them, women rebel against the man-made fate of war, against man's acceptance of war as a way of settling disputes.

If war should come, women will again throw themselves into the fight behind their men.

But, until the cause of peace is irrevocably lost, they cling passionately to the hope that they will not be asked to waste their lives as the lives of women are always wasted when their men are taken from them.

Fifty years of feminism have made no difference to the essential role of women.

They have a foolish female trick of living for the people they love, and of these the most important are husbands, sweethearts, and sons.

To part with these in war, however just the cause, however urgent the need, is to face a suspension of real living.

War is the betrayal of their basic biological purpose.

Not for this have they loved husbands, borne sons, nursed grandchildren.

And the ultimate proof of their devotion to men is that they will, if they must, share fully and bravely in this horror which they have no part in making.

Our cover:

● Our cover this week brings you a glimpse of Melbourne ready for its role as host city for the 1956 Olympic Games. The gorgeous collection of national flags used on this building in the heart of Melbourne is typical of the brilliant color that highlights the city. Doing their bit to see that the flags flown are truly gorgeous, a loyal Melbourne firm of dry cleaners offered to clean free all Australian and British flags used during the Games. Their offer covered all sizes, from the modest-sized front-verandah flag used by suburban patriots to the monster size used on big office buildings. Photograph by Sam Blakeway.

This week:

● We feel that David Beaty, author of our exciting new serial "The Proving Flight," which starts this week, will be delighted that artist Jim Phillips did the dramatic illustrations, for Phillips is as keen on accuracy as is Beaty. Before he started his illustrations, Phillips gave his 14-year-old son Nicholas and a friend all the details of the aircraft "Emperor Able Dog," round which the story is written. The boys, both keen model-aircraft builders, constructed E.A.D. to scale in balsa wood, and Phillips used the model for all his illustrations.

● This week's film reviews appear on page 79.

Next week:

● Our bumper Olympic Games souvenir issue appears next week. As well as informative stories and Andrew Dettre's forecast of the gold-medal winners among the women, there are six picture-pages in color of Australian and overseas athletes. This picture gallery, of course, includes many women athletes who would earn the stern disapproval of the ancient Greek founders of the Games. Their rules called for death for any woman who saw or attempted to see the contest.

● Details of our 1957 £2000 art prize will appear next week. If "third time proves it" is true, the third exhibition in 1957 will set the seal on this world-wide portrait competition. Already we are receiving requests for details from overseas.

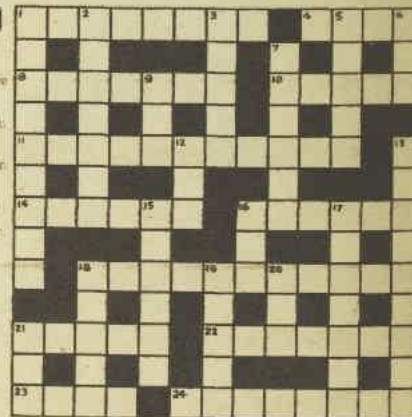
● Next week's gardening page tells about the euphorbia family that produces poinsettia, and garden subjects like snow-on-the-mountains, the Mexican Fire Plant, crown of thorns, and the strange Venezuelan Cow Tree.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Director who could be a rich man and who could say, "I can harm" (8).
4. Flag-end which turns to verbal objections (4).
8. A bad scholar in hell (7).
10. No Edward is famous (5).
11. As a race may be good at breakfast time (3, 3, 5).
14. He stood against Ahri-man (6).
16. Even botanical groups could enrage (6).
18. E.g.: "You are sacked" (5, 6).
21. Reduce a lie used in tanning (5).
22. An air came from this land (7).
23. Bearing in me (4).
24. Open clue (Anagram) (8).

Solution will be published next week.



DOWN

1. They attend young ladies (9).
2. Compound of different things, one being the back of a lama, the other a herd of whales (7).
3. Relatives who may appear as nut (5).
5. Giant with the head of a very small bird (5).
6. Abandon evil but not anon (3).
7. What you earn may become an invitation if you put the top to the bottom (6).
9. The scholar mentioned in 8 across (3).
12. Accomplished from every way (3).
13. Bring to a standstill by spiritless friend (9).
14. Turned upwards suddenly in a very sharp angle with the head of a small zoological garden (6).
16. The son of it is a rascal (3).
17. Both the form and the number of books printed (7).
18. In the garden and in a pack of cards (5).
19. Thousand surrounded by part for walk (5).
20. Immoderation produces this poem (3).
21. Bernard Shaw connected more than one of these with the man (3).



Solution of last week's crossword.

YARDLEY
brings its
'teenage club'
to Australia!

Do you know that

Australian girls wrote all the way to London just to join this club? So we simply had to establish a branch in Australia.

To enrol, send a postal note for 4/- to cover cost of membership, your copy of the teenagers' own magazine 'Junior Miss', and member's miniature lipstick, all of which will be forwarded to you by return mail.

But please hurry, as there is so much planned for club members to do before Christmas.



Yardley of London (Australia) Pty. Ltd.,
Hume Highway, Bankstown, N.S.W.

I wish to join the Yardley Teen-age Club. Enclosed is postal note for 4/- to cover membership fees, postage and packing of my copy of "Junior Miss" and my miniature Yardley Lipstick.

NAME _____

DATE OF BIRTH _____

COLOURING _____

ADDRESS _____

INTERNATIONAL VILLAGERS

● On the cool, broad avenues of Olympic Village more than 6000 of the world's top sportsmen and athletics officials are now housed in neat, modern-styled homes. These pictures show some early arrivals.



ABOVE. Italian cyclists P. Chiodini, L. Faggini, G. Costa, G. Ognia, A. Comincini, and V. Gasparelli chatting.

NIGERIAN team cheers as its flag is unfurled in the village. The chef de mission, Chief J. K. Randle, is wearing his country's national dress.



FIRST ARRIVALS at Olympic Village, Malaysians (from left) Liew Foh Shin, Moe Fu Kiat, and Mr. N. M. Vasagam, secretary-general of the Malayan contingent, inspect souvenirs at a village shop.



JAMAICANS need a radiator in Melbourne's climate. From left: M. Spence, G. Kerr, R. Estick, coach J. Yancey (standing), H. MacDonald, K. Gardner, E. Haisley, and M. Spence.



RUMANIANS Iolanda Balas (left) and Lia Manoliu lunch at one of the village dining-rooms. Rumania sent an Olympic team of 72 athletes and officials to Melbourne.



CEYLON representatives Henry Jayasuriya (left) and his brother Chandra Jayasuriya watch team manager Julian Grero (right) unpack. Henry and Mr. Grero are in Ceylon's Olympic uniform.



BRITISH athletes Thelma Hopkins and Brian Hewson relax after a heavy training spell in Melbourne's University Oval.



MID-AIR leap of a Russian folk dancer startles diners at a Continental restaurant in Melbourne. Cafes expect to do record business.

Restaurateurs ready to serve . . .

Dishes for gourmets of many nations

The Melbourne menu has turned Continental; the old gloomy Sunday has been transformed as hotels, restaurants, and cafes prepare for the Olympic scene.

MAKING a survey of expensive and inexpensive places to eat, I found some bright spots on a wet Sunday night.

In the Rainbow Room of the Savoy Plaza Hotel, dancers crowded the glass floor, believed to be the only one of its kind in the Southern Hemisphere.

Of plate-glass squares, one inch thick and lit from underneath, the floor is backed by a tall plastic screen and given a rainbow effect by hidden revolving discs of bright colors.

The turn of a switch brings water cascading between colored lights and screens—an interesting effect with no liquidation danger to the dancers.

On each table, where the linen was snowy and floor-length, candles imported from Honolulu and shaded by ruby lampshades on wrought-iron bases gave out a soft light.

Menus were big; they had to be. Listed were dishes from America, Australia, France, Hawaii, Holland, India, Indo-

nesia, Italy, Poland, Russia, and Sweden.

Dressing for the Sunday night dinner dance was smart but informal. Go there during the week and you'll need to don glamor.

"Antonio's" at Prahran, mentioned by an overseas fashion magazine as having the best food in Melbourne, offers gourmets' meals, restful decor,

By HELEN FRIZELL,
staff reporter

and interesting atmosphere at an interestingly high price.

Antonio conjures up a "Duckling a la Montagne," which, as a well-filled visitors' book attests, is something to remember.

First, they spit the duckling on a silver sword, sprinkle it with cognac, ignite it, and allow the juice and gravy to come dripping down on to a bed of rice.

Afterwards, Mrs. Paul, wife of the owner, might offer you

a platter which looks like a still-life painting.

In the centre is a bowl of tinted, sculpted ice. In this is half a pineapple, filled with ice-cream, liqueurs, and fruits. Around the perimeter orange halves, ice-cream, biscuits, and posies of fresh violets are attractively placed.

Pin the violets to your dress, stand back while your escort pays the bill, and hint to come back when the budget allows.

Farther out of Melbourne, at Hampton, the Troika, a Russian dine-and-dance restaurant, was packed to capacity when I arrived.

The customers, energetic and mainly young, had finished their Shashliks, Kievski Cutlets, and Beef Stroganoff and were clapping to the bala-laika music and the leaping rhythm of Russian dancers, who bounced and sprang between the tables.

Cigarette smoke was blue in the air. The tablecloths were checked, the lights shaded.

Completely informal, the diners later tried to follow the example of the dancing Koum-

pan brothers, many finding that one has to be a born Ukrainian to manage those whirling dances.

During the Olympics the manager, Mr. J. Bakaloff, will keep the Troika going at full gallop until 6 a.m.

At South Yarra the bamboo door of the Ceylon Restaurant swings open, revealing wall decorations of devil masks, Kandy temple dancers, a giant Ceylonese dancer, and Miss Joyce van der Poorten, from Ceylon, in a mid-blue-and-gold sari.

Only curries and rice are served here—but what curries!

Cooked in coconut milk, they are flavored with ingredients specially imported from Ceylon, and are prepared by a Ceylonese chef. Meat,

AT CEYLON RESTAURANT, visiting dancer-anthropologist Katherine Dunham eats curry with the manager of the cafe, Miss Joyce van der Poorten, of Ceylon.

chicken, prawn, and crayfish curries—hot as you can stand them—are served with pampol pancakes made of jaggery (coconut) flour, with parrippu and papadums.

Drink, appropriately enough, is Ceylon tea.

Favorite spot with theatricals, the Ceylon Restaurant has served its curries to Johnnie Ray, Louis Armstrong, Winifred Atwill, and Katherine Dunham. Glamorous hostess Joyce van der Poorten has appeared in two films herself, "Elephant Walk" and "Laughing Anne."

Prices are reasonable.

Flower-filled window-boxes, murals, recorded music, and good food at very reasonable prices are features of the Joliette Cafe, Swanston Street, where a cuckoo clock announces mealtime.

Run by a Dutch couple, Mr. and Mrs. Kurt Kripner, formerly of Amsterdam, The Joliette goes in for Nassi Gorang, Duckling a l'orange, and steaks smothered in mushroom or asparagus.

There is no liquor licence, but good cider is served.

Through the week I was introduced to Jimmy Watson, of the Australian Wine Distributing Centre, Carlton.

Wine connoisseurs take their own lunches of crusty bread

rolls, tinned anchovies, cheese huaks, or salami, and pay minute amounts for the best of Australian wines.

Host Jimmy Watson, in large leather apron, will serve you a Madeira, in the correct long-stemmed glass, for only 3d.

You can try the claret, burgundy, sherry, port, and white wine.

Habitues and visitors, making the place their club, observe the printed slogan in the window, saying:

"This bar is dedicated to those merry souls who make drinking a pleasure, who reach contentment before capacity, and whatever they drink can take it, hold it, and remain gentlemen."

These are places for your list when visiting Melbourne.

Add to them Menzies, Oxford, Scotts, and Astoria hotels. Try the Florentino, Ritz, Molina's, Venetia, Mario's, Maxim's, and the bright Ace of Spades, South Yarra, where the Sunday evening charcoal grills sharpen appetites.

There are many more too numerous to mention. For Melbourne, in the way of food, has everything from the Briton's roast beef to the shark-fin soup of Mr. Chibney Ponn's Ling Nan in Bourke Street.



AT CEYLON RESTAURANT, visiting dancer-anthropologist Katherine Dunham eats curry with the manager of the cafe, Miss Joyce van der Poorten, of Ceylon.



MR. JIMMY WATSON, in a leather apron, serves wine to customers at his Wine Distribution Centre, Carlton. Visitors bring along their own lunch of bread rolls and cheese.



AT TROIKA NIGHTCLUB, Hampton, Sunday night is a gay one. Here Vladimir Timoschenko plays a song while guests order a serving of Russian bortsch.

Overseas visitors have own etiquette "rules"

● "If your Olympic visitor stands on his head to greet you, it is best to know how to do it yourself so you can make him feel at home," said a smiling Mr. Hans Meyer, co-director of a small Victorian "finishing" school which this year introduced a special Olympic course into its curriculum.

BASED on the school's principle of poise on all social occasions, the course deals with international etiquette, a little geography, and a smattering of languages.

Among the students have been wives of consuls, councillors, and Olympic officials, as well as some of the men themselves, and teenage girls whose parents will entertain during the Olympics.

"It's an important part of hospitality to receive other nationalities without showing surprise or confusion at their customs and mannerisms," said Hans Meyer, who with his wife Alice runs the school at their Hawthorn home.

So if you are speaking with a Greek, and he says "Ne," with an emphatic shake of his head, remember that he means "Yes," and that "Ochi," with a vigorous nod, means "No."

If you notice one of your Olympic party guests pulling at his right ear and winking his right eye in the one polished movement at the end of the meal, you may be sure he is just a well-mannered Portuguese expressing his pleasure with the food.

He may even think your party dress deserves this compliment, so don't be alarmed if it is aimed right at you.

Don't worry either if another guest pokes out his tongue when being introduced to you. This is a polite Tibetan

greeting. The gentleman will not only poke out his tongue but inhale air and give out a soft whistle in your honor.

"Never," say the etiquette tutors, "touch the hat or turban of an Indonesian, as the head and everything to do with it is holy to him."

And as the left hand is considered the hand of insult to an Indonesian, it is advisable to make sure you hand him everything with your right hand.

Single girls are warned not to be offended if a Continental visitor gallantly kisses the hand of a married woman,

By
SHEILA McFARLANE,
staff reporter

yet merely nods his head when being introduced to them.

It is considered too forward to kiss a single girl's hand.

Don't expect a visiting Continental always to walk on the kerb side while escorting you in the street, because his "rule" is always to walk on the lady's left, whichever side the kerb may be on.

And he will precede you when going up stairs.

"Your Continental women guests will not appreciate being taken into the bedroom to leave their wraps," said Hans Meyer. "They would sooner leave them handy in the hall."

"Of course you'll know not to look horrified if two

Frenchmen rush across the room and vehemently kiss each other on both cheeks in the middle of a party, won't you?" his wife asked me.

"And never ask Frenchmen personal questions, such as where they were yesterday, or what is their occupation," Mrs. Meyer added.

"However, they don't consider their opinions personal property, so you can go ahead asking their opinions on anything at all."

"On the other hand, an Italian will take it as a mark of friendship if you encourage him to discuss his family affairs with you."

"Don't say 'My word' or 'That's true' to a Syrian if you want him to believe something you say, because he won't," Alice Meyer said.

"From an expression like that he would conclude that you mean it is not true."

If you expect to meet any of the Japanese during the Olympic season, be armed with a supply of visiting cards.

"They like to exchange cards at the slightest provocation," said Alice Meyer. "They do it each time they meet you, even if it's a dozen times in one day."

A point I found amusing about Japanese card-exchanging customs is their New Year habit of getting all dressed up, even to top hats, and calling on neighbors with their cards, although they simply hand them to the servants.

CUSTOMS vary in every land, so don't expect a Continental visitor always to walk on the kerb side while escorting you in the street. Hans Meyer, head of a Melbourne school of etiquette, says it is the Continental's "rule" always to walk on the lady's left.

"It is very bad manners," Alice Meyer continued, "to come directly to the point when conversing with a Japanese."

"He likes to have a long preliminary talk leading up to the point, and if you come to it too quickly he thinks you are rudely anxious."

Mealtimes might offer some surprises to hosts and hostesses, so Mr. Meyer warns not to turn a hair when German or Austrian guests use their forks turned upwards, when they tilt their soup dishes towards them, and when the French dip their bread into the gravy or the coffee.

A visitor from Donogoo, South America, is likely to produce a neat little pocket-knife if a roast is served, nonchalantly lean across and cut off a slice, pop it into his mouth from the blade of the knife, and, provided it's good, or at least that his manners are good, he will nod his approval.

Then he will proceed to eat, in the normal way, the food placed in front of him.

At home in Donogoo, if a guest has forgotten his own pocket-knife the host will lend him one from his "guest" supply.

If you find yourself on the guest side of a party there are still some pointers to remember.



CONTINENTAL visitors will kiss the hand of a married woman, but not that of a single girl. Here, Hans Meyer shows pupils how hand-kissing is done by Continentals.

"Skål" is the Swedish word for drinking one's health. It is never said to a woman because it means that one is obliged to empty the glass in the next gulp.

"Kempe" is the corresponding Chinese expression. It is an elementary politeness for a host or hostess to say "Kempe" to a guest, but when it is said twice to that guest it is a mark of great friendship, and as the friendship increases so do the "Kempes."

Be prepared to eat a 10-year-old egg if you are being entertained by Chinese. Eggs that have been lying in calcium for 10 years are a great Chinese delicacy. The shells, by this time, are transparent.

"You will have between 40 and 50 courses to go through at some Chinese meals," Mr. Meyer said.

"Then, at the very end, an

attractive bowl of rice will be set before each guest. No matter how tempted you are to eat it, don't. By not eating the rice a guest shows his host that he has fed him sufficiently well."

Hans Meyer said that before he and his wife went into all these interesting customs with the pupils they brushed them up on home-grown manners.

"For instance, even in Australia," he said, "never leave a room facing out of it, but gracefully back out."

"And many of us forget that it is one of our own rules of etiquette to remove gloves before smoking; that Australian women should not handle a male visitor's coat or hat, but let him put it down himself; and that it is the woman's place to first acknowledge the presence of a man."



PORTUGUESE way of showing pleasure is demonstrated by Mr. Hans Meyer, co-director of a small Victorian "finishing" school.



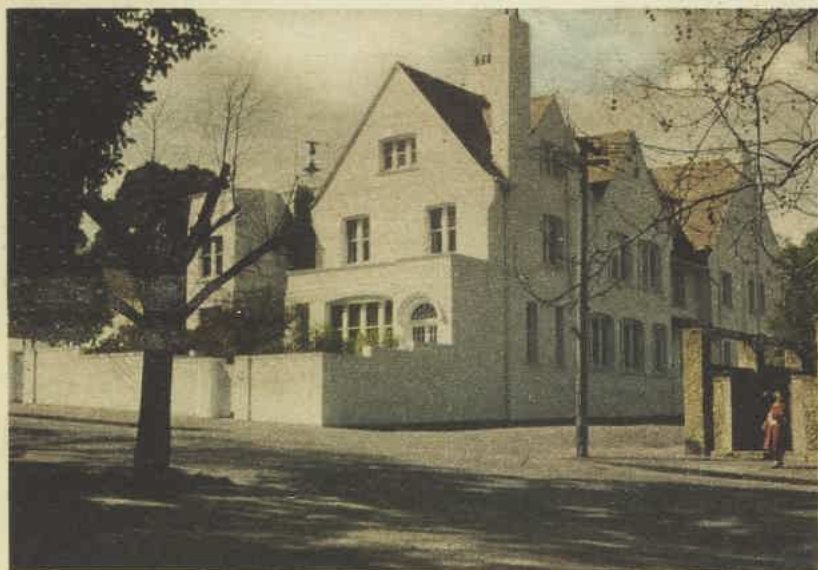
ITALIAN way of showing delight is illustrated by a visiting Italian carabinieri. This, of course, is not done on formal occasions.

MELBOURNE HOSTS PLAN LAVISH PARTIES



● The saying, "Melbourne always entertains at home," will be emphasised this year when visitors will enjoy the social aspect of the 1956 Olympic city at its splendid best.

The biggest and most important parties of the November-December season will be the ball on December 3 at Government House for 1000 guests, in honor of the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Olympic Garden Party in the grounds on November 16. There is a guest-list of 8000 for the garden party, and flowerbeds have been planned to bloom in many tonings of red, white, and blue.



CONSULAR residence (left) and (above) the U.S. Consul-General, Mr. Gerald Warner, and his wife in the drawing-room. Mr. and Mrs. Warner will give cocktail parties on November 27 and December 6 for about 400 people in honor of prominent U.S. visitors, including Mr. Avery Brundage.

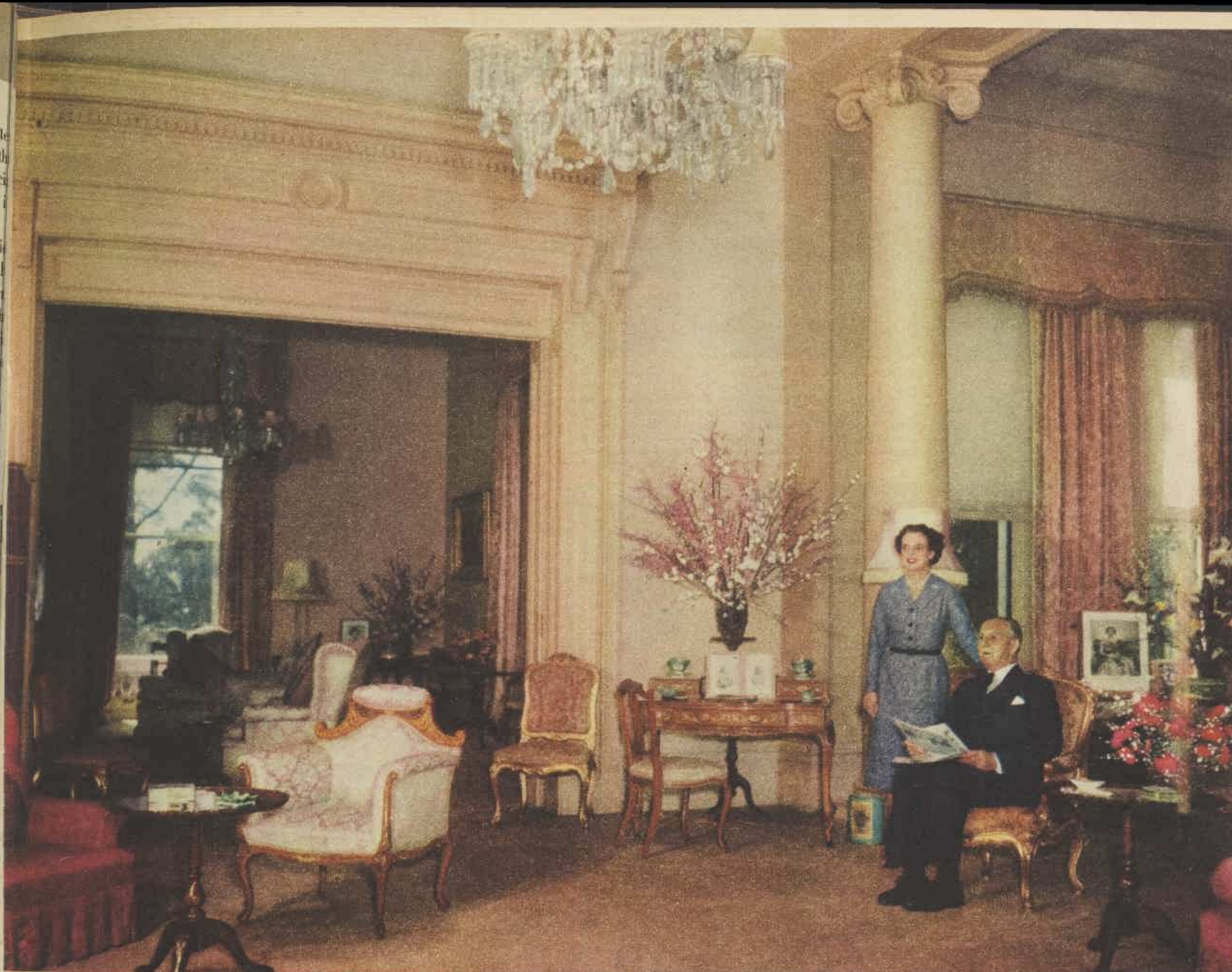


HOSTESS Mrs. Hamilton Sleigh (right), who with her husband, the honorary Vice-Consul for Finland, will entertain at their home (below). Their cocktail party for 500 guests will be in honor of house guest Mr. Paavo Simelius, Charge d'Affaires for Finland.

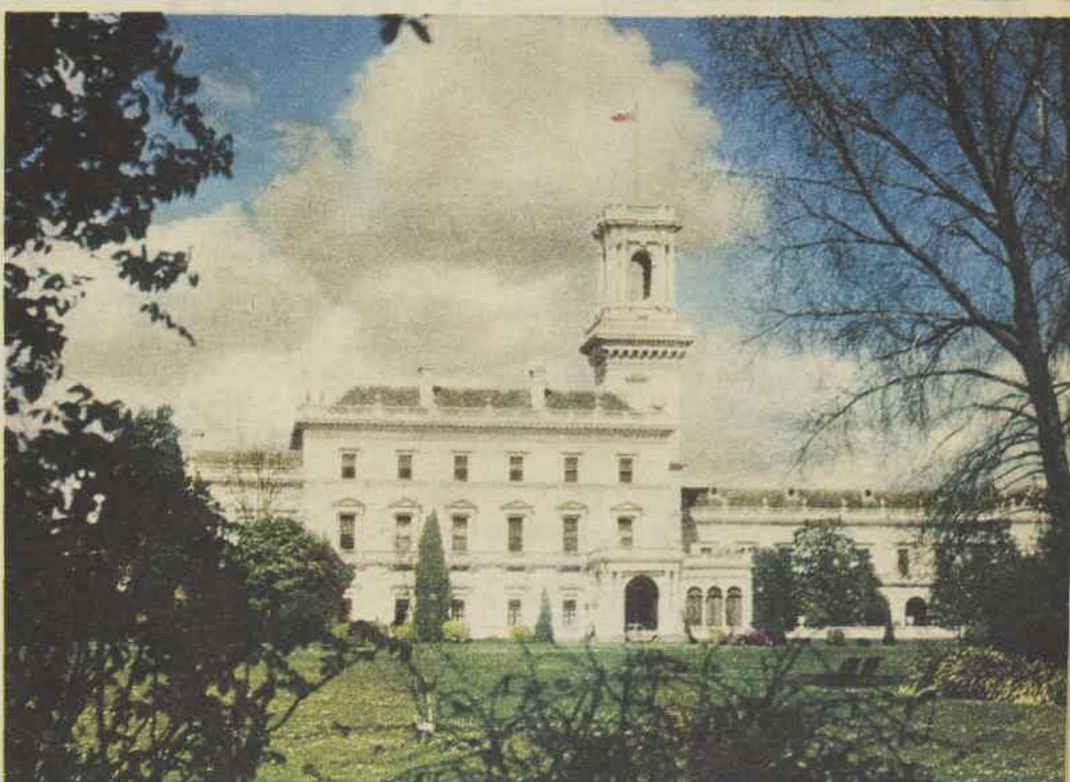
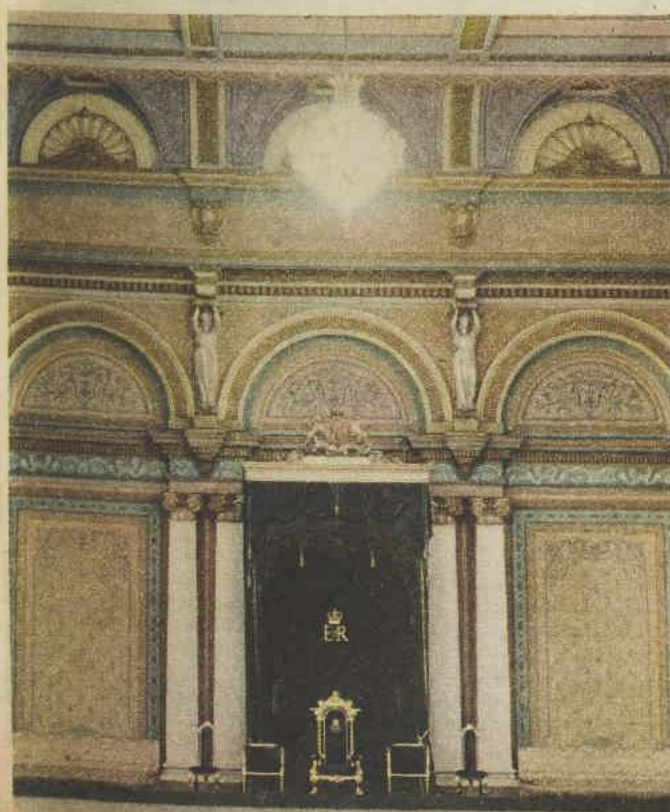


LOVELY garden will be the setting for a 200-guest marquee dance given by Mr. Maurice Nathan, chairman of the Olympic Civic Committee, and Mrs. Nathan (above, beside the pool).





GOVERNOR OF VICTORIA, Sir Dallas Brooks, and Lady Brooks in their private drawing-room at Government House, Melbourne. The room opens on to the garden. The Duke of Edinburgh will be entertained at private dinner-parties at Government House.



VICE-REGAL THRONE on the dais (left) of Government House ballroom, which will be the scene of the Vice-Regal ball on December 3 in the Duke's honor.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, Melbourne (above). Built in the 1870s, it is a replica of Osborne House, the residence built for Queen Victoria on the Isle of Wight.



FAMILY GROUP. The newly appointed High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in Australia, Lord Carrington, with Lady Carrington and their children (from left), the Hon. Alexandra Carrington (13), the Hon. Rupert Carrington (7), and the Hon. Virginia Carrington (10), who travelled on board Oronsay from England. Lord Carrington's title is spelt with double "r" and the family name is spelt with one "r."



WELCOME HOME for Prue Pratten from her brother Tony. Prue arrived in Oronsay with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Pratten, after eight months' holiday in England and Europe.



ENGAGEMENT. Elizabeth Ord, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ord, of Darling Point, has announced her engagement to Michael McCabe, only son of Mrs. W. McCabe, of Potts Point, and the late Mr. F. J. McCabe.



OAKS DAY AT FLEMINGTON. Lady Baillieu (left) and Mrs. Rupert Downes at the Oaks Day races in Melbourne. Lord and Lady Baillieu will travel to Sydney to attend Judy Vicars' wedding to David Dickens on December 10.



KEEN RACEGOERS at Flemington on Oaks Day were Mrs. John Grimwade (left), who wore a beige hat with her brown-and-white-checked suit, and Mrs. Geoffrey Grimwade, who chose a violet-laden hat and a black wool suit.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

THE new American glamor ship S.S. Mariposa will arrive in Sydney on her maiden voyage from San Francisco on November 21. The liner will berth at Woolloomooloo during her three-day visit. And lots of Sydney people will have an opportunity to see over the ship at the gala party to be held on board on November 22.

A plane has been chartered for November 23 to fly some of the passengers to Melbourne to watch the day's events at the Olympic Games. They will fly back to the Mariposa that evening.

The Australian Ambassador to the United States, Sir Percy Spender, and Lady Spender are travelling in the Mariposa, and also that popular couple, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brown, of Los Angeles, who lived in Sydney for many years.

THEY'RE engaged

Betty Grant, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Grant, of Matraville, to John Parnell, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Parnell, of Bondi. A party for 40 guests was held at Betty's home to celebrate the engagement.

FOR her arrival in Sydney on board Oronsay, Lady Carrington, wife of the new High Commissioner for England in Australia, wore a model suit of fine grey worsted which was made for her by Lachasse. Lady Carrington told me that she has brought most of her clothes from London . . . and some evening dresses by Maggy Rouff.

EIGHT debutantes (who are all daughters of members of the Thirty-niners' Association) were presented to the Flag-Officer in Charge East Australian Area, Rear-Admiral H. J. Buchanan, and Mrs. Buchanan at the association's annual ball. Five hundred guests attended the ball held in the Sydney Town Hall.



AT N.S.W. TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS. Myron Franka, of Beverly Hills, California, who is a member of the U.S. Davis Cup Squad, with sisters Helen and Valerie Jenkyn at White City, where the championships are in progress.



BROTHER AND SISTER at the races on Oaks Day were Norman and Joan Wheeler, of "Kia-ora," Scone. Joan wore a cherry-red curvette with her navy-blue dress, which tied at the collar with a bow of blue printed silk.

IT was a very brief glimpse of Sydney last week for Henrietta Montagu-Douglas-Scott, who arrived on board Oronsay from England. Henrietta set off almost immediately after her arrival for Canberra, where she has taken up her appointment as personal assistant to Lady Slim, wife of the Governor-General, Sir William Slim. Henrietta's mother, Lady Victoria Montagu-Douglas-Scott, is the daughter of the first Earl Haig.

BRIEFLY . . . Susan Marks, of Mosman, who has just arrived home after eight months' travelling through England and the Continent, is wearing a heavy charm bracelet—a charm from every country she visited . . . Beverley and Philip Kellerman are honeymooning at Yamba. Beverley is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Solomon, of Vaucluse.

Anne



two beautiful . . . beautiful . . .

Pinks

but only one is for you

Pink Spice For you, if you have 'young' moist lips . . . it's a gorgeous pink that will add spice to your life . . . Available only in Michel 'Firm' — the only truly firm lipstick for 'young', moist lips.

Petticoat Pink For you if you have 'dry' lips . . . it's a frivolous, gay and flirtatious pink available only in Michel 'Creamy' — the only lipstick containing perma-sheen to pamper dry lips.

Michel

now stays on longer than ever . . .

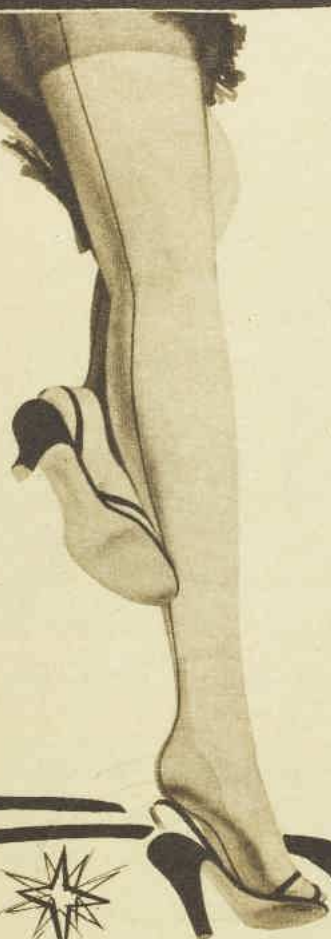


Available in Medium size in beautiful gold case at 5/11. Large, double quantity propelling size at 11/3. Sensational new "ready-to-use" refill in amber case at 8/6d.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 21, 1956

Page 9

The most
talked about —
walked about
NYLONS in town



LUSTRE STOCKINGS GIVE A SKIN-SMOOTH FIT

Have you worn...
SHEERMIST. Here is your best bargain in beauty! The most durable 15-denier nylons you ever set foot in... at a remarkably low price. Finest finish, gossamer texture, all you could want in a "dress-up" stocking. Shop high, shop low, you won't find a better quality at... **12/11**

You'll also like
LACE. These nylons with the DOUBLE-Life Twin Thread. They give one-thread sheeress but twice the protection against ladder-ruins! Look for the lacy ladder-guard top... **13/6**

RHAPSODY. Special occasion nylons, a gossamer bloom of 12-denier beauty... **14/11**

BEAUSHEER. Muted, misty stockings with a peach-bloom texture. Their "High twist" nylon means finer fit, seams that stay dead straight, and tireless persistency in day-in, day-out wear. A wonderful buy at... **16/11**

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TELEVISION PARADE

● Many people, having made the momentous decision to disrupt their entire life by buying a TV set, become confused about the size of their set.

THEY seem to think that they must have a 21-inch or 24-inch screen to obtain the best results.

Actually the size of your set should depend on the size of the room you plan to put it in. Most average living-rooms are better suited for a 17in. screen. Remember that you should try to sit about 15 feet away from your set. Ideally you should be farther away from a set with one of the bigger screens. The bigger screens are preferable for larger living-rooms and for clubs and community sets.

When you are installing the set don't put it up too high in the room, as your neck will tire if you are going to look up for two or three hours each night. I think that sets are best about 2ft. 6in. off the ground, so that you are looking down slightly all the time.

If you have a house with several rooms, it might pay you to put antenna plugs in more than one room, so that you can move the set around from room to room.

If you do this, it is possible for one of your family to plan a TV party without disrupting the rest of the family. You can plug the TV set in the dining-room, leaving the living-room free for other members of the family.

Finally, the experts say that it is not good for your eyes to look at TV in complete darkness. They recommend at least one light on in the room while watching television.

Try to arrange it so that this light does not reflect on to the screen of your set.

★ ★ ★
WHILE on the subject of sets, I believe that only about 10 per cent. of the people who own radio sets know how to tune them in to a station correctly. I suppose with TV the proportion will be even lower. The boys at Channel 9, who studied TV in America, tell me that very few of the sets they saw in operation there were correctly tuned and focused. However, they said that the degree of error was very small, and that it made no appreciable difference to the quality of the image.

★ ★ ★
SINCE the A.B.C. started regular transmissions on November 5 I have heard many conflicting reports about the quality of the signal. There seems to be no doubt that the 80ft. "stump" mast they use to air their signal has a lot to do with this. Some people get excellent signals, while others have been able to get no more than a blur. When the full mast is completed next April the signal should be much better, as the A.B.C. has the pick of the frequencies.

★ ★ ★
BARRY COHEN, who was one of the Channel 9 golf commentators last week, had an unexpected television debut. Barry, who is a leading amateur golfer, works for



DEADLINE VIENNA. Hilde Kraus (Delphi Lawrence), office assistant in the Vienna office of International News, succumbs to the charms of Tony Barclay (Douglas Fairbanks, jun.), a lawyer sent to Vienna from America to find a missing correspondent. "Deadline Vienna" will be seen on Channel 9 on Friday, November 16, at 8.30 p.m.

a sporting goods firm. Some months ago he met Bruce Gyngell, of TCN, at a party. Bruce got talking to him about golf, and was impressed with his background knowledge of the game.

Last week when TCN was looking for a commentator who knew something about golf, Bruce suddenly thought of Barry, and called him into the studio. Station manager Alex Baz hired him after a lightning audition, taking what might be termed a calculated gamble.

However, Barry excelled both on and off the camera, and his pertinent commentary kept viewers right up to date with all the aspects of the game.

★ ★ ★
FOUR faces you will be seeing a lot of on Channel 2 are those of Michael Charlton, James Dibble, Paul MacLay, and John Chance. These four will take it in turns to read the news and "host" the programmes. All four will continue their radio work. As Channel 2 has no commercials to bridge the gap between shows, they intend to use a "host" on camera.

★ ★ ★
AN unusual story awaits viewers on Channel 9 on Wednesday, November 21, at 8.30, when TCN presents "The Man Who Heard Everything."

Charlie Graham (Michael Gough), an ordinary unimportant citizen, is involved in a car smash. On recovery he finds that he has acquired miraculous powers of hearing — far beyond the known range of human or animal ears.

The discovery is agony to him. He can hear a leaf falling two streets away, grass growing outside his window, a watch ticks with anvil-strokes, a pin drops like an iron girder, a tear falls like a miniature

Niagara, a bee zooms like a confined jet plane.

As specialists confer on operative treatment to relieve his disability, Charlie begins to hear soft voices calling him. They announce themselves as visitors from another planet, a million years older in knowledge than the earth. They appeal to him to retain his miraculous power so they can funnel through him their solutions of the problems of life,



death, war, pain, and human suffering. But the operation is about to take place, and Charlie's desperate efforts to call it off are ignored as the normal reaction of a patient.

Restored to normal hearing, Charlie is tortured by memories of his supernatural voices, and the doubt as to whether they were real or the result of preoperative drugs, but his peace of mind is renewed by the practical common sense of his wife, Emily (Brenda Bruce), whose only doubt is whether our world was meant to leap forward a thousand years, instead of continuing to learn by its own mistakes.

★ ★ ★
IN "War in the Air" on Channel 2 on Monday, November 19, at 7.45 p.m., viewers will see the story of air-power over the past two decades.

In this episode viewers will see the increasing use of air-power in the Battle of the Atlantic, 1940-42, begun by Germany and continued by Britain, using her air-cover against surface raiders and U-boats. This series is one of the most interesting television

programmes at present being shown in Australia.

Filmed by the B.B.C., it took 20 months of intensive work to complete, and more than 1000 miles of film from official and unofficial sources have been utilised in the film.

★ ★ ★
ON Celebrity Playhouse on Channel 9 on Friday, November 16, at 8 p.m., viewers will see English actor Joseph Cotten in the unusual role of town marshal in a Western drama, "Showdown at San Pablo."

Cotten plays the part of Marshal Fenton Lockhart, of San Pablo, the marshal who won't wear a gun and keeps order with his bare hands.

★ ★ ★
IN view of the events of the past 15 years it is strange to find in a Channel 2 programme called "Australia Unlimited" on Wednesday, November 21, that the subject will be of Japanese origin. The programme will demonstrate the Japanese art of bonsai, the stunting of trees and plants.

Mr. V. Koreschoff, an authority on bonsai and a leading Sydney nurseryman, will be the lecturer. The A.B.C. says of "Australia Unlimited" that "each week... viewers will be shown unusual facets of rural Australia, of interest to the city-dweller as well as the country-dweller."

★ ★ ★
"WRITTEN in Dust" is the title of the second programme about the famous detective Fabian of Scotland Yard. With Bruce Seton as Robert Fabian, it will be seen on Sunday, November 18, at 7.30 p.m., on Channel 2.

Central figure in the case is a housemaid with a predilection for poisoning her employers. When Cora the maid vanishes without a trace, leaving behind her her last victim, a wave of terror engulfs the English countryside.



ABOVE. Approaching Kiama, members of the society crowd the windows and doors of the early American Pullman-type carriages on their annual outing from Sydney.



SOME FAMILIES made a picnic day of the outing. From left: Helen Taylor (11), Mrs. G. Taylor, Mrs. Bob Clark, Kevin Thorpe (6), Ian Thorpe (9), and Mrs. N. J. Thorpe.



RIGHT. On the way back to Sydney the old train's rear platform was crowded at Wollongong. Note the elaborate wrought-iron work on the Pullman carriage.

Smoke got in their eyes and soot, to boot

● Loco about locos, with soot in their blood and smoke in their eyes, 256 members of the Australian Railway Historical Society took their annual outing from Sydney to Kiama last month — by train.

IT was quite a train—one for the connoisseurs, in fact.

Staff photographer Ernie Nutt (who likes air travel) and I (a car fan) looked blankly at the excitement created by two black engines and four vintage carriages.

Paying little attention to the American Pullman-type carriages (circa 1900), with their cedar wood and fancy

end platforms decked with wrought iron and polished brasswork, we took our reserved seats.

Loco 1709 let out a melodic five-note "chime," echoed by loco 3054's shrill squeal.

We chuffed away to the cheers of bystanders and the waves of historians and their families.

"What's it all about?" I asked Mr. N. J. Thorpe, secretary of the society.

He stuck his head out of a window.

"Listen to that beautiful beat," he answered. "You can pick out 1709's sound from 3054's."

I closed my eyes against soot, put my head out, too, and listened.

"Perhaps you could tell me about the engines," I asked, as we pulled our heads in.

"You don't say 'engine,'" corrected Mr. Thorpe. "Loco's the word."

"The first loco, 1709, was built in 1887 by the Vulcan Foundry in England. That makes it 69 years old. It's a 17-class—you go by the first two figures—and it's been in use at Narrandera.

"The second loco, 3054, is a tank type, because the water tank is alongside the boiler. 3054 dates back to 1901, and is normally used on outer-suburban lines today.

"You'll be seeing the locos later," said Mr. Thorpe. "Would you like to look around the carriages now and meet some of the people aboard?"

"Our society, by the way, was founded in 1933. It has divisions in N.S.W., Victoria, and South Australia. Our badge is a 36-class loco.

"Altogether 500 people wear the badge, but few of our members are railwaymen.

"On board today are businessmen, teachers, engineers, public servants, journalists, graziers, artists, and technicians.

"We've several Church of

England ministers who are members. They're not with us today, of course. I think they were rather disappointed when we chose a Sunday for the annual outing."

I swayed down the carriage after Mr. Thorpe, and we halted beside a man writing numbers in a leather-bound notebook.

He was Mr. Hector McDonald, a deputy-headmaster by profession, and president of the society. Mrs. McDonald was with him, looking after a hamper of cakes, sandwiches, and vacuum flasks.

"I've got a card index system going back to 1923," said Mr. McDonald, offering me a piece of cake.

"It lists every engine in N.S.W.—all 1400 of them."

"I'm not particularly interested in railways," said Mrs. McDonald.

"Just before we married, Hector told me he had dreamed of me as 'a lovely little engine of the 1623 class!'"

"They've been scrapped now," retorted Mr. McDonald, making another jotting.

In another carriage were Victorian members M. Schrader, I. Sloggett, R. B. McMillan, G. G. H. Bakewell, J. Buckland, J. Wight, and C. Einsiedel.

Some of them had travelled from Victoria on Friday night, spent Saturday visiting historic railway spots, were taking part in the trip, and would go home that night—by train.

Mr. Einsiedel, of Monomeith, Victoria, was sitting with Mr. and Mrs. Geoff Johnson and Mr. K. Winney, all of N.S.W.

Their eyes were fixed on the windows, and they held watches, pencils, and paper.

"We're the ferro-chronologists," they announced. "Ferro means iron. Chronologists means time-watchers."

"In fact," added grazier Mr. Einsiedel, "our sphere is timing trains. We watch every quarter-mile peg (quick! there's one now!) and write down the exact time the train passes it."

"Then we note if the train is on time or not."

"I've been doing it for 25 years. I write it down in a book afterwards in red ink."

Mrs. Johnson held a stop-watch for her husband. "Geoff's been timing trains since 1948," she said.

"On the way to Jenolan Caves for our honeymoon Geoff timed every quarter-mile peg to Mount Victoria."

Ferro-chronologists Winney and Johnson have travelled to Melbourne, Adelaide, and Broken Hill together.

In three-hour shifts, they watched for mile-pegs and, by torch at night, kept up their record.

Sitting nearby was Mr. Len Clark, senior vice-president of the society.

Among members he is famous for his scale-model railway of 16 engines, 40 passenger vehicles, and goods stock, all of which race on a 290ft. track at his home.

All the models run to a timetable. Mr. Clark times them with a clock that goes six times faster than normal.

Thus in two hours fifty

minutes (by the Clark clock) the models go through a schedule which would normally take 17 hours.

We met Mr. R. Fookes, editor of the society's monthly magazine, "Bulletin." His interest is in historic railway accidents.

Mr. Fookes and some others recently went to the railway line near Epping, N.S.W., to record the sounds of steam locos and their whistles.

"Ah, whistles!" said Mr. Phil Greene, a P.M.G. technician.

"When I hear one, a tingle goes up my spine. Sometimes, when friends are around, I'll hear a whistle and ask: 'Didn't you hear that whistle? Didn't you feel anything?'"

"Yes, a steam loco is the nearest mechanical thing in the world to a living being. Diesels are dead. Their workings are all internal."

As we were about to leave Kiama, photographer Nutt disappeared. From the front platform I watched him clamber into 1709.

A few miles later he returned, full of talk about coal-shovelling, throttles, and boilers.

As we walked through the carriage, a passenger, Mrs. "Cassie" Milner, of Randwick, put down her binoculars when she overheard our talk.

"How lucky," she cried. "Oh, I wish I'd been a boy. I would have been a loco-driver."

"My ambition now is to have a house where I can see the trains run by. You see, I LOVE the smell of smoke!"



DRIVER Chris O'Sullivan (with oilcan) and fireman George Ridden were the crew of loco 3054 on its annual outing to Kiama. Both are members of the society.

Luxury sisters on Pacific run



COLORFUL Polynesian Club, between the dance pavilion and Outrigger Bar of the Mariposa. The background art work is of inlaid linoleum and abalone shell, carrying out the Polynesian motif of the entire ship's decor.



ABOVE: Happy couple in front of the large, curved mural which forms a brilliant backdrop for the Southern Cross Lounge on Mariposa. This mural depicts the Southern Cross.

RIGHT: Fringing the orchestra platform in the Polynesian Club is an array of tropical jungle plants, with exotic carved-wood ceremonial sculpture rising out of the foliage.



Mariposa's maiden trip for Games



S.S. MARIPOSA, assisted by tugs, leaves Portland, Oregon, for San Francisco to prepare for her maiden voyage to Australia. Mariposa was built at the Willamette Iron and Steel Co. shipyard in Portland.

TWO new passenger liners, claimed to be the last word in sea-going luxury, will soon open a new vista of trans-Pacific travel for Australian and American tourists.

The new first-class passenger vessels are the 14,000-ton Mariposa and her sister ship Monterey, owned by the Matson Navigation Co.

More than 360 Americans, some of them bound for the Olympic Games, were aboard Mariposa when she left San Francisco on her maiden voyage to Australia on October 27.

They were scheduled to call at Honolulu, Tahiti, Wellington, Melbourne, Sydney, then Auckland, and on the return journey the calls will be Suva, Pago Pago, Honolulu, San Francisco.

By this time Monterey is expected to be ready for sea trials before being brought into service on the same run.

The interior design of both ships has set a new standard in ocean travel. The man responsible for this is Harry Neafie, a New York industrial designer and stylist.

He has concentrated on a South Sea decor, and many of the Polynesian motifs on pastel-colored stateroom bulkheads are adapted from museum samples.

Indirect lighting has been used in all staterooms, with special color-corrected lighting for dressing-table and bathroom mirrors.

Old-fashioned narrow bunks are out. These floating hotels have beds long enough and wide enough to make even millionaire passengers feel at home. By day the beds are made into comfortable settees.

Each stateroom has its own bathroom equipped with aluminium shower-stalls, bath, toilet, washbasin,

oversize mirrors, cabinet space, and other features.

Other staterooms and de luxe suites are decorated with lupin cloth, great tikis of carved wood, and lampshades hewn in Maori designs taken from shields, canoe prows, and masks.

Mariposa's Southern Cross Lounge, on the promenade deck, has a spacious yet restrained arrangement of furniture and pastel colors.

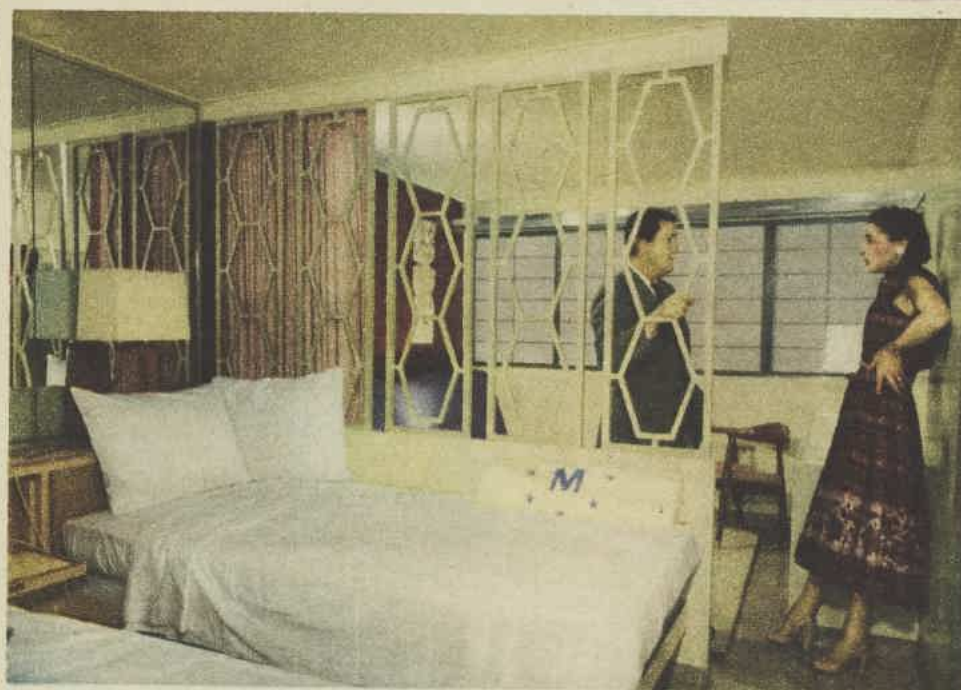
Subtle lighting gives dramatic play to the tropical foliage decoration, and panels of gold and silver leaf, mottled with stone, wood, and shell, flank the entrance doors.

Australian aboriginal motifs in tooled leather set off the bulkheads of the card-room, divided from the lounge by a large, descriptive mural.

Aft of the midship foyer is the cabaret and dance pavilion, named the Polynesian Club. This room has an elliptical dance floor.

Mariposa's swimming-pool is made of slip-proof ceramic, with embedded figures of fish and plant life analogous to the South Seas on the kerb surrounding the pool.

Even in the children's playroom the designer has strived for perfection. Among games equipment — blackboards, slides, swings, and drawing tables — is a miniature ship's wheel.



ABOVE: A de luxe suite on Mariposa. These spacious rooms accommodate three persons. The sleeping area in the foreground is separated from living area by Polynesian-style grillework. Note sliding screens of pandanus cloth which cover the portholes.



LEFT: Mother and small boy sit together in one of Mariposa's standard staterooms. The sleeping unit is arranged so that it is a bed by night and a sofa by day. These rooms also have sliding screens of genuine pandanus cloth to cover the portholes at night.



If she takes
a pride in her
linen cupboard
give her

Finlay's sheets



There's so much she can be proud of when she possesses Finlay's Sheets, for she knows that they are a perfected product with an inheritance of over two hundred years of experience in sheet making. Finlay's Sheets and Pillowcases, in plain and twill weave, are made from pure cotton, woven and bleached in the Scottish Highlands by the skilful Scots. They're available in sparkling white, blue, primrose, apricot, nil green, rose and dark rose, so choose her favourite colour for an ideal gift!



IN WHITE AND
DECORATOR COLOURS

Sheet beauty you must see to appreciate;
and remember, it's an old Scottish custom to date
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Also ask for Finlay's genuine Scottish Window Mullins—they're guaranteed fadeless!

MADE IN SCOTLAND **FINLAY'S FAMOUS SHEETS**

Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

I AM English, but it annoys me greatly to hear Australians talk as though they had no faith in their own country. This is a comparatively young country which, in my opinion, has everything anyone could ever want. I love Australia just as much as I love my home country, and it pleases me immensely when I am taken for an Australian. Dorothea Mackellar was right when she said "I love a sunburnt country, a land of sweeping plains, of rugged mountain ranges, of droughts and flooding rains." She knew her Australia, and showed her love by her poem "My Country." I believe everyone should read and digest it, and thank God they are living in a country which has a glorious past, wonderful present, and an undaunted, wide-open future.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Anne J. Tickle, 102 Lorna St., Waratah, N.S.W.

RECENTLY my three-year-old son complained of being tired, so I suggested he go upstairs and lie down on the bed. Imagine my pride and pleasure to find, when I went into the bedroom a little later, that not only was he asleep, but before lying down he had folded back the bedspread across the end of the bed as neatly as any woman. Here indeed was proof that a child learns, and learns well, simply by example.

10/6 to Mrs. C. McLennan, Box 219, Proserpine, North Queensland.

I HAVE only recently joined the ranks of pram-pushers, and I never before realised what a difficult and tiring task it is manoeuvring a pram up and down gutters of our suburban shopping centre. What a boon it would be to mothers to have a ramp, which need only be pram width, across the gutter at each corner and zebra crossing.

10/6 to Mrs. D. Low, 60 Royal St., Virginia, Brisbane.

WHY don't the makers of men's pyjamas complete the job properly when making for the extra big man? They allow for big chests, waists, and hips, but they forget about long arms and legs. My husband is a big man, and each time I buy him pyjamas I have to buy extra material to lengthen the coat, trouser legs, and sleeves. Perhaps nobody has ever pointed out this "shortage" to the makers?

10/6 to Mrs. A. O. Turnbull, 17 Smith St., Smithton, Tas.

ALTHOUGH our district is populous, it is a rare occurrence when a major lottery prize is won by a locally bought ticket. Yet most of my friends and acquaintances keep buying them week after week. I save my money, then invest it in some safe debentures. The interest is the equivalent of many small lottery wins, and far more certain. What do other readers think?

10/6 to Mrs. Nancy Moore, Main Rd., Wamberal, N.S.W.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

IT is surely unnecessary to publish in the newspapers a person's age when he or she has been involved in an accident. The age of the person does not affect the news interest of the accident. I believe one's age is one's own business, and should not be made public in unfortunate circumstances.

10/6 to Mrs. P. Kell, 285 Walcott St., Mount Lawley, Western Australia.

Profitable hobby

MRS. TURNER, in her letter (The Australian Women's Weekly, 31/10/56), suggests occupational therapy in homes for "senior citizens." For some time I was an occupational therapist to a Melbourne Old Ladies' Home, where the residents found ordinary crafts unsuitable. I encouraged them to make gay paper party caps. The cost was trifling, the caps had a ready sale for children's parties, were quickly and easily made, and maintained the old ladies' interest. One of my best milliners was an old lady in her 90s! Much fun was shared in comparing and trying on "models"—thus giving the best tonic of all—laughter!

10/6 to Mrs. A. Hogben, "Blue Mist," 7 Grandview St., Glenroy, Vic.

Family affairs

MY husband's conduct during frequent drunken bouts years ago was so bad that life for the rest of the family was almost unbearable. In an attempt to change him I bought a tape recorder and concealed it in the living-room. At the height of the next bout a record was made, and I tried to replay it to my husband when he was sober. I was unsuccessful and he was furious, and, defeated, I decided to sell the recorder on my next visit to the city.

Some days later I took the children to the local show, leaving my husband at home alone. It began to rain, and I walked back to the house for my umbrella. When I heard the tape recorder being played I went no farther, but returned to the show—without the umbrella. The incident has never been mentioned since, but we are now a happy family with a good husband and father.

£1/1/- to "On Record" (name supplied), South Australia.

• Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

I AM an old fan of Gary Cooper and Clark Gable.

Twenty-five years ago I used to envy the masterful way they swept women off their feet.

But today, I'm afraid, the old grey stars are not what they used to be.

It was evident in a picture I saw some time back, in which Clark Gable played opposite Gene Tierney.

There was a scene where the baggy-eyed old boy had to help Gene to swim out to a yacht.

It looked more as if Gene was helping Clark.

He was so puffed at the finish she nearly had to haul him on board and give him first-aid.

The same sort of thing will happen, from all accounts, in a new picture of Gary Cooper's.

He has a romance in it with Audrey Hepburn. They've called the picture, "Love in the Afternoon."

As far as Gary is concerned, it's getting late in the afternoon.

I looked him up in a record book,

BE YOUR AGE!

and it says he was born in May, 1901—just after the death of Queen Victoria.

That makes Gary 55.

In "Love in the Afternoon," we



are told, he will row Audrey around in a boat.

Let us hope he doesn't row too hard.

It would take some of the magic away if Audrey had to say: "Give me those oars, Gary! You look tired out, you poor old thing."

Bing Crosby, at 52, still makes

screen love to late-model girls such as Grace Kelly.

Bing gets away with it because he doesn't take the job seriously, and nobody else does either.

It's different with Gary and Clark.

If they keep up these cradle-snatching activities they are going to make real goats of themselves.

I like them too much to want to see it happen.

They would do better to follow the example of Bette Davis.

Bette admits she is no chicken, and she has got round to playing people's mothers.

It would be good to see Clark Gable as Dad in "Life With Father."

Or Gary Cooper as the head of the Swiss Family Robinson.

If they grow old gracefully, Gable and Pop Cooper should be around for many years to come.

But first of all they must retire from Romance.

A fair thing's a fair thing. They've had a good innings.

It's time they gave the young fellows a turn.

DOUBLY SMOOTH — FILTER TIP — PLUS THE EXTRA LENGTH

Rothmans

KING SIZE FILTER

*Tastes good
like a cigarette should*



*Made in Australia in the
most modern cigarette factory
in the Southern Hemisphere*

Special Invitation to Filter Smokers

If you are a regular smoker of filter-tip cigarettes, write to Rothmans, stating the name and address of your usual supplier and the brand of filter cigarette you normally smoke. Rothmans will arrange for you to receive a free pack of ROTHMANS KING SIZE FILTER from that supplier.

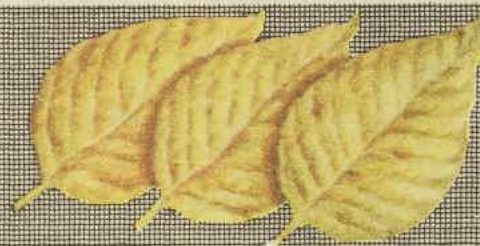
Note: This offer is available only to genuine filter smokers and for the time being, only in the metropolitan areas of Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, Hobart, and expires December 7, 1956.

Write to: Rothmans of Pall Mall, P.O. Box 61, Granville, N.S.W.



Compare THE LENGTH . . .

Place your old filter-tip cigarette on this actual-size comparison chart. ROTHMANS KING SIZE FILTER means double smoothness — filter tip plus the extra length.



Compare THE TOBACCO . . .

The tobaccos used in ROTHMANS KING SIZE FILTER are the finest quality money can buy. No finer Virginia tobacco has ever been imported into Australia.



COMPARE the Filter

The ROTHMANS KING SIZE filter is made from new miracle "Estron". Break one open and see for yourself that it is made neither of bits of crepe paper nor of ordinary synthetic fibres. ROTHMAN'S KING SIZE FILTER tastes good like a cigarette should.

FORGET ANY OTHER KIND
YOU'VE EVER WORN!

Here is a
**completely
new
lipstick!**

Cyclax

COLOUR - CREME

looks... feels... is... entirely different!

- * Stays on longer... gives instant indelibility.
- * Never hurts your lips... never runs or smears.
- * Creamier texture g-l-i-d-e-s on... needs no blotting.
- * Leaves lips soft, dewy... alive with magic colour.

8 ENTIRELY NEW
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PINK SUITS YOU!
Tender blush pink

PINK WITH A DASH
Tantalising Italian pink
touched with blue.

ORCHIDS FOR YOU
Gay, yet subtle cyclamen

CORAL IS CATCHING!
True coral - infectious
gay

MAKE HAY!
Brilliant flame of true
orange.

LET'S GO CRAZY!
Impetuous pinky red

RED AS YOU LIKE
Vivid, alive, true red

SOPHISTICATION
A jewel of rich ruby red

Here is the ultimate in lipstick. Indelible beyond your wildest dreams, yet wonderfully kind to the lips! Cyclax Colour-Creme simply g-l-i-d-e-s on... never smears... feels so natural you hardly know you're wearing it. You've never worn a lipstick like Colour-Creme!

In the new
Engine Turned case ... 13/6
Quick-change refill ... 8/9

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COLOUR-CREME Indelible Lipstick



29-11 to 38-11

Snoopers

Ask for them at shoe stores everywhere.

R. Johnston & Co. Pty. Ltd., 2 Islington Street, Collingwood. JA 5285

Page 16



STRAIN of a five-week, packed programme of events showing on Princess Margaret's face at the end of her recent East African tour...



... CONTRASTS with her fresh and rested appearance as she steps ashore at the beginning of the tour. At one stage, with 9000 gathered to meet her, the Princess rose from a sick bed to attend a garden party.

Is too much asked of British Royalty?

● The Duke of Edinburgh's visit to Australia to open the Olympic Games has a significance apart from its main purpose. His itinerary, with its informality and "time off," could set a new pattern for Royal tours.

CLOSE observers of members of the Royal Family on tour stress the need for lightening the physical demands made by heavy programmes in trying climates.

Most recent example of the strain placed upon a member of the Royal Family in the course of duty is Princess Margaret's tour of East Africa.

Staff reporter Anne Matheson, who covered that tour, wrote: "Princess Margaret bade farewell to East Africa after five hectic weeks in sweltering heat on a Royal tour that was the heaviest any member of the Royal Family has ever been asked to carry out alone.

"She left with a rich African suntan, but carrying on her face obvious signs of strain. It is said that she is not a good traveller, and had difficulty in sleeping after long air flights followed by heavy programmes.

"Whatever the reason, her face lost a great deal of its original sparkling animation."

(Australians will remember that similar comments were made at some stages of the Queen's visit to Australia during the summer of 1954.)

Anne Matheson goes on: "If these big Commonwealth tours are to continue, one feels that the Colonial Office should exercise far more rigid supervision of the programmes. The Princess is doing a fine job of work for her country, but she should not be offered up as a sacrificial lamb on the

altar of much that is outdated in colonialism.

"In Nairobi, although still deathly pale after an attack of 'Kenya tummy,' Princess Margaret gallantly rose from her sick bed to appear at a giant garden party in order not to disappoint 9000 people, many of whom had travelled long distances.

"She walked very slowly, leaning heavily on her rolled black umbrella, and wearing a very wide hat with a drooping brim to hide her pallor. Over 200 people were presented to her while she stood for a good half hour shaking hands, growing steadily paler all the time, but speaking to every one."

Granted that members of Royalty are trained from childhood for their duties, programmes such as this become endurance tests which would make the strongest and healthiest flinch.

With all this, the Duke of

Edinburgh's coming visit contrasts sharply. It is described as "a combined official tour and holiday." From the time of his arrival in New Guinea to December 11, when he flies to New Zealand, he will have five days and two mornings with "no official engagements."

The programme also allows him three full days, two afternoons, and three nights to attend the Olympic Games after he opens them in Melbourne on November 22.

He will make only one Royal Progress in Melbourne and one in Sydney, and attend only one ball, also in Melbourne.

There is a strong suggestion in Australia that should such a comparatively free-and-easy programme prove successful, members of the Royal Family could make more frequent visits to Commonwealth countries.

The problem of strain is not confined to tours. The Royal Family, whether at home or abroad, has an arduous job.

English writer Graham Fisher says: "The fact is that we are asking the impossible of our Royal Family, and making ordinary life impossible for them. And it is an ordinary family life that the Queen and her husband would dearly like to lead with their children.

"In this they have set themselves a tough task, one that is made no easier by the many demands thrust on them by Britain and the Commonwealth.

"There is, currently, a fantastic backlog of something like a quarter of a million requests for the Queen's presence at various functions.

"Even if she attended five a day—as she often does—it would still take 200 years to get through them.

"To keep pace with even the more important of them means she shakes hands with over 100 people a week, accepts 40 bouquets a month, and has 20,000 people presented to her a year.

"No wonder there is sometimes a hint of strain in those regal eyes, and a touch of irritation in her husband's manner.

"The Queen is expected to watch sheep-shearing in Australia as well as cotton-spinning in Lancashire, to attend charity film previews, as well as the Institute of Fuel's annual dinner.

"Unless there is a radical change, the same sort of life lies ahead for her children.



AT EASE in his shirt sleeves, the Duke of Edinburgh meets the inhabitants of Langkawi Islands, off Kedah, Malaya, where the Duke stopped en route to the Olympic Games.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 21, 1956



IN AUSTRALIA in 1954, the Queen sometimes was unable to hide signs of weariness even when intensely interested, as she was here at a Bondi carnival. At home, backlog of invitations would take 200 years to fill.



RIGHT. The Duke of Edinburgh at the beginning of his 35,000-mile tour to the Olympic Games.

As it is, they will never know some of those exquisite joys of ordinary children—the fun of playing marbles on a vacant allotment, stopping to stare at a sign-painter.

"Never will they know the thrill of standing before a sweets counter trying to decide whether that one penny, clutched hotly in the hand, would be better spent on licorice or gum drops.

"Elizabeth, before she became Queen, confided to her friends that she planned to bring up her children herself. Fate decreed otherwise. Yet she and Philip still strive to have as much as possible the life of an ordinary married couple.

"Whenever they can they breakfast with the children and have lunch and dinner on their own, without even members of the household staff present.

"They do their best to have an hour and a half with the children before bedtime. The Duke may help build brick castles, the Queen may act as brakeman on Charles' toy railroad or join Anne in singing 'Three Blind Mice.' Sometimes the session turns into a rowdy romp that can 'be heard all over the house.'

"Philip, in particular, is aware that much of his own ease in dealing with the public and public affairs is due to his informal upbringing, and he wants his children to have the same advantage—free from the glare of publicity.

"When Prince Charles was taken for an outing in London's Green Park, the Queen gave instructions that he must not become the centre of an admiring crowd.

"I won't have Charles turned into a film star,' she said.

Forbade fuss

"THE children are kept away from official functions. They'll get quite enough of that sort of thing later on,' Philip told a man who asked why the children were not at one of the Royal garden parties.

"The palace staff are forbidden to call the children by their official titles. They are simply Charles and Anne.

"Britain's Royal Family are trying to move with the times, but compared with other European countries where monarchy survives they are still prisoners of tradition.

"The Royal Families of the

Netherlands and Scandinavia have all moved among their people for years without pomp and ceremony, receiving no more attention than is called for by common politeness.

"When Queen Juliana of the Netherlands returned from her wartime stay in Canada, where she did her own shopping and sent her children to an ordinary nursery school, she broadcast to her people: 'Please treat my daughters as children, not as extraordinary beings.'

"Her daughters choose their own friends and invite them to the palace. One, Marijke, stood in line last Christmas to greet Santa Claus in an Amsterdam department store.

"In Denmark, where members of the Royal Family move about alone and unguarded, the 20-year-old daughter of Prince Knud has been taking a course in housewifery with 200 other girls, learning to dust, scrub, cook, sew, and tend baby.

"King Gustaf, of Sweden, who uses only 13 of the 680 rooms in the Royal Palace except on ceremonial occasions, often attends the weekly lunch of the capital's Rotary Club.

"His nine-year-old son, Prince Carl-Gustaf, got into a fist fight with a newspaperman's son at school recently. The fight was settled in a park, and the two boys are now fast friends.

"Carl's sisters line up for lunch in the cafeteria of the ordinary Stockholm school which they attend.

"Queen Elizabeth's plans for her children show clearly that she would like things to be much the same in Britain.

"One Socialist member of Parliament, Anthony Greenwood, blames some of the more dyed-in-the-wool Royal advisers for the present restrictions.

"He wrote in a London newspaper: 'Every time the Duke has opened a window we have got the impression that "Court circles" have rushed to shut it, lest the fresh air should blow away the obsolete conventions which have shrouded the Royal palaces for so long.'

People's fault

"YET the blame does not lie wholly with the Queen's advisers. The pride and affection which the British people have for the Royal Family stand in the way, too.

"No one would wish to do away with such touching demonstrations as a crowd singing 'Happy Birthday' outside the Queen Mother's home, or the spectacle of seeing the whole south coast of England turned into one vast grandstand as millions flocked to welcome the Queen back from her Commonwealth tour.

"But until—except for such special occasions—her subjects discipline their love for the Royal Family, and Britain and the Commonwealth lessen their demands, the Queen and her husband will be waging an uphill battle to lead a more normal family life."

MORE INFORMAL, ordinary family life is advocated for the British Royal Family. That they enjoy and desire it is evident from this holiday picture taken at Windsor Great Park, where the Queen, in simple cotton dress, with Prince Charles, Princess Anne, and a favorite Corgi, went to watch the Duke play polo.



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The world's most wanted pen



To match the '51' Pen—The Parker '51' Ballpoint. Elegant and beautiful and as finely made, Parker Ballpoints are perfect companions to famous Parker Pens and Pencils. Five times the usual writing capacity, with a sliding cap that extends and retracts the writing point. —and the Parker Duo-fold Ballpoint to match the Duo-fold Pen Range.

The Parker '51' signs the world's most famous names, and writes the pages of history. Can you imagine a more cherished gift, a greater compliment? No pen was ever so perfect, with its precision-made elegance, its beautiful proportions, the satin-smooth writing of its electro-polished point! Someone you know—perhaps you yourself—longs to say thank you for a Parker '51.' It's a very special gift.



For best results in all pens use Parker Quink—the only ink containing Solv-x.

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Feel better and brighter to-morrow by ridding yourself of constipation to-night! Be regular and keep regular—naturally—by taking NYAL FIGSEN, the gentle family laxative. FIGSEN acts without pain or griping; brings prompt, comfortable relief from constipation.

Try NYAL FIGSEN's new, rich chocolate flavour. Its pleasant taste will please young and old alike! FIGSEN comes in two forms—Regular for children and adults. **Double Strength** for those adults who prefer a more positive laxative action. **2/6, 3/9**

Nyal FIGSEN



MATRON SHAW tells how to

Soothe Baby's tummy

"Just one teaspoonful of NYAL Milk of Magnesia after feeding quickly soothes baby's tummy—prevents wind-pains and acidity in infants," says MATRON SHAW (late of Crown Street Women's Hospital). "NYAL Milk of Magnesia is smooth, even and pleasant to take. Its gentle laxative action ensures regular habits." NYAL Milk of Magnesia is pure and safe for even the youngest baby. Two forms—Sweetened or Regular. **3/6, 4/9**

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Get a smooth healthy suntan the easy way with NYAL KWIK TAN. Kwik Tan enables you to sun-TAN without sunBURN... Apply Kwik Tan (Cream or Sun Oil) before sun-baking and you'll have a rich, burn-free suntan in next-to-no-time. Screens out the sun's burning rays—keeps skin soft, supple. Cream **3/3, 4/10** Sun Oil **4/7, 8/6**

Nyal KWIK TAN

"Novel plastic squeeze pack"



Containing NYAL Baby Powder, "CYRIL THE SQUIRREL" is an attractive squeeze-plastic powder dispenser. When squeezed gently, a fine mist of silky-smooth NYAL Baby Powder spreads evenly over the skin. There's no mess, no waste when "Cyril" is used—the powder can't spill. "Cyril" is easily refilled with NYAL Baby Powder. Empty, "Cyril" may be used as a durable nursery or bath toy. **8/3**

"CYRIL the SQUIRREL"



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Bathe those sore, inflamed, aching eyes with NYAL "DECONGESTANT" Eye Drops. You'll get relief from the burning, itching and smarting in seconds. The modern formula of NYAL "DECONGESTANT" Eye Drops ensures that they blend perfectly with the natural fluids of the eye. Thus they spread evenly; will not "blink" out. You can use NYAL "DECONGESTANT" Eye Drops as often as you like; they make your eyes feel good! Packed in a special dropper-container for your convenience. **5/3**

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Worth Reporting

WE picked up a few odd sidelights on TV in America at a party recently.

An advertising executive who spent some time in the United States last year told us that he had seen, in New York, a children's session and commercials angled at the juveniles at 2 a.m.

The following day he rang the station to find out if he'd been seeing things. But the station reported that there was a vast viewing audience at that time—the children of shift-workers.

The whole household is geared to the shift-worker. There is even a school at night-time for the children. They sleep during the day like Dad. The only time they see the sun is at the weekend.

Off the subject of television, the same advertising expert told us of a block of shops in Chicago. When the shops are leased there is a provision that they must remain open 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

Whatever time the bus pulls in, travellers can buy flowers, get their hair permed, go to the pictures, have a meal, or get shoes mended.

THE best example of what we would term naked defiance of the law was given in a B.B.C. programme recently when Maurice Whitbread was talking about motor-scooters.

"Not long ago in France," he said, "a girl was riding side-saddle on a motor-scooter behind her boy-friend when they passed a police station. At this point her dress caught in the back wheel and she found herself suddenly naked."

"With proper presence of mind she ran into the police station to borrow some clothes. They lent her something, and then they told her that she would be fined—not for indecent exposure, but for the new offence of riding side-saddle."



Car games for children

ANY car traveller knows how children often become bored, or short-tempered, on a long motor trip.

However, a travel expert from a large oil company gave us some advice for harassed parents, and thought up some games to keep the children occupied and happy.

Try a speedometer game. The idea is to judge the distance to any specific object—anything from a bridge to curling smoke from a chimney. Someone in the front seat has to watch the speedo and start the game going.

A second suggestion is to get the children to jot down the figures of number-plates and add them up. First to reach 100 or any given target wins.

A happy holiday home

A HOLIDAY home for mentally incurable children has been opened in a Perth suburb, marking a new step forward for both children and parents.

Children can take a three months' holiday there, looked after by the cottage matron, Mrs. Huxley. There is accommodation for 16.

Everything is eye-catching, from the different colors on the walls to the gay chintzes of the bedspreads.

The home has been named Nulsen Haven after the W.A. Minister for Health, Mr. Emil Nulsen. It is under the auspices of the Association for Mentally Incurable Children, and has the blessing of the W.A. Government, which presented the home.

Honorary secretary of the association, Mr. F. J. Anderson, says that one of the biggest problems was to bring the parents of these children out into the open.

But he is hopeful for the future, saying that "a breeze is at last beginning to blow through Australia with regard to treatment of mental incurables and the psychological attitude towards them."

BOOK NEWS By HELEN FRIZELL

"ANDERSONVILLE," a novel by MacKinlay Kantor, rivals "Gone with the Wind" in two respects—its setting of the American Civil War and its great length (nearly 800 pages).

But there are no Southern belles, no mint juleps in "Andersonville"—the name of an actual prisoner-of-war camp where Northern captives were stockaded and left to die.

With untiring research, MacKinlay Kantor has

built up from original documents an account of this prison.

Some of the accounts of prison life are as dreadful as those news-reels of Belsen—for MacKinlay Kantor spares no evidence of horror.

Flashbacks tell the stories of the main protagonists, from the semi-demented camp commandant down to the dying Yankee soldiers.

Published by Shakespeare Head Press.

Prints are sweeping the beaches of the world—

CASBEN brings the 'best of them to you!



C stands for **CASBEN**, the sign of good taste

In good taste and top fashion, too! Casben's brilliant new printed boxers are this year's must for sea and sun seekers. Deliberately designed to make you a well-dressed man-about-the-beach—colourful, comfortable Casben boxers, sparkling and fresh as summer sunshine!

Printed or Plain... boxers or trunks... you'll find your favourite in the wonderful Casben range

There's an amazing choice of plain colours, if you prefer them, and close-fitting trunks, too, in two-way stretch Helanca crimped nylon, rubberised satin, and Joytex satin "Lastex," striped, leopard skin or plain. Casben—passport to happy holidays!

Featured above is "Double Diamond," printed boxer, Sizes 28-40. In a range of attractive colours. Matching shirt available. The lad is wearing an "Untamed" suit of printed and varnished fine cotton poplin, boxers and matching shirt. Boxers: 24-34. Shirt: 26-36.

See the other brilliantly designed Casben boxers, too!



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Here is an order form for our gift book, "Wonderful Australia." It makes an ideal Christmas present, and we will despatch it, post free, anywhere in the world.

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High fashion for summer-time girls!

Casben Ship 'n' Shore

SHORTS GIVE THE LOVELY SLIM-HIP, LONG-LEG LOOK...

So very flattering!

AT ALL GOOD STORES



FINALE of "Trouble in Heaven," a famous Chinese legend, now being performed in Australia by the visiting Classical Theatre of China Company. The leading character, the Monkey King (Sun Wu-Kung), takes a curtain call surrounded by his followers.

CLASSICAL THEATRE OF CHINA



AUSTRALIAN audiences are seeing, for the first time, traditional Chinese theatre as performed by the Classical Theatre of China. The clever acting, miming, and dancing of the company, and the barbaric splendor and brilliant color of the settings are enchanting all spectators.

The 86 members of the company are presenting excerpts from classical dramas and operas (many of which, when performed in full, run for four or more hours), acrobatics and ballet.

The company is now appearing in Sydney, after a most successful tour of New Zealand. Its plans to perform in Melbourne during the Olympic Games were changed at the request of the Federal Government, because there was a belief that some visiting Games teams might not be in sympathy politically with the company, which comes from Red China.

After its Sydney season, which ends on November 23, the company will perform in Brisbane, and later in other Australian capitals including Canberra.

THE LOTUS DANCE (left) is based on folk dances of Central China. The lotus to the Chinese symbolises youth, beauty.



AUTUMN RIVER tells the story of a young maiden who has run away from home in pursuit of her lover. She meets an old boatman who, after a series of humorous incidents, takes her in his boat until she catches sight of her lover in the boat ahead.



THE DRUNKEN BEAUTY is a revised song and dance play based on a Mo Cheng music drama from the end of the Ming Dynasty. The central character is Yang Kuei-fei, the concubine of Emperor Ming Huang of the Tan Dynasty (618-907 A.D.).



THE MONKEY KING STORMS HEAVEN. Sun Wu-Kung, the Monkey King, is the leading character in "Trouble in Heaven." This production is considered to be one of the most colorful in the magnificent repertoire of the Classical Theatre of China.



THE WATERS FLOOD CHIN MOUNTAIN is an episode from "The White Snake," a famous Chinese folk tale. Shown above are two of the leading players. Each girl is made up by a special artist. Sometimes the make-up takes an hour or more to perfect.

● EXCITINGLY NEW and choice of 5 lovely interior colours!



Westinghouse Food-File REFRIGERATOR

A SPECIAL PLACE
A SPECIAL COLD..
for each and every
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Five beautiful interior "confection" colours - Desert Sand, Sunshine Yellow, Sage Green, Arctic Blue, Shell Pink - white or cream exteriors.

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Correct temperatures for general foods. Ample provision for tall bottles, sundries and leftovers. "Moist" cold in Humidrawer keeps vegetables garden fresh.

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Five temperature zones - one each for eggs, butter, cheese, milk and fruit - everything you need in a hurry - at your finger-tips.

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Automatically air cooled and air cleaned - this assures continuous maximum efficiency and economy without cleaning by the user.



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Choose your new Westinghouse modern-styled "Food File" Refrigerator from six popular models - from 7.1 cu. ft. "family size" to de-luxe 9.0 cu. ft. automatic defrost "Frost Free" model.

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Behind every "Food File" Refrigerator stands the international reputation of Westinghouse—the world's greatest name in home appliances. Each 1956 model is a new triumph of Westinghouse engineering.

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AVAILABLE ALL LEADING ELECTRICAL RETAILERS

BUTCH



"Educational television is a wonderful thing, Slug."

MOTHER



"Here's a penny for you... Buy just whatever you like!"

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

NOT for years has the world been so near explosion. And it is a long time since international affairs have provoked such bitter arguments in homes and offices.

When war comes to the doorstep, the arguments, of course, become academic. It is then that national feeling takes over.

Early opinions of the action taken by Britain and France in the Middle East didn't follow the customary pattern by any means.

Many people regarded as conservative and supporters of "my country right or wrong" were loud in condemnation.

Others, usually labelled as liberals with small "Is," approved it.

Churchmen differed from their pulpits. Old friends nearly came to blows.

As usual, the arguments were confused because of the two viewpoints from which international affairs are approached—morality and expedience.

What is right is often not expedient. A wrong action may be necessary to survival.

And sometimes an action can be both difficult to defend morally and highly dangerous as well. That is the most alarming situation of all, for nothing fails like failure.

Then indeed you can tangle the issue further by asking what is right and what is wrong. All history shows how difficult that is to assess.

THE day the threats of a third world war made headlines was clear and sunny, a working day, the kind that ordinarily doesn't seem particularly valuable.

But with the news as a background, the park, with the lunch-hour picnickers, the children round the fountain, and the pigeons on the grass, seemed specially beautiful.

There was a shop-window notice that read: "20,000 novels at 3/11." It suddenly seemed symbolic of all the frivolities that could vanish overnight.

And the counters full of perfume and ribbons and jewellery struck the eye afresh. Luxuries all of them, and all of them easily enough done without, they nevertheless seemed infinitely desirable and rather sad, as fragile and perishable as are human hopes.

A RICHLY strange comment on the English scene came from a young artist from Abyssinia who visited London recently.

"Professional football would make a good subject," he said, "but I prefer sad and emotional subjects."

If he thinks football isn't emotional he obviously has never been to Melbourne.

A friend of mine, watching a big match last winter, was near a mother, father, and two children.

When "their" side was losing the children cried so bitterly that the parents, tearful too, had to take them home.

TALL girls often feel that their greatest problem is to find a husband who is taller by a couple of inches.

They fear that if they don't they will look odd coming down the aisle.

Secondly, these statuesque beauties, when young, picture a married life punctuated by fashionable social gatherings which, they imagine, they will be quite unable to enjoy unless with a husband of matching height.

I have it on reliable authority that once the husband is secured these matters don't seem important any more.

But, says my informant—a 5ft. 10in. girl married to a 5ft. 4in. husband—some domestic problems do occur.

She tells me that the major one concerns the kitchen canisters. An orderly girl, she likes them arranged in a particular precise order on a high shelf.

Her husband lately went on strike over the morning cup of tea. He refused to make it any more, he said, unless the canister was left within his reach.

In contrast, another tall girl I know with an even taller husband has the house arranged admirably to suit themselves.

But they live in the country and have a wall telephone. Visitors have to stand on a chair to use it.

SCIENTIFIC research work at Alaska University, 120 miles south of the Arctic Circle, includes taking the temperatures of hibernating polar bears.

"Wakened right in the middle of winter, I was," said one cross polar bear. "Might as well be a human in hospital."

VETERAN Australian swimmer Annette Kellerman, back on a visit to her homeland, told reporters that she has never tasted a cocktail or smoked, adding: "And I'm glad to say I still have the same husband I married."

Admire a lady's dress and she may say: "Oh, this old thing!" And, smiling fondly, add:

"I bought it years ago. It's paid its way. It suits me still and doesn't look too bad."

"Attached to it, I am. The color's nice, My color, so they say, and then, you know,

I used to buy the best. Take my advice: Quality tells, though fashions come and go."

Likewise with husbands. Some prefer new styles,

Discarding yesteryear's, keep in the swim. But others, to a comment, say, all smiles: "Oh, this old thing! But then, I'm fond of him."

Simple Arithmetic proves that...


ONE BOTTLE OF TRIX CAN SAVE YOU OVER 20 HOURS WORK IN WASHING-UP ALONE!



1 IT TAKES ONLY
ONE TEASPOONFUL OF TRIX
FOR A FAMILY WASH-UP

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ONE BOTTLE OF TRIX CONTAINS
**128 TEASPOONS—ENOUGH FOR
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A HOUSEWIFE SPENDS AN AVERAGE OF
AT LEAST 19 MINUTES ON EVERY WASH-UP
—SAY 10 MINUTES WASHING, 9 DRYING-UP.
THIS AMOUNTS TO 40 HOURS 32 MINS.
FOR 128 "SUDS" WASH-UPS.

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BECAUSE IT
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TRIX WASHES CLEAN FASTER

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TRIX SAVES ½ MINUTE
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**A SAVING OF
1 HOUR 4 MINUTES
FOR 128 WASH-UPS!**

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TRIX ELIMINATES DRYING-UP
(ESTIMATED AT 9 MINUTES EACH FOR
128 WASH-UPS) ...

**YOU ACTUALLY SAVE
ANOTHER 19 HOURS 12 MINS.**

**ADD TOGETHER THE SAVINGS ON WASHING AND DRYING
AND YOU HAVE A TOTAL OF 20 HOURS 16 MINUTES SAVED!**

**TRIX SAVES TIME
AND WORK IN
PRACTICALLY EVERY
CLEANING JOB**

- washing clothes,
- cleaning windows,
- upholstery, floors,
- the car.

* ... so you're going to ask "Why DON'T you dry-up when you use Trix?" Well ... when you wash-up in suds, you have to dry-up to remove the greasy film and soap streaks that cling to the plates. But Trix is not "sudsy"—every plate, glass, knife and fork comes out gleaming: you just stack everything in the rack—to dry sparkling clean, without a trace of film or streaking.

Trix is a modern "miracle" detergent that actually "swallows" grease and waste particles ... absorbing them right into the water itself—to be flushed down the drain, not re-deposited on the dishes. That's why Trix means a cleaner wash-up. Microscope tests show that normally-washed-and-dried-dishes teem with bacteria—but Trix-washed dishes are virtually germ-free!





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PAN AMERICAN

Engaged, but he keeps postponing marriage

● To go into marriage in a state of deep uncertainty is a particularly irresponsible form of gambling which thousands of people have lived to regret.

D. R. DAVID R. MACE, Chairman of the International Marriage Guidance Council, issues this warning to unmarried people generally but in particular to a girl whose fiancé keeps putting off their wedding plans for no given reason.

Dr. Mace and his wife are at present on a tour of Australia sponsored by the National Marriage Guidance Council of Australia in association with The Australian Women's Weekly.

During his Australian tour, Dr. Mace, through his mail-bag, has answered representative problems submitted by readers. Hundreds of problems have been submitted. We regret that no further problems can be submitted to Dr. Mace, whose final answers will appear next week.

MISS R.W. writes: "I met my fiancé four years ago. For the first year we were happy getting to know each other. Then I had a nervous breakdown.

"During this period, when I hoped he would prove helpful, he behaved rather badly. He adopted a very domineering attitude. The arguments that resulted upset me so much that my doctor advised me to break off the association. However, I didn't do this.

"So I'm still engaged. Although I have some feeling for my fiancé I have misgivings about getting married. My fiancé seems to have the same attitude. He keeps putting off our wedding plans and I feel that this is just wasting our lives. Do you think I should be firm with him and get married soon, hoping for the best, or what should I do?"

Dr. Mace says:

To go into marriage in a state of deep uncertainty is a particularly irresponsible form of gambling. Tens of thousands of people have lived to regret such action. Few indeed have found unexpected happiness through such a venture.

What has Miss R.W.'s acquaintance with this man taught her about him? First, that he is unable to be considerate and understanding when she needs to lean upon him for help. Second, that he is half-hearted in his desire to make her his wife.

Surely these facts are discouraging in the extreme. Miss R.W. should remember that a young man almost always appears at his best during the courtship period. His consideration and kindness, while he is eager to win his bride,

are likely to be manifested at the brightest level of which they are capable. Deficiency in this direction now will in all probability mean considerable falling off after marriage.

I feel that Miss R.W. already knows this in her heart. If, as I suspect, she really wants to break off the engagement, it is far better to do it at once and get it over than to let the association drag on any longer. Then both are free to make friendships in other directions.

MRS. S.M. writes: "I have been married three years and have a son aged two. We live in our own home, which is near the home of my husband's parents. My mother-in-law and father-in-law frequently visit me when my husband is at work. On these visits they are continually finding fault.

"They complain about the way I do the housework, how I dress my son, how I manage the garden. They are always wanting to take my little boy out, because they say it is dull for him to be at home with me. After they have gone I feel utterly depressed and dread their next visit. I don't want to hurt my husband, but I really wish his parents would mind their own business. What do you advise?"

Dr. Mace says:

I presume that Mrs. S.M. has not told her husband of these happenings because she wishes to spare his feelings. Since the situation has now become critical, however, I think she has no alternative but to tell him the whole story. It may be that the in-laws mean no harm and that Mrs. S.M. is over-sensitive in attributing critical attitudes to them. I must admit, however, that it is equally possible that they are being just as nasty as she judges them to be.

Sometimes a couple may disapprove of the girl their son marries and take out their displeasure by a campaign of petty persecution. They may



not be fully aware of what they are doing, but in such a situation it is the clear duty of a loving husband to protect his wife from such needless and unmerited suffering. He cannot do this unless he knows the facts.

It is not for me to suggest what steps should be taken to end this unpleasantness. The solution will require firmness and tact. There is no reason, however, why Mrs. S.M. should go on suffering in silence. Only when her husband knows the truth and they have had time to discuss it thoroughly can a plan be formed to put things right.

MRS. D.B. writes: "How can my husband be made to realise the importance of saving money? We have been married for three years and I have stayed at my job to help financially. The idea was that we should save up so that we would have something behind us when we start a family.

"My husband has a good job, but he spends all he earns. We had agreed that he would put so much in the bank each month, but I now find that he hasn't done so. We are otherwise very happy, but this problem is getting me down. What is the solution, please?"

Dr. Mace says:

I cannot emphasise too strongly the importance of engaged couples agreeing beforehand on a definite practical plan for the management of their money. The bitter dis-

appointment of this girl can easily be imagined. For three years she has put off the prospect of motherhood to build up some financial security. Now she realises that her husband has not played his part.

Why has she only now discovered this? It seems pretty clear that there have been no regular discussions of the family budget, such as are essential if finances are to be properly handled. Clearly Mrs. D.B. has not seen the bank statements as they came along. Everything has been vague and haphazard.

She doesn't indicate why her husband has spent all his wages. The fact that their marriage is otherwise happy makes me hopeful that she can win his confidence and discover where the money has been going, but a situation of this kind requires careful handling. She should cause her husband as little "loss of face" as possible.

There is no solution except to have a frank, down-to-earth discussion with all cards on the table, and then to work out a sound plan for the management of the family finances. How much trouble and heartache would have been avoided if this had been done three years ago!

MRS. R.E. writes: "I am very anxious to have a family, but so far I have had no success. Can you tell me on what days of the month conception is likely to occur?"

Dr. Mace says:

A woman who wants to give herself the best possible chance of conception should calculate when her next monthly period is due to begin and count back, not forward, fourteen days. The two or three days around that date will be the most favorable time.

A more precise method is the taking of temperatures every morning with a special thermometer. This should be done with the co-operation of her doctor.

In fact, I would strongly recommend Mrs. R.E. to seek her doctor's assistance with this problem. There are many reasons why children do not come and medical advice is essential.

PROGRAMME

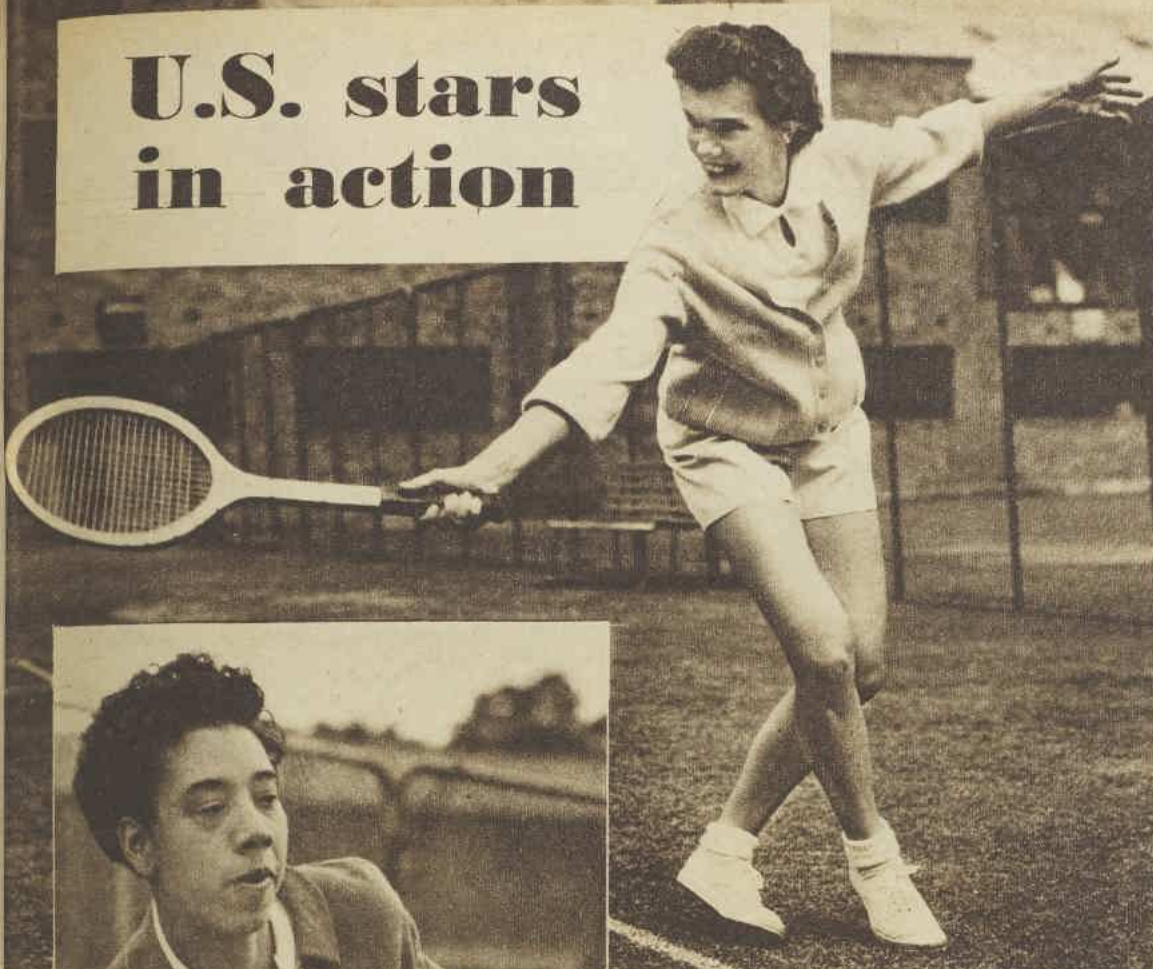
Dr. and Mrs. Mace are back in Sydney from Western Australia this week. In giving their week's programme we repeat details of Dr. Mace's public meeting in Sydney on November 20. Our next issue will give Dr. and Mrs. Mace's final programme of public engagements on their Australian tour.

November 20: SYDNEY, 8 p.m., PUBLIC MEETING, Assembly Hall, Margaret Street, Dr. Mace, "Marriage and Parenthood" (5/- at door).

November 26: SYDNEY, 2 p.m., WOMEN'S MEETING, Chapter House, St. Andrew's Cathedral, Mrs. Mace, "Happiness Is Home Made" (collection).

November 27: SYDNEY, 8 p.m., PUBLIC MEETING, Assembly Hall, Margaret Street, Dr. and Mrs. Mace, "Educating Our Children for Marriage and Parenthood" (5/- at door).

U.S. stars in action



ABOVE, Shirley Fry delivers a brisk return at Sydney's White City courts. LEFT, Negro tennis star Althea Gibson sprints for a fast ball. She began playing at 14.



Gibson girl aims for top tennis titles

● Althea Gibson, a tall, brown-skinned negress now touring Australia, is the first woman of her race to reach big-time tennis.

WITH her on the tour is fellow American and Wimbledon women's singles champion Shirley Fry.

Both girls were invited to Australia by the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia.

After playing in Sydney they are scheduled to compete in the South Australian championships on November 22.

At Kooyong, in Melbourne, they will contest the Australian championships between January 18-28.

Althea and Shirley, both aged 29, have been playing against each other since Althea smashed through racial prejudice to play at exclusive Forest Hills in 1950.

Brown-haired, trim-figured Shirley has been competing at Wimbledon since 1948.

This year she defeated Althea to take the women's title in the clay court singles at Chicago, and the coveted Forest Hills championship.

Not since Maureen Connolly has a woman tennis player attracted crowds like those Althea Gibson drew at Wimbledon in June this year. Althea first tried to enter American amateur tennis by way of Forest Hills tournaments in 1950.

As a Negress she was barred

from competing and officials were appalled at her nerve.

But she found an unexpected ally in Alice Marble, four times American national champion, who wrote, "Since lawn tennis is a game for ladies and gentlemen, it's time we started to behave as such."

Support came from all parts of the country, the gates of Forest Hills swung open and paved the way for Althea's first major tournament.

She didn't win, but she did cause one of the biggest upsets in years when she gave the champion Louise Brough a hard match.

She first made Wimbledon in 1951, but was beaten by American Beverley Baker.

In 1955, the U.S. State Department financed her tour to South-east Asia, and this year she was ready for her second Wimbledon attempt.

Her tour began in India last December and ended at Wimbledon in July with victory in the women's doubles championship.

On her return to New York she was received by an official ticker tape City Hall welcome.

So she goes on... a racquet in her hand, her sombre brown eyes fixed on Wimbledon and Forest Hills, a fierce ambition to become a champion of her race.



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FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

● Marriage is a very serious step in anyone's life, and should be entered into as a lifetime relationship. The decision to marry should be made only after sober reflection.

ALTHOUGH teenagers' feelings run just as deep as an older person's, most of them haven't the maturity needed to make this decision.

The mail addressed to this column shows that teenagers generally tend to want to marry early. Here is a typical letter from a girl of 19:

"I AM 19 and have been going steady with a boy the same age for 21 months. He is talking about becoming engaged. I am in love with him, but sometimes I feel as though I would like to go out with other boys, as I think I am too young to settle down. Occasionally I have been out with other boys and really enjoyed myself, but of course my boy-friend was furious and said I shouldn't do it. Should I break it off with him or get engaged and find out later he was the wrong one? One other thing I forgot to mention: he is slightly deaf and I feel rather embarrassed when someone speaks to him and he doesn't hear and they have to repeat themselves."

R.C., Qld.

Think very seriously about what you're proposing to do. Remember, despite the rising divorce rate, marriage is for all your life. The words in the marriage ceremony are still "until death do us part."

Could you spend the next 50-odd years of your life with this boy? Bear in mind he will possibly be deaf when he's 40 than he is now. If what you feel for him were love you wouldn't care whether he were slightly deaf or not. It simply wouldn't matter.

If you loved him, whether or not to go out with other boys would be a question which simply wouldn't arise. Judging by your letter I think you are not yet mature enough to decide such an important issue. Let marriage and settling down wait for a while.



A word from Debbie . . .

● If your nail scissors aren't as sharp as they used to be, try this: Get a sheet of fine sandpaper and cut it up with the blunt scissors.

● Do you know where you live? If you're one of those head-in-the-sand characters who live all their lives in the same street and still don't know the names of streets a block way, mend your ways. Start walking around on quiet afternoons with your eyes open. You'll see places you never knew existed.

● Trying out a new perfume is a thrilling undertaking. Have courage about it, but don't be reckless. Remember the perfume is for you and should reflect your age and personality. A blind man standing close to you should be able to decide just what sort of person you are by the fragrance he can faintly discern around you. Heavy perfumes for heavier personalities and older women may smell nice, but they are not YOU.

"WE are two 17-year-old girls and quite mature for our age. Recently we met a boy of whom we are very fond. He once offered us a lift home from the pictures, but we declined. We would like to know him better, but we see him only once a week and then only for a few minutes. How could we arrange this without appearing fast? We would be very happy if you could suggest some way in which we could get to know this boy."

F.F.S., N.S.W.

It's very simple. Next time he offers you a lift, accept. In the meanwhile, why not give a party and ask him along? There's nothing "fast" about that.

"I AM a girl 16½ years of age and have been going with a boy on and off for 10 months and I like him very much. Lately he went away and I got very sentimental letters from him, in which he tells me not to go out with other boys. But lately at the local dances I am always hav-

ing boys ask me can they take me home. I always say no to them. I am beginning to wonder now if I am doing the right thing. Because if it were ever all off between this boy and me I would feel pretty silly about all the boys I'd refused. Do you think I would be doing the wrong thing if I went out with other boys? Also am I too young to be going steady?"

Worried, Vic.

Going steady is a bit silly when you're only 16, especially when your "steady" is too far away to do anything but write to you. This boy is being rather unreasonable in asking you not to go out with anyone else, and I think you should tell him so in your next letter.

Don't rush things along. You have quite a few years ahead of you to consider serious matters like going steady. Enjoy yourself now, meet as many people as you can, and by all means go out with other boys.

***** DISC DIGEST *****

AFTER playing to packed houses for a solid year on Broadway, the musical "Plain and Fancy" moved across to London, where it is still delighting playgoers. The show, recorded by the original cast, is now available on a 12-inch LP disc and I think I'm going to become very fond of it.

Like most plays on record it is difficult to "catch on" if one hasn't seen the show, and the first hearing or two falls a bit flat. However, after a few more spins I'll be whistling the two hit tunes, "Young and Foolish" and "Follow Your Heart."

The plot concerns a sophisticated couple — the "Fancy" people — who find themselves in the backblocks of Pennsylvania, where they get mixed

up in the romantic problems of a "Plain" couple in a sort of Quaker community. In general tone the show is rather in the "Oklahoma!" spirit: gals in calico and guys squeezed into jeans.

IT was a novel twist to make the city girl a droll character, and Shirl Conway has just the right sort of humorous, husky voice to extract lots of comedy from her numbers — "You Can't Miss It," "Take Your Time," and especially "It's a Helluva Way to Run a Love Affair."

The big production numbers on the platter (S.603) are "How Do You Raise a Barn?" and "Plenty of Pennsylvania." Words and music were written by Arnold Horwitt and Albert Hague.

ALSO from Theatreland comes the 45 r.p.m. Extended Play disc of numbers from a little revue called "Salad Days," which has been running merrily for over two years at the Vaudeville Theatre, London. It reminded me somewhat of "The Boy Friend." The songs are deliberately "naïve" and "veddy English," in fact it's darned good to hear the fresh voices and perfect diction of the Peter Knight Singers, who do the job on GEPO.8519. There are no sensational hits, but the music is tuneful and gay. Both this record and "Plain and Fancy" should be investigated if you collect music from the shows.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

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For bleached, tinted, brightened, colour-rinsed or lightened hair, use the "Easy-to-Wave Hair" kit.

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● En route to summer is this cotton one-piece designed for any smart teenager wardrobe—and it's our guess that many in the older group will like it, too.

BIG news out of Paris is "Lilac Everywhere," and here we present a dress in just that color.

It is also available in five other superb shades—red, pink, turquoise, junior navy, and Kelly-green. The material, sanforised cotton, launders like a dream, and is color-fast.

The design is undisputably chic, figure-flattering, and iced with white by way of a

neat little collar and white buttons cunningly spaced.

We called the dress Ria; it is obtainable ready to wear and cut out ready to make.

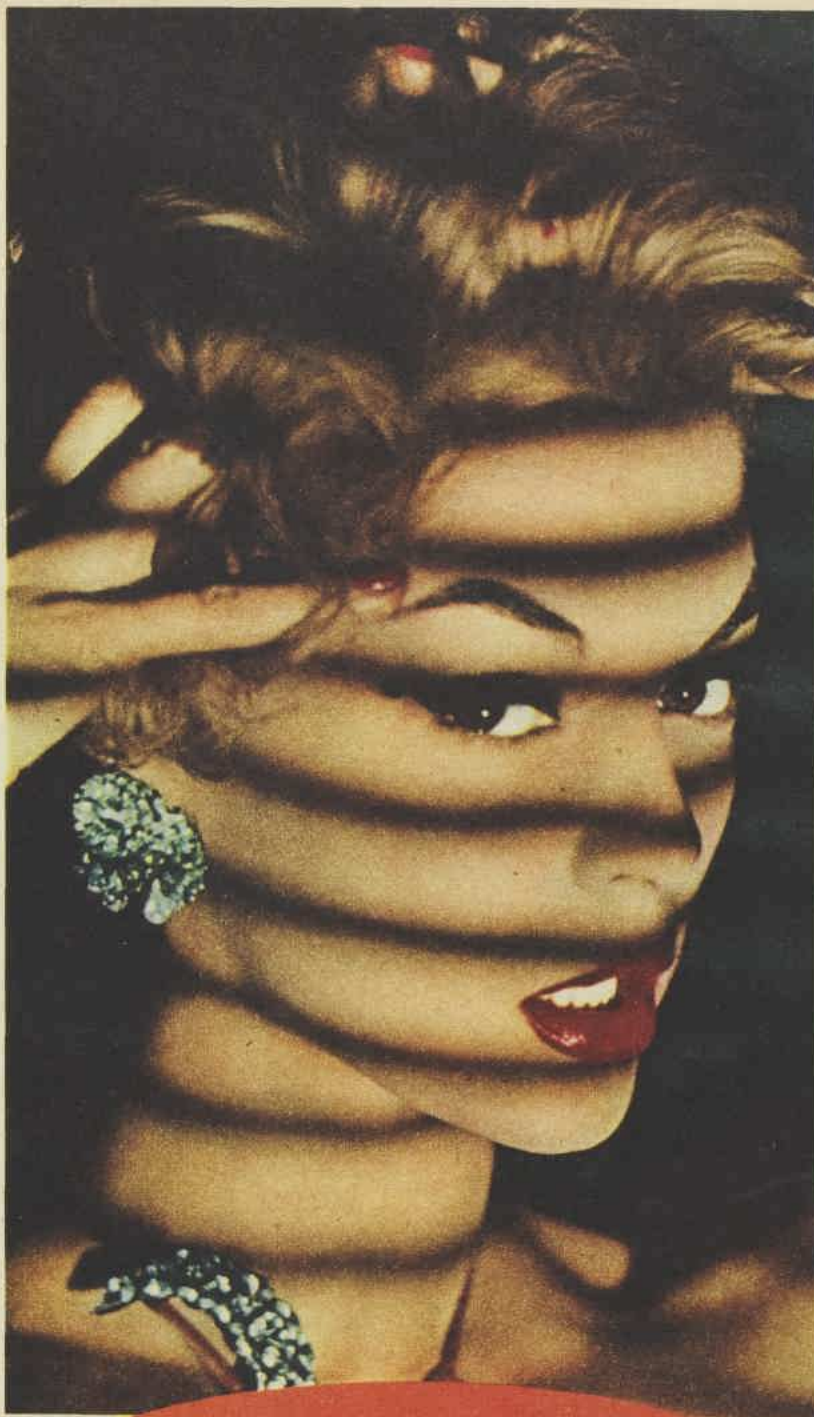
Please note it is available for only six weeks from date of publication.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 97/6; 36 and 38in. bust 99/11. Postage and registration 4/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 63/-; 36 and 38in. bust 65/9. Postage and registration 4/- extra.

HOW TO ORDER

● Address orders to Candy Hardy Frock Service, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian and New Zealand orders to the same address. Please mention "Ria," state clearly the size required, and make a second color choice.



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What is a "Linklace" bracelet?

The most fitting description is "a run arrestor". Rings of run-proof lockstitch at welt and toe arrest runs before they spread to the sheerness in between. It is impossible for any type of run—even one starting from a hole—to get past a Linklace Bracelet. Note: Lincoln Linklace Bracelets are a feature of "Rose Ribbon" 15-denier nylons only.

Lincoln "Rose Ribbon" 15-denier Nylons 12/11

Lincoln "Jade Ribbon" 30-denier Nylons 11/9

Sleek-fitting, longer wearing—"Jade Ribbon" nylons feature tailored ankles, flattering face powder finish and arrow-straight seams.

Prices may vary slightly in South Australia and Queensland.



ANOTHER QUALITY PRODUCT FROM LINCOLN MILLS

DRESS SENSE

By *Betty Keep*

● The one-piece dress illustrated at right has been designed specially for a reader who has asked for a smart, attractive frock for day wear.

SIMILAR requests came from other readers in last week's fashion mail. Here is a typical letter and my reply:

"COULD you please draft a pattern in size 36in. bust for an attractive frock for day wear? I can't see myself in a sheath or Empire-line frock, so I am putting my faith in you for something smart and casual that won't look out of place in present fashions. I am married and my age is 36."

The casual, simple dress is a basic ingredient of every wardrobe and the one I have chosen for you (at right) could go to any daytime occasion looking attractive and smart. The open wide-collared neckline is flattering, so is the slightly full skirt. You can obtain a paper pattern in your size group. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"FOR my annual holidays, in January, I want to make a playsuit or sunfrock I can wear on the beach or sunbaking. I am 24 and rather thin."

My suggestion is a playsuit dress, meaning short shorts and matching bra, a sleeveless, waist-length bolero, plus a skirt with a waistband rising high to meet the jacket. Have the four garments in the same material. Either a coin-spot or a candy-striped cotton would be a good choice.

"I WANT some type of coat to wear over weekend casuals, such as slacks and separate skirts and tops. The skirts are all very narrow in cut."

You need what American designers have labelled a "motor coat." Such coats have a casual cut, are straight and unbelted, approximately 40in. long, and often finished with a hood—attached or detachable.

DS215.—One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"IS red a suitable color for a summer frock? Is black and white the correct accessory shade? I would be grateful if you planned the accessories you think suitable and smart."

Red is a very new fashion color, but it needs a bit of fashion "know-how" to wear it in hot weather. First, the material you choose should not be in a heavy weave. Either a lightweight cotton or pure silk would be perfect. Keep the lines of the dress simple and the neckline bared and uncollared. For accessories I like the idea of creamy beige for hat and gloves and a matching shade of red for

shoes and handbag. If you wear costume jewellery, a chunky gilt bracelet or bracelets and matching earrings would be smart.

"PLEASE give me a suggestion for a style suitable for silk shantung for an SSW fitting. The frock is for everyday wear."

A sleeveless, one-piece bloused sheath is just about the newest silhouette for day wear. Have the skirt ultra-slim and the bodice bloused above a belted, natural waistline. Finish the bodice with a high, round collarless neckline and large self-material bow.



Beauty in brief:

QUICK TIPS ON GROOMING

By *CAROLYN EARLE*

● Just because you're a working woman there is no need to look like one when you step out in the evening.

IF your hair is a bother, try damping it with a dash of cologne and pinning it up in a few large curls before taking your bath. The alcohol in the cologne evaporates quickly, but when you comb out your hair the fragrance will linger. The disarray will be smoothed out, too.

A one-minute glamor facial is also a good idea to make one's skin appear refreshed and softer. Simply swab the skin

with a good vanishing cream, leave it on for one minute, then tissue it off.

While you are dressing, do give a thought to your feet, particularly if your job is a standing one and the occasion calls for high heels or dancing.

Curl and uncurl the toes to stretch the muscles, and as the evening progresses try rolling over on the outer edge of each foot now and again.

Film Fan-Fare

Conducted by
M. J. McMAHON

LADY TRAVELLERS



Corsets, cattle, and chorus girls in lively last century Texas story

BLOND film star Ginger Rogers steps jauntily back into the gay 'nineties in the title role of R.K.O.'s new comedy, "The First Travelling Saleslady."

The picture, filmed in technicolor, deals with the brighter side of Ginger's adventures and mishaps while she is engaged in selling corsets in the wide open spaces of the Texas cattle country.

As her companion on the road there is Carol Channing, the Broadway comedi-

enne, here making her movie debut as a flighty chorus girl turned pedlar.

Carol, a tall blond with brown eyes and a flexible singing voice, gets a chance to show all three in a musical sequence staged back East.

But both girls are out West for most of the time as the action moves amusingly and romantically (with the help of Barry Nelson, David Bryan, and James Arness) from New York to Kanas City and down into Texas.

GINGER ROGERS and CAROL CHANNING work overtime to sell corsets to a group of dead-pan Indian squaws in the scene from the new comedy shown at the top of the page. Ginger (above right) needs no introduction to filmgoers. Carol is an amusing newcomer from Broadway.

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Stars are seasick in a studio tank

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

● I never believed anyone could get seasick in a studio-built sea. But now I've seen it happen.

IT happened with Tyrone Power's new film company, Copa Productions, which is making the sea drama "Seven Waves Away" entirely inside the British film studios at Shepperton.

Throughout the filming — eight weeks—the whole cast has spent its time either crowded in a single lifeboat or clinging to it from the water while the cameras turned.

A sorry bunch they all looked—Ty Power, haggard and dishevelled; Lloyd Nolan, looking as though he had just been blown up (which he had); Mai Zetterling, her hair in rats' tails; the glamorous Moira Lister, ditto; Stephen Boyd, a handsome, virile British newcomer; and a mixed crew of distinguished British character players, all hanging on like grim death.

And often turning horribly green.

The reason is one of those sort of jokes they crack about films and that happen to be true.

"We tried filming in the Atlantic," Tyrone Power explained, "to get the realism of wide horizons, empty sea, huge waves. It was awkward and clumsy work — and the film we brought back didn't look very good."

"Somehow, the real sea isn't a very good actor. Sometimes it doesn't even photograph as it really looks."

"So we tried building our own sea in the studio."

"We made an enormous tank that filled the floor of one huge sound stage. Then, out of camera range, we installed a wave-making machine

borrowed from the Navy. They used it for testing craft in different weather conditions, and it can create any sea from a swell to a howling gale. Come and have a look."

From the camera stand we looked down on as wretched a group of actors, huddled in the dancing boat, as I have ever seen.

A wind machine started up with a silent whirring of its huge propellers. A spray machine from the other side blew curtains of spume across them.

And then the wave machine, standing on poles in the water, started a monstrous pumping and slapping up and down. Vast waves began to convulse the water till the lifeboat was cavorting crazily and

Film Fan-Fare

the actors in the water were truly hanging on for dear life.

From across the other side of the vast hangar-like stage, where the water stretched angrily to a false horizon, a frowning artificial sky rose into the dim upper regions, out of which the kleigs blazed.

The sea looked infinitely wide and desolate, lit by stray flecks of light.

When the cameras stopped the brandy and the coffee went around, and the actors caught the white towelling gowns that were flung to them in the boat. They donned them morosely.

John Gray, former radio and stage actor from Sydney, was one of them. He is short



STARS Tyrone Power and a bedraggled Mai Zetterling dry themselves out in the sun from a drenching in the violent studio "sea" built for the drama "Seven Waves Away."

and tubby and fair. And also, then, he was very wet.

Said John, "I was touring England with Tyrone Power in 'The Devil's Disciple.' When that was over Hugh Hunt asked me to come out home again to play in 'Ned Kelly' with Leo McKern and

I was thinking about it when Tyrone sent out a call for me. He was making 'Seven Waves Away' and had gone to the trouble of changing one of the characters to suit me."

"So now look at me. I've been changed from a Greek stoker to Aussie Smith, oiler!"

He patted his well-upholstered middle, glanced back at the boat still heaving on the studio sea, sighed, and said, "Well, anyway, it's helped me with my slimming. I've lost well over a stone. They won't know me when I get back home."

An old legend of the deep, "Death rides the crest of the seventh wave," is the theme of the film.

It centres on the sole survivors of a luxury liner on a gala round-the-world voyage, which blows up in the South

Atlantic and sinks within minutes.

Only 37 out of more than 1000 passengers escape by crowding in or clinging to the only boat that could be launched before the liner plunged to her doom.

Far from the sea lanes and with Africa and South America more than 1500 miles away, the officer in charge (Tyrone Power) is faced with the terrible responsibility of getting rid of the weak to save those with a chance of surviving.

And after this harrowing life at sea a weary band of players whizzes through the studio gates to bed with hot drinks and hot-water bottles.

But not Lloyd Nolan and Moira Lister, who have to rush straight for their theatre dressing-rooms, for they are starring nightly in West End plays; or Mai Zetterling, who has to sit over the script of a new play and rehearse her role.

And, of course, Tyrone Power sits up over script conferences for the next day's shooting and, between times, plans his next film as his own boss. This is to be "Lorenzo The Magnificent," again starring himself.

It's nice to be your own boss in films. You have twice the work and twice the worry.

Rita in the Tower

● Rita Hayworth and her daughters, Rebecca, 11 (whose father is Orson Welles), and Yasmin, 7 (the child of Aly Khan), enjoy a conducted tour of the Tower of London.

Rita (in white coat) and the children look interested as, with other sightseers, they follow the yeomen (pictures at left and right).

Amateur photographers snap them (below, left), and, at right, Rebecca herself takes a photograph.



Rollicking musical



1 AT LIVELY rehearsal of "George White Scandals," Buddy DeSylva (Gordon MacRae), centre, and Lew Brown (Ernest Borgnine), right, mistake Ray Henderson (Dan Dailey), left, for a hired pianist.



2 BROWN and DeSylva decide to revise an old tune, "Button Up Your Overcoat." With the help of Henderson and his sister-in-law, Kitty Kane (Sheree North), whom he came to visit, they have a hit.



3 IMPRESSED by Henderson's playing and knowledge of music, DeSylva and Brown decide to make him a partner in their song-writing business. There is about eight dollars in the kitty. In this way the great music-making team of DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson is formed.



4 SUCCESS is almost instantaneous. Hit follows hit. After the "Scandals of 1926," DeSylva announces that they will start producing their own shows. Brown is reluctant to branch out like this, but the ambitious DeSylva goes ahead, as always, without his partners' consent.



5 TROUBLE strikes their first production, "Flying High," for DeSylva allows hoodlum Manny Costain (Mervyn Vye), right, to back the show. Brown beats him up and puts the whole show in danger.



6 OVER-ANXIOUS to ensure that no trouble breaks on opening night, "Fingers" (Tony Galento) frisks a drama critic in error. But all goes well. After more Broadway hits, the team goes to Hollywood. Disagreements occur there.



7 FIGHT between excitable Brown and DeSylva causes a split. Kitty, who loves DeSylva, also leaves him because of his driving ambition. Later the three men and Kitty are reunited back in New York and resume their musical success.

★ 20th Century-Fox's color CinemaScope production "The Best Things in Life Are Free" is the story of the American song-writing team of DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson, who collaborated in writing top tunes and once had four hit shows on Broadway at one time.

The film covers a nine-year span of the "roaring 'twenties," and stars Gordon MacRae, Dan Dailey, and Ernest Borgnine in the musician roles. Blond Sheree North co-stars.

The colorful story is part fiction, but there are several episodes in it that are based on truth. One of these concerns the composition of the song "Sonny Boy" for Al Jolson, and another is the incident of a gangster backing one of their shows.



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OF WASHERS TO LOOK AT
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A Busy Mother Likes HOOVER'S SELF-ADJUSTING ELECTRIC WRINGER

• Flexible rollers squeeze damp-dry anything from double blankets to a hankie • Has a stop-button you can work with your knee, leaving hands free.

This is Mrs. D. Brown's letter. She lives at Caulfield, Victoria.

"I'm modern enough to want a quick and easy washday, yet old-fashioned enough to like a wash as bright and clean as Mother's. And she always said nothing could beat Hoover for getting clothes a good colour. So, when my husband suggested we buy a washing machine, I naturally chose the new Hoover with the electric wringer."



Says A Grandmother: "HOOVER'S POWER RINSE PREVENTS THAT 'HALF-RINSED' LOOK"

• A stream of water flows through the clothes flushing away all dirt • In half a minute, clothes are fully rinsed and ready for the electric wringer.

Mrs. E. Cocks, Ashfield, N.S.W., writes:

"You've got the evidence of your own eyes to prove how thoroughly the Hoover power rinse works. When the rinsing's done—right in the Hoover tub—the clothes are ready for the wringer in half a minute. The Hoover does a washing job all through that would satisfy an old-fashioned laundress."

HOOVER

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 21, 1956

ROYAL FILM NIGHT



QUEEN ELIZABETH (right) and Princess Margaret with Admiral of the Fleet Earl Mountbatten of Burma, the First Sea Lord, at the Royal Command film, "The Battle of the River Plate." After the film the Queen and Princess Margaret met British and international stars. The Queen wore a gown of velvet and the Princess pastel lame.

THE Queen and Princess Margaret attended this year's Royal Command Film Performance at the Empire Theatre in London's West End. The film was "The Battle of the River Plate," which tells of the scuttling of the German pocket-battleship "Graf Spee" during World War II.

Two stars of the film, Australian actor Peter Finch and Anthony Quayle, met the Queen and Princess Margaret afterwards.

On this page are theatre "names" who were there to bow and curtsy to Royalty.



ARRIVING at the Empire Theatre for the show are Marilyn Monroe and her husband, playwright Arthur Miller. Marilyn wore shimmering gold lame with a cloak draped from one shoulder.



SWEDISH ACTRESS Anita Ekberg is presented to Her Majesty in the foyer. Peter Finch, a star of the Royal Command film, is at the right. Joan Crawford is standing beside Anita. The show was in aid of the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund.



ABOVE. Her Majesty the Queen shakes hands with Brigitte Bardot, the dazzling young French actress who is as well known in Britain as she is in her native country. American actor Dana Andrews, immaculate in white tie and tails, smiles down at her benignly.

SPECTACULAR cover-up gown of heavy lace and crystal worn by Anita Ekberg, who was escorted to the theatre by her husband, actor Anthony Steel, brought a buzz of comment from the crowd which jammed all approaches to the Empire Theatre.



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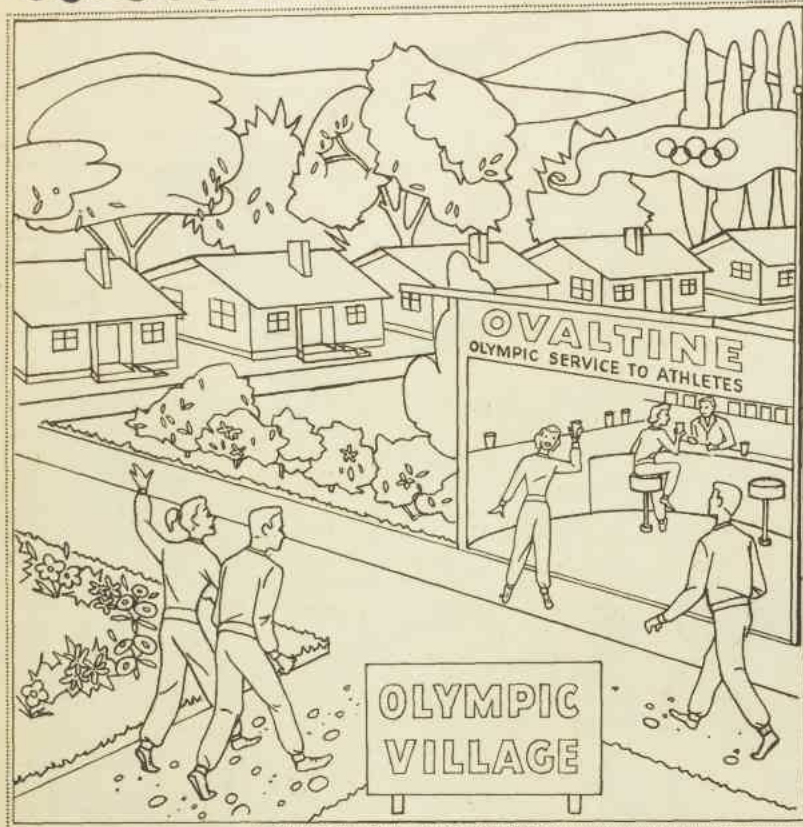
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"Ovaltine Competition," Box 3915, G.P.O., SYDNEY, being sure to print your name, address and age on a separate piece of paper, and pin to your entry. Each entry must be accompanied by the label from an Ovaltine 1 lb. tin. This competition is open to all boys and girls who are not more than 14 years of age.

Judging will be based on neatness and merit, taking your age into consideration. The judge's decision will be final, and no correspondence will be entered into on this subject. Prizewinners will be announced in the "Women's Weekly" during February, 1957. Competition closes 11th January, 1957. In States where this provision is against the law, it is not necessary to include an Ovaltine label with your entry.

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Gee, they taste good, and with all those vitamins they make you feel good and strong. Olympic champions train on Ovaltine; it makes them healthy and gives them strength to win races. Get mum to buy you Chocolate Ovaltine, and have a delicious milkshake every day; remember, you might be an Olympic champion yourself one day.

"SO SIMPLE YOU CAN MAKE IT YOURSELF"

Put two or more teaspoonsful of Ovaltine in a glass and dissolve with a little hot water; add cold milk and stir. It only takes a few seconds.



OVALTINE

THE CHOICE OF OLYMPIC CHAMPIONS

NEW VERSION OF HIT FILM



THUMBING A RIDE on a lonely highway, Ellie Andrews (June Allyson) shows exhausted and harassed Peter Warne (Jack Lemmon) that a lifted skirt gets action quicker than the thumb.

Remember these?

• Back in 1934, just a few years after he got his first real break in movies, Clark Gable was given the co-starring role with Claudette Colbert in "It Happened One Night." The comedy proved to be a smash-hit at the box-office and won Oscars for both stars. These shots are from that film.



YOUNG Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert in the key love scene in the original film. Without money, they had been forced to seek refuge in a haystack.



IMPROMPTU tango performed by the youthful and virile Gable and Claudette Colbert on an early film set.



CLAUDETTE COLBERT, resplendent in white satin, is putting last-minute touches to her make-up before shooting the wedding scene in "It Happened One Night."

Musical dress, technicolor for comedy

● Scenes from "You Can't Run Away From It," Columbia's technicolor, musical version of a classic old comedy, are shown on these pages. The new picture stars June Allyson as a runaway heiress who finds romance with Jack Lemmon, an out-of-work reporter, during a cross-country flight from home. These are the roles played by Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert in the original picture, "It Happened One Night." There are flashback shots of them opposite.



WALLS of Jericho. Forced to spend the night in a motel, Peter (Lemmon) hoists a blanket wall across their room.



RIGHT. While the pair dress next morning, detectives arrive in search of Ellie and put them on the run again.

Film Fan-Fare



COMEDY sequence in which Peter (Lemmon) totes Ellie (Allyson) across a wide, icy stream in Arizona. Does he drop her? Yes, he does.



ABOVE. Disconsolate bride Ellie (Allyson) is prepared to marry Jacques Ballarino in this elaborate sequence, but runs out on her waiting groom for Peter's sake.

BELOW. Jacques Ballarino (played by newcomer Jacques Scott), the other man, is a racy character who is more interested in Ellie's fortune than her happiness.





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A special safety catch inside the rear doors prevents their inadvertent opening by children. Features like this — and the safety glass all round — are typical of the thoughtful design that distinguishes the A50 Cambridge.



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"R" stands for RED

By JEAN ARNOLD

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

HENRY sighed as he put down the receiver, and rubbed his eyes with a tired gesture. He was sorry Aunt Agnes had sprained her ankle, but really, he thought, Aunt Agnes might have found someone else to meet this returning Roberta instead of asking him to do so.

His only memories of Roberta went back to childhood, and such memories were mostly of a red-headed horror who tangled his fishing-lines, let out his pet rabbits, petted and spoiled his dog, and generally made herself a companion with whom he could readily dispense.

The only way he could get his own back was to call her "Red" — a nickname she seemed to loathe, and she would reply with unexpected dignity, "My name's Roberta, R stands for Roberta," to which he would then yell, "R stands for Red."

But since she had frequently spent her holidays at Aunt Agnes', too, avoiding Roberta had hardly been possible.

Henry shaved and dressed, wondering with vague annoyance why, of late, he seemed so irritable. Small annoyances that should not have worried him often put him in quite a temper. And yet he felt all should be going so well for him, a young scientist with an interesting laboratory job that could go on to better things, and the prospect of a coming engagement to Priscilla, a smart and efficient fellow laboratory assistant.

At the thought of Priscilla, he frowned. He would have to ring and let her know

he would be late seeing her tonight, which wouldn't please Priscilla at all, as she liked to run her life (and Henry's, too, he was beginning to suspect) to a firm routine.

Henry bought a box of peppermint chocolates which, he vaguely remembered, had been a favorite of Roberta's, and set out for the airport in his car. He stood uncertainly in the crowd as the plane came in, then his eyes searched the passengers for someone who could be Roberta. He was aware of excitement in the noisy group behind him, and as the group suddenly surged forward Henry was carried along, too.

He found himself in a crowd around a young woman who left Henry bereft of words. Her sleek dark green frock covered just enough, but also revealed just enough of the creamy-colored skin of her throat and arms. Her beautiful serene face, with its oddly familiar eyes, was topped with a shining coil of red hair that was in no way hidden by the tiny green hat that lay, like the leaf of a water-lily, on her shining head.

She was smiling for the photographers, and answering with supreme self-confidence the questions of reporters. Henry gazed in fascination, his heart behaving erratically, when the beautiful eyes turned in his direction, the beautiful face lit with an enchanting smile, and the fabulous creature moved impulsively in his direction. "Why, Henry!" she exclaimed. "How nice of you to come!"

She put her arm affectionately through Henry's, which was just as well, for Henry's

Roberta was waiting for him with Aunt Agnes' dog when he arrived in his battered old two-seater.

To page 73



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says ELLY LUKAS
Principal of the
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When buying Talcum Powder I look for a tale that ensures day-long daintiness—a tale with a fresh, clean fragrance, and the new economy size gives more value for my money than ever before. That's why I choose

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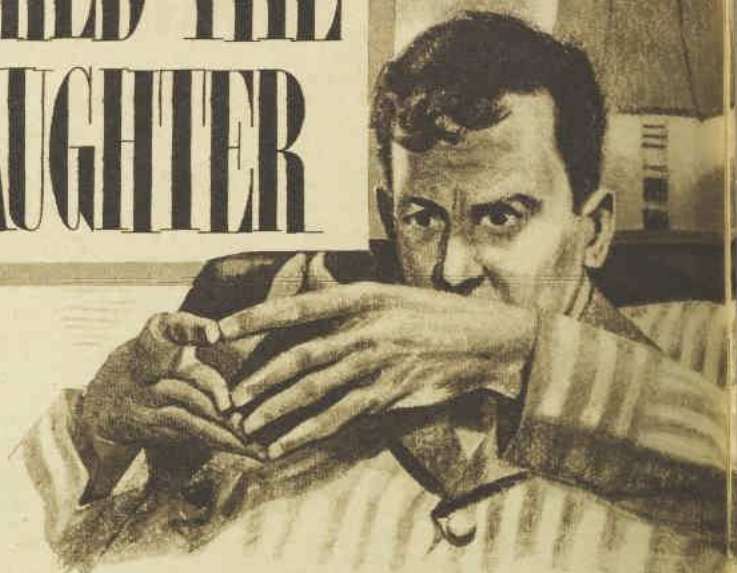
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SLOAN'S LINIMENT
AT ALL CHEMISTS

HE MARRIED THE BOSS' DAUGHTER

By
JOHN REESE



WHEN Amos Belden came back upstairs with his hat and coat, Rosemary was still sitting on the edge of the bed. She was a small girl, but exquisitely proportioned, and even without make-up was adorable. Her short black hair and creamy skin gave her an Oriental look; and her half-closed, sleepy, angry eyes made Amos think that he had married something from the second act of "Aida."

"I won't be here when you come home, Amos."
"Let's not make a big Federal case out of this," said Amos. "It's your house. I'll get a hotel room."
"Whatever you think. I'll see a lawyer today."
"Kenneth Joyce, I suppose," he said jealously.
"I don't know. That's my business, isn't it?"
"Quite!" he said.

She was a good kid, though. Bossy, but not selfish. Wanted her own way, but hated hurting people. Made the money fly, but it was her money. She had the makings of a good wife, but in two years of marriage Amos had reached only a series of compromises that settled individual clashes without ever bringing them any closer together.

She was just like her father, hot-tempered, strong-willed, close-mouthed. You never knew where you stood with Carl A. Beatty. It was as hard to work for him as it was to live with his daughter, but it all ended today.

Amos had one thing to do at the office—something he had refrained from doing because he was the Old Man's son-in-law. But the wraps were off now. Rosemary was getting a divorce, and he could punch Kenneth Joyce in the nose and resign.

He started downstairs again, saying over his shoulder, "Believe it or not, Rosemary, I'm sorry."
Her voice trailed him. "So'm I. Amos, remember what Miss Leota said about us getting married?"
"Yes," he said. "I remember."

He backed the car out, taking one last look around. The house had been a wedding present from her father. Amos loved it, but felt a queer relief at being rid of it. No more maid and gardener to pay, no more stunning tax bills, no more swimming pool to clean, no more dull Pasadena parties. No more living up to any of the things that were expected of Carl A. Beatty's son-in-law.

He was through. He headed for the Los Angeles freeway, thinking of what Miss Leota had said:

Change the name, but not the letter—
Change for worse instead of better!

A handy marriage. They could use all the monogrammed family things. It was also quite handy in case Rosemary ever wanted her maiden name back.

Miss Leota had been Rosemary's piano teacher. She was a rotten musician, but she had been there when a motherless girl needed her, and Rosemary would listen to Miss Leota when she would listen to no one else on earth. The sharp-tongued old maid was the nearest thing Amos had to a mother-in-law. For the past year he had been sending her a small monthly cheque. He'd go on doing that, while getting rid of the gardener, the tax bills, and those Pasadena parties.

He backed into the parking area in the basement of the Beatty Building for the last time, and told the attendant, "Give it a wash today, will you?"

"It was on the wash rack last week," the attendant said. "It's not really very—"

"Wash it," Amos said. "Do I have to get a letter from somebody?"

He had never talked that way to the smart-aleck kid before, but he had a headache. The kid was moving the

car out to put it on the wash rack when Amos got in the elevator. The operator smiled at him. She looked cute in that wine-and-silver uniform. Pretty-girl operators and fluorescent lights were some of the tricks Amos had used to fill up this white elephant of a building, and it was almost in the black. He was proud of that.

"Mr. Beatty gone up yet, Marie?"

"I don't think so, sir, but Mr. Sweig went up."

"How about Mr. Joyce?"

"Not yet. Tenth, sir."

He got out, and the receptionist in the lobby gave a cry of relief. "Oh, Mr. Belden, here's a call from Phoenix for Mr. Beatty, but they'll talk to you. And Mr. Hazard at the bank wants you to call. And last night Mr. Beatty said tell you that the Internal Revenue man wants a —"

"Put the Phoenix call on my line," Amos said. "One thing at a time, please!"

The Beatty companies had this whole floor. All of the doors had an ornate B etched on them. It stood for "Beatty," not "Belden."

Amos went down to the inner hall of the executive department, and was instantly back in the whirlwind of detail that went with being the Old Man's son-in-law. Mr. Sweig, the Old Man's personal secretary, tried to stop him with a message, but Amos put him off and hurried down to the last door. On it was the legend:

MR. BELDEN
SPECIAL ASSISTANT TO
MR. BEATTY

He slid out of his topcoat. Miss Gonzalez, his own secretary, took it and his hat and put them in the closet. He sat down. She put some papers on his desk and he signed them as he talked to Phoenix. He would work up to the last moments and then punch Ken Joyce in the nose.

As he talked to the man in Phoenix he wanted to be out of here so badly that it was like panic, and the fist that held the pen ached to curl into a handful of knuckles. Miss Gonzalez was watching him intently. He had shaved in a hurry and there were sandy bristles on his throat. He had dark circles around his grey eyes, and no wonder. He and Rosemary had been at it until three this morning.

Two people quarrelling bitterly in the huge living-room of a house too big for them. The sound of the television set in the den had been turned off, but the bright screen leered malevolently at him through the open door. Rosemary sat on the arm of a chair, clad only in a jade ring and a short, sheer yellow nightie—actually little more than an abbreviated nightshirt. She swung her bare feet nervously.

"Darling, I simply don't get it!" she cried, dusting the ash of her cigarette into her coffee cup.

"Yet get it, all right," Amos said grimly.


She had been crying. She blinked her swollen eyes and stood up, the bottom of the sheer nightie swirling frothily about her thighs. She went barefoot into the kitchen, rinsed out her cup and came back with more coffee. It was getting pretty strong by now. She made a face as she gulped it.

"You act as though I'd done something shameful!"

"Joyce is on the make," Amos said. "You didn't just run into him. He planned it that way. He'll break up our home if he can, to advance himself at the office. He's just using you—and you let him."

"We had one drink together, that's all."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 21, 1956



*They argued hour after hour
through the night, they said
cruel, bitter words to each other.*

He said harshly, "What did you talk about? Would you care to repeat it word for word to me? And what do you imagine he'll tell his cronies at the office tomorrow?"

He saw the flick of fright—or something—in her eyes. Too late, his own instincts warned him. He knew this kid. By that look of hers, he knew that Joyce had already gone too far. The fool had said something today that had frightened and disgusted Rosemary. She was ready to run for cover.

But not ready to admit it. Not once in two years had she ever said "I was wrong," and she wasn't about to say it now. Amos had all he could take.

He blew up. He told her brutally what men thought of men like Ken Joyce. Joyce was a lawyer, one of the bright young men Carl A. Beatty was always recruiting. Amos knew what Joyce was like inside because they came from the same kind of background—not poverty exactly, but close to it. Amos had once pitied Joyce because of his fear and his cancerous ambition. Not any more.

There was a name for such guys, and Rosemary flinched as he used it. Amos pitied her, too, but he was crazy-jealous. He was sick of being Mr. Son-in-Law down at the office and Mr. Son-in-Law in his own home.

"He's terrified of failure, of poverty. He may not know that, but I do, and it's not flattering to you. He'd do anything for money. You're a cute kid, Rosemary, but get this through your stupid little head: Ken Joyce is interested in you only because you're Carl A. Beatty's daughter."

Rosemary's bare toes curled tensely. She whitened. She lit another cigarette and dropped her match into the dregs of her strong black coffee. Her black eyes met his.

"And you?" she said. As Amos rose swiftly to his feet, she looked frightened and cried out, "Amos! What are you going to do?"

"Turn off the television and go to bed," he said quietly. "I'll bunk in the den, Rosemary. Good night."

He got rid of the Phoenix call. He phoned Hazard at the bank and took care of something else that Carl A. Beatty had left undone. He could not make real decisions; a special assistant was not a real executive. He could only wheedle and cajole. But he got into the frantic rhythm of being Carl A. Beatty's odd-jobs man, and now and then he could forget his misery at losing Rosemary.

The Beatty money came from land. Mr. Beatty and his two sisters had California oil land, Oregon timber land, land in New Mexico that was being explored for natural gas, a ranch in Texas. They owned all of the stock on it. They owned interests in a sawmill, an automobile agency, a cannery, a foundry.

But it all started with land, and while the sisters shared ownership, Carl A. Beatty ran things. He ran them like an old-fashioned landlord, like an old widow renting the family farm. That emphasis on land kept the organisation unbalanced. In it lay an integrity that was a source of strength, but it made for messy management.

Miss Gonzalez came in. "Mr. Sweig would like to see you, sir. May he come in now?"

"Sure!" said Amos. "Mustn't keep him waiting."

"All right, sir." She started out. At the door she paused. "Is—something—I mean, what's wrong, Mr. Belden?"

Miss Gonzalez was a shy kid. It took courage to blurt that out, and the office gossip would have to be pretty general for her even to hear it. Her face blazed with mute

***He knew there was
only one way to beat the
situation...and that was to
bow out as quickly as possible***

To page 74



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A poignant short story complete
on this page

Goodbye Sarah

By BOB BRISTOW



JEFF HARALSON left Jane at the club, where she sipped a martini, listening with a degree of interest to the drama of par on hole four and birdie on six, such chatter coming from the group of admirers which Jane always seemed to have.

When he had said goodbye to Sarah, Jeff would return to the club. He would take his prize from the wolves and begin a new life, a life of excitement, of refreshing brightness with Jane.

He was whistling as he opened the door of his car. Once inside, the whistle died in him, and he sat quietly for a moment before starting the motor. He felt a sense of uneasiness, of regret.

He had to do this. It was only decent. Once it was over, he reminded himself, he would be free. And then, Jane.

He drove thoughtfully towards the small frame house, thinking, remembering, wondering what he would say when Sarah stood before him.

He wanted to make a special effort of this. Because Sarah . . . well, because she had tried so hard. She couldn't help being what she was, and it was, after all, he who had chosen her. She didn't understand Jane's appeal.

He hadn't gone out hunting an affair. It happened slowly, so gradually that he awoke one morning and the truth was there, sudden and frightening. He had refused to see Jane for a month, two months, and that was not the answer. They had fought it, both of them. Finally he had talked to Sarah about it.

"You know there is someone?" She had smiled, not a sad smile, neither was it warm. "I didn't know, but something has been wrong. I knew that."

"Let's have a drink," he had said. "Would you like . . .?"

"No. Go ahead."

"Yes." He poured a glass of whisky, added water and leaned back in the chair. Sarah's face was intent upon him, as though she were asking, Why? Where have I failed you? And he knew no answer.

"It's hard to explain. Her name is Jane . . . she's . . ."

"Don't, Jeff," Sarah said. "It isn't necessary."

"Sorry," he said, "I thought you might like to know."

He finished the drink and began to talk.

"Well," he said, "I've thought it over. I've worried about it."

"I know, Jeff," she said. "You've been upset."

So she had noticed and not said anything. Hadn't demanded. Hadn't fought with tears or words. That was Sarah. He was glad. It made it easier.

"And," he labored, "I want her. I want you to divorce me."

"Jeff . . . I . . ."

"You can go to Reno or some place. I'll make all the arrangements. You can have everything. House. Car."

Only then did he notice the tears creeping at the corners of her eyes. But she did not cry. It must have taken a lot of control. Jane would probably have . . .

In a moment she had answered. "Yes," she said softly. "I suppose that would be best."

And now he was saying goodbye, because tomorrow Sarah would board a plane for Reno.

She wouldn't cry. Not now. Had she cried, it would have been the day he told her. She was iron now. Like the time he lost his job that winter in Michigan, when the rent was overdue and all they had to eat for four days was oatmeal.

Losing his job had seemed like the end of the world. He had walked for an hour, afraid to break the news. But Sarah had smiled when he stood in the hallway blurring it out. And she had walked to him, slipped her arms around his

neck and kissed him. It takes a real woman to . . . Damn!

Jeff pressed his foot on the accelerator and the car moved faster. If only he could think of something casual to say, to get them started, it would go all right. Something like, "Maybe we can see each other once in a while for lunch in town?"

No . . . It wouldn't work. It would only renew the pain for nothing. What would she do now that loneliness was closing in about her? She would keep busy, as she always did. Marriage? Jeff didn't think so. Sarah was not that way. When she married it was for now and ever. A girl like Jane could adjust to . . .

Jeff swung the car around the corner. Strange, it was. Jeff could think of a dozen men who would give anything for a woman like Sarah, a dependable, gracious woman who devoted her life to her home, making her husband feel as though he was no longer a mediocre salesman but, in a way, almost great.

And Sarah was the type who became distraught when faced with choosing a dress for a cocktail party, but for Jane that was . . .

Comparison! How idiotic. For heaven's sake, it was over. He was saying goodbye now, not judging them like a pair of cocker spaniels. Was it guilt? Is that what he felt? Guilt because he was stepping out to find happiness? Because he was

leaving the short end to Sarah? Was it?

Jeff lighted a cigarette and slowed the car. He would be there soon. No need to feel guilty. Sarah had talked about that, too.

"Darling," she had said, "I want you to be sure. And when you are, I want you to go ahead. Don't ever think what might have been. It's the only way you can ever be happy. And, Jeff," she added, "you mustn't worry about me." Jane wouldn't have said that.

Jeff rounded the curve, and the white house came into view. What could he say?

"Sarah . . . I want to wish you all the happiness." Jeff pulled the car into the drive and turned off the switch. "Sarah, I'm sorry it had to be this way." He climbed out of the car. He could not for the life of him imagine this house without Sarah, without her infernal flower garden and the ridiculous idea that he should mow his own lawn because it made him feel better and made him eat more.

Jeff walked toward the porch. "Sarah, let's make it easy. Just goodbye."

Why was it so hard for him? He'd known this had to come for a long time. What was he going to say? What was he going to say?

Across the street Fred Vineyard was trimming a hedge. He waved and Jeff waved in return. Lo.s of

"It's hard to explain," began Jeff. "Her name's Jane . . ." but Sarah stopped him and said softly, "That isn't necessary."

times he and Sarah had unexpected barbecues with Fred and his wife. Those were the easy, carefree days before . . .

Good heavens, what was he going to do? He couldn't stand there all day. Jane was waiting at the club and the pack of wolves would probably be . . .

Jeff pressed his finger on the bell. Inside he heard footsteps. In a moment it would be over.

"Goodbye, Sarah . . . so long . . . best of luck. You were swell, Sarah . . . you don't know how . . . Sarah . . ."

The door opened. Sarah smiled, her brown eyes sparkling, her hair tied in a scarf and a duster in her hand, like the time they met when the football bounced across the street and rolled up on her dad's lawn so long ago.

"Hallo, Jeff," she said, her voice soft and light, almost a whisper.

Yes, that was it. She would do it for him. She'd die inside making it easy, because even this, the end, the last of it, she'd give her husband all the love she had ever known.

"Sarah," his voice was unsteady.

"Yes."

"Sarah . . . I'm home."

(Copyright)

THE PROVING FLIGHT



Breathless story of a planeload of people . . . in hazard above the ocean

FROM the noise-bound cockpit of an aircraft, the wide circle of London on an early spring evening looked as quiet as a bank of windflowers. Thinly scattered on the surrounding elevations, they clustered thick and white around the rich financial soil of the Thames embankment.

It was seven o'clock. Bellamy moved the control column to the left. Obediently the Emperor turned port on to final approach, momentarily tucking away the brilliant colors under an outstretched starboard wing. Then, like a dragonfly, the plane swept towards the bank, dropped her legs cautiously, and left the dark sky with a whine of throttled-back engines, a whisper of brakes.

Gently, the sound of the tyres on the runway grew softer and softer. The noise of the engines died. The Emperor settled down to a comfortable little jog-trot, till two blue lights on the right announced the beginning of the taxi-track back to the ramp. Slowing down almost to a stop, the nose-wheel angled over to point at the dark gap between them.

Wobbling her tail with a self-satisfied little flourish, she left the foot-light glare of the runway and nosed into the dimly lit maze of the taxi-

track which would eventually lead her back to the huge hangar which for the moment was her home.

Inside the cockpit the crew turned the lights up a little. They shone down on to a small, rather cramped cave in which five men were working. Captain Bellamy, sitting in the left-hand driving seat, let his eyes shift for a second from steering the aircraft between the row of taxi-lights, and glanced back at the engineer behind him.

"Mr. Rawlings!"

"Sir?"

"You've started the air-test report?"

The bald pink head of the engineer inclined in a formidable affirmative. "I have, sir! I have!"

"Controls and boosters seem all right. All anti-icing and de-icing equipment serviceable. Lights okay, auto-pilot okay, nose-wheel steering okay. My instruments are working well, but"—he turned towards the man sitting beside him, separated by the two-foot-wide throttle box between them—"your artificial horizon is acting up, isn't it?"

The young face of First Officer John Seawood jerked into life.

"Yes, sir . . . definitely . . . my horizon, sir. No good at all." His fair hair flopped over his forehead in staccato emphasis of his words.

"It took a long time to erect, Mr. Rawlings, and now—"

Hooper, the radio officer, chipped in with, "All radios okay," and at exactly the same time the navigator, Douthwaite, made a laconic comment that the Loran, the black box of radar tricks that could give them accurate positions way out in the Atlantic, was unserviceable.

"All right, all right!" Rawlings irritably licked the stub of pencil that was conveying these observations on a printed form in front of him. "One at a time, please. Now, Vic—"

"The radios," Hooper said very slowly, "have been tested and found serviceable."

The pencil laboriously indicated as much on the paper, as outside the four idling engines gossiped to one another in undertones and the wheels scrunched on towards the hangar.

"Thank you. Now, Alex—"

"This Loran receiver is a bit on the blink."

"You want a new one fitted?"

"I want a new one fitted."

"Reason for change . . . bit on the blink?"

"Reason for change . . . unserviceable," Douthwaite said shortly.

"Wish that was all I had to put

down," Rawlings grumbled, "when I wanted an engine changed."

Airily unconcerned with this human picking of holes in her, the Emperor glided out of the darkness and stamped her silhouette against the 3D screen of the lighted hangar, its doors gaping to admit her.

She was a curious shape for an aeroplane. Her undercarriage legs were very short, almost as if they had given way under her seventy tons—but to make up for this down-to-earth stance her tail soared to heaven with a flat and graceful majesty that riveted all attention to her rear.

The swept-back wings, in which her fuel was stored, were surprisingly small for her size and seemed there just to be an inflammable parasol to cover her four mighty turbo-prop engines. And underneath her long cylinder fuselage, right at the front, the cutaway effect of the nose-wheel well gave her the appearance (so one newspaper said) of smiling a curiously enigmatic Mona Lisa smile.

Could this mean (another paper asked) that she was quietly confident of capturing for the New Elizabethan age of England the lordship of the air above Drake's captive seven seas?

It might more likely mean that

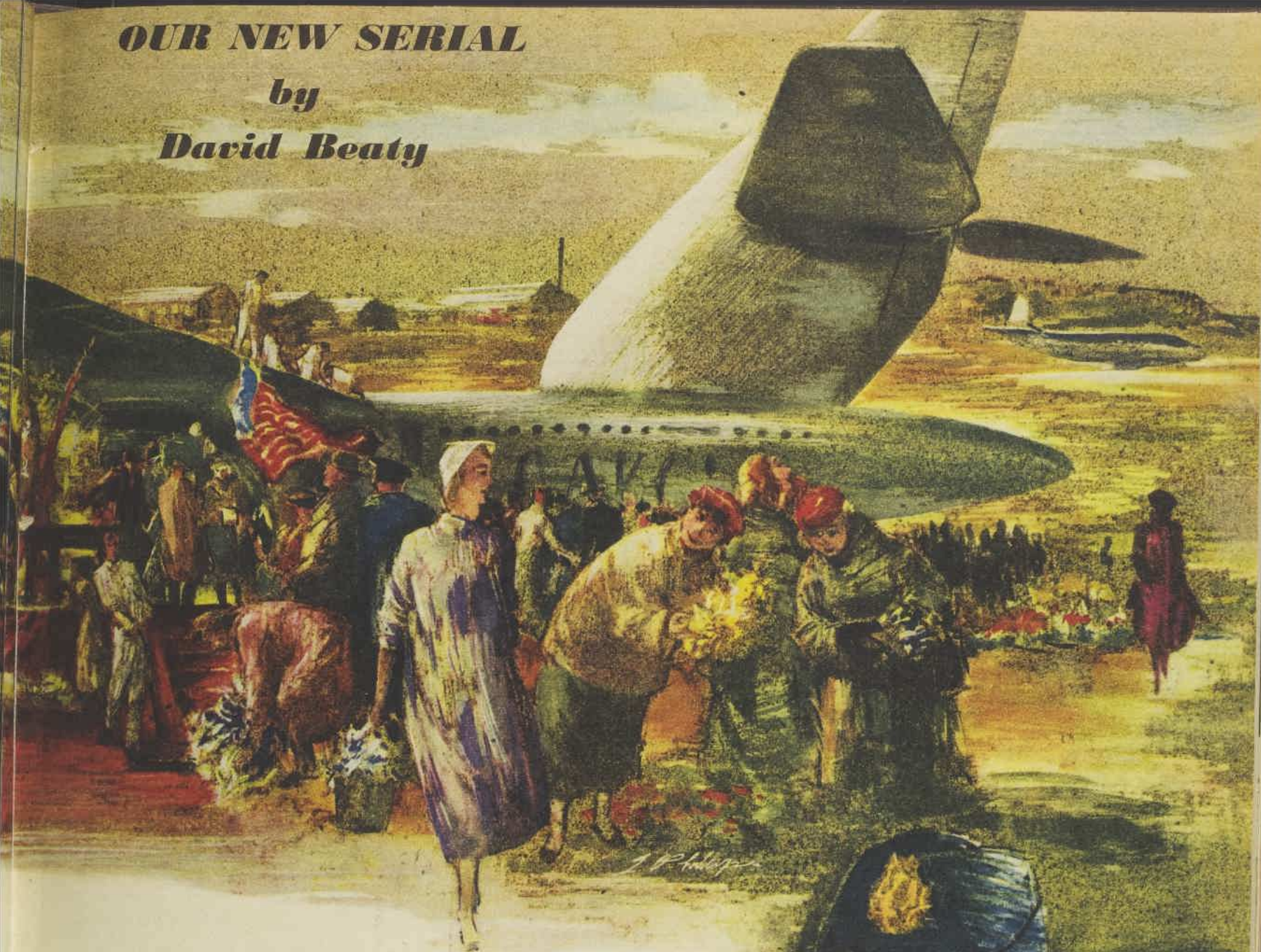
her designer had found that was the best sort of nose-wheel well to have. But it MIGHT mean that. For this was the newest, the biggest, and the most unusual solidified dream of British aeronautical manufacturers, the only aeroplane (according to her makers) capable of always operating non-stop, London-New York, against the heavy head winds of the Atlantic, the sole survivor of a post-war civil aeronautical era of big boosts-up and Humpty Dumpty falls, as one after the other the British ideals of a fast, long-range, passenger-carrying aeroplane flopped back on the ground, dead beat.

This last hope now seemed splendidly aware of her isolation in the race. Taking her time, as she neared the hangar and the waiting ground engineers, the Emperor began to mince forward delicately, as though now she was out of the cover of darkness she must (mannequin-like) display the royal metal of which she was made to the very best advantage.

She slid to a stop beside a tractor. Bellamy called over his shoulder, "Shut them down," and Rawlings, momentarily relinquishing the pencil for his awesome array of levers, selected four with red-topped handles and slammed them forward. Cut off in the middle of a

OUR NEW SERIAL

by
David Beaty



Like a great silver magnet, drawing everyone towards her, the giant airliner awaited the moment of take-off.

sentence, the engines gave a creak of protest, the propellers free-wheeled round eighteen complete turns. Then all four stopped together.

A voice called up hopefully from the ground, "Everything okay, sir?" Nobody answered from the flight deck. The voice, rather more shrill than before, changed the question to: "Is she all right, sir?"

And as there was still no answer (for Rawlings was laboriously finishing off the test report, while the pilots climbed out of their seats), the voice, now hoarse with anxiety, asked, "Nothing much the matter with her, is there, sir?"

Up in the crew compartment, Bellamy leant over the engineer's shoulders. "Satisfied?"

"Well . . ." The blunt pencil left the air-test report and swept over the innocent instruments. "They're reading okay . . . No roughness. Power's there. Everything must be all right, sir."

Ignoring the crust of doubt round the engineer's voice, Bellamy said, "Good." He knew perfectly well what was at the back of Rawlings' mind. When anyone is brought up in the sweet religion of piston engines, practises their teachings professionally for twenty years, a brand-new way of making a propeller go

round, using a modified form of jet propulsion, is naturally regarded (especially after only a couple of months' indoctrination) as a very likely runner for the heretic's stakes.

As Rawlings' pencil once more returned to its secretarial labors, Bellamy observed, "Looks like we're all set for the proving flight tomorrow!"

He said the words with an encouraging off-handedness, as any leader of an expedition might say them after all the preparations had been made, and then, finding no answering gleam of enthusiasm, added, "I must say . . . she went very well."

But still nobody said anything. Among all the dead instruments in the silence around them, only the clock ticked.

Looking at the faces of his crew, it struck Bellamy what unlikely pioneers they were. Beyond an interest in aviation, comparable to other men's interests in their jobs, there was nothing to distinguish them from the millions beyond the airport who were now relaxing from today in preparation for an almost identical tomorrow. And yet fate had haphazardly scooped up these four into the small net of the Emperor's cockpit—and the proving flight was to be (in Rawlings' own words) "our lot."

A smile, not without sympathy, deepened the lines round the pilot's mouth. Not many years over thirty, Bellamy had, by hard work and a real flair for flying, reached the position of Senior Training Captain among the other Company pilots. Now, as the silence persisted, the smile widened—"And she handles beautifully . . . doesn't she, Mr. Seawood?"

"Beautifully," echoed Seawood. "A treat . . . a real treat to fly, sir."

"The lack of vibration," Douthwaite quoted dryly what all the air correspondents in the papers had most enthused over, "is something out of this world."

"Which gives you," Bellamy put in promptly, "a steady table to work on . . . for a change."

"And let's hope," Rawlings said, diverting his cares to have a crack at the navigator, "it'll keep him from grumbling that the engines are out of synchronisation."

Hooper, hearing the compliments flying about the Emperor and not to be outdone, mentioned modestly that "the radio set-up's good, too, sir," and in a more confident frame of mind hailed the approaching future

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Continuing . . .

The Proving Flight

from page 45

with, "New York... here we come!"

A thump against the Emperor's side brought them all back to the fact that there was, after all, a world outside this small metal cell. The ground engineer, who had waited in vain for an answer to his queries and mistrusting the almost churchlike quietness that hung around the nose of the aircraft, had hurriedly made off for the crew steps and was now clanging up them, one by one, to find out the worst.

He had expected a strained and prickly reception on the flight deck. Instead, the atmosphere could even be called friendly. When Bellamy said, "Nothing much... just a few instrument changes," it took a little time for the relieved beam to dawn across his face.

"Not bad," he called to his waiting mates below. "Couple of hours' work... at the most." And not even Rawlings contradicted him. Instead, the flight engineer produced the long piece of paper, an unimpressive, pencilled parchment of approval for the Emperor's baptism in North Atlantic air. "Ready if you are, Captain."

The pilot leaned over the small six-inch-wide table that skirted the engineers' panel, and watched by his crew of the morning, he struck out the bottom alternative of the conclusion—the air test is considered {satisfactory — and with a certain flourish signed himself below, in rather large handwriting, as Andrew Bellamy.

That signature was only one of thousands in the Emperor's young life—on bills, cheques, patents, lawsuits, letters, appeals, writs, contracts, penalty clauses, labor agreements—but it was one, rather more than the others, that set in immediate motion that attack on the future of flying for which the Emperor had long been scheduled.

From the Air Enterprise Operations office, the telephone wires rang out the good news in a number of assorted houses, widely scattered over Inner and Outer London, where lived the other Britons destined to accompany the crew over the Atlantic on the proving flight.

Captain Cavendish was the first one informed. As soon as he'd heard the news in his home at Ascot, he demanded, "Has everyone been told?"

"Well... Captain Bellamy and his crew know, of course, sir. And now we're—"

"You mean... Captain Bellamy and my crew!"

"Of course, sir." Hastily the Operations Officer corrected himself. "I'm sorry, sir, Captain Bellamy and your crew. And now we're getting in touch with the others."

In a semi-detached villa near Harrow, a pair of tartan-wool carpet slippers slip-slopped towards the telephone, and the man who had designed the mighty turbo-prop engines of the Emperor, Mr. Crutwell, took up the receiver and cradled it against the curiously hairy ear that projected from the egg-shaped baldness of his head.

"Going tomorrow?" His voice sounded surprised. "I was under the impression they were going to give the controls' system another looking over."

In a bachelor flat in Kensington, the swish of a crimson silk dressing-gown, to and fro, to and fro, seemed to be trying to soothe the irritation in its master's voice, as Mr. Eastlake, the chief designer of the Emperor's airframe, asked the Operations Officer, "Are you sure there are only a few instru-

ment changes? I was told yesterday they were changing the two outboard engines!"

In a Maida Vale maisonnette, a little girl fetched her father from the lighted garage, where he was polishing his big, expensive, high-powered car. He put away the cloth, washed his hands carefully, and then, as though he were announcing a guest at a diplomatic soiree, called into the receiver: "Chief Steward Hamilton!"

He listened for a minute. "Don't send the crew transport for me!" he advised the Operations Officer authoritatively. "I shall be driving to the airport in my own little bus."

The long white fingers of Dr. Enderby-Browne, the Company's medical adviser, lifted the telephone out of its cradle. "Four o'clock at the airport? I shall not fail to be there."

All Riley, Air Enterprise's public relations officer, said on the telephone in the Cockatoo Club was "Consider me as having been... warned," and then went back to the bar, where the boys and girls could—better

Technological progress has merely provided us with more efficient means for going backwards.
—Aldous Huxley.

than the Operations Officers—appreciate his dry, ironic wit.

Not far away, Captain Payton was contacted at Primrose 9824. The big hand that held the pearl-grey earpiece was very slightly nervous. "The Chairman will be delighted." Instinctively, he was practising on the piece of colored plastic that slightly fawning manner which had helped him to propel an office desk to far greater heights in the aviation sky than he would ever have reached in an aeroplane. Now the tentative Line Manager of Air Enterprise Emperors, he smiled down at the carpet, watching himself being confirmed in the appointment.

"Thank you, Smith," he said smoothly. "Thank you for your good wishes. I'm sure we'll bring it off."

But it was not so much the proving flight he was thinking about. Vividly on the carpet beneath his feet, the designs were changing. As he put the receiver down, he caught a glimpse of himself as Director of Operations. By the time he reached the drawing-room, the patterns were spelling Vice-Chairman; and when his wife said to him, "I do think the Chairman might have invited us to his party tonight," it was for the moment difficult to remember that she wasn't talking about himself.

By the time Bellamy came into the Operations office from the aircraft, everyone, including the two stewardesses, Miss Knight and Miss Greenacres, as well as Mr. Brocklehurst, the Under-Secretary of State who would be accompanying the flight, had been warned. There had been one abortive notification—quite the most important, and the Operations Officer was sweating a little as he looked up from his list. "Oh, Captain Bellamy—"

"Yes?"

"There's a message for you, sir."

"Who from?"

"The Chairman."

"Well, what is it?"

"He wants you to report to his home, sir. As soon as possible."

"Say why?"

"I rather gather he wanted a personal account of the air-test. He said—"

"You told him she was serviceable?"

"I said there were only a few minor instrument changes."

"Was he pleased?"

"I don't know, sir," the Operations Officer said doubtfully. "He just told me to phone back when everything was serviceable."

Bellamy appeared to be on the point of saying something. Instead he turned abruptly on his heel. "Thanks," he called over his shoulder, and then, "Good night."

The Chairman's message had brought him up sharply against that transition between the air and the ground which always irked him. In the cockpit, black was black and white was white. And if the job was all in the air he would have been one of the happy few who could go to bed at night with that problem solved, and with a clear-cut formula for solving the next.

But it wasn't. Once on the ground, the trust between men disappeared fast. The need to soothe the public, to impress the taxpayer, the Ministry, the politicians, to outflit their rivals, not to mention the smaller, more interesting, personal ones of building the odd empire, ditching the next man, pleasing the boss, or even showing a little friendly preference for the husband of your wife's best friend, made the going as complicated and as tricky as the New York holding-pattern.

Bellamy walked over to his car—its long green bonnet now a dark grey shape in the deserted parking place. He started up the engine, and, leaving the airport, nosed his car into the London-bound stream.

The chance sight of a telephone box presently reminded him that he'd have to let the stewardess know he wouldn't be looking in at her party. Then the increasing elegance of his surroundings made the vision of Sir James overlay the mental analysis of the Emperor that had been occupying his mind for the past fifteen minutes. He frowned.

Everyone had been told that the Emperor had been found serviceable. And so it had. By Bellamy himself. And yet, like Rawlings an hour before, now he hesitated over the word. He went over every test he'd put her through. Over every satisfactory result. On paper, they added up to a good aeroplane.

But in Bellamy's mind there was a mysterious quantity "x" that confused all the calculations. The same hunch that often told him he was north or south of a track when there was no navigational evidence either way now gave him a vague warning that all was not well under the Emperor's sleek skin.

Bellamy brought the car to a stop outside the Chairman's home with an unusual jerk.

There was a telephone box a hundred yards up the quiet road. He could make his call to Lalette Greenacres before going in. For a moment he sat with the engine switched off, his gloved hand resting idly on the wheel. He stared up at the long, lighted windows on his left. Behind the blue curtains, Sir James was having an intimate party with people of influence. In there, many stars and constellations would be glittering expensively. With a thin smile, Bellamy wondered how the Chairman was guiding the Emperor through that particular sky.

Impatiently, he swung himself out of the seat, and

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IT'S SAFE!

The Listerine treatment is safe... it doesn't burn or sting. More important, for your kids' sake, Listerine is harmless if accidentally swallowed.

CONTAINS PROVEN GERM-KILLING INGREDIENTS

Listerine is made under the most hygienic conditions to a proven, tested formula and contains only the purest medicinal ingredients. Tests over a twelve-year period clearly showed that those who regularly reduced germs on mouth and throat surfaces with Listerine were better protected from illness than those who did not. Here is proof positive that Listerine will protect all your family from so many illnesses.

DOUBLE PROTECTION

Because Listerine reduces germs on mouth and throat surfaces it keeps your breath sweet and pleasant for hours. You don't risk offending.

LISTERINE—in 3 CONVENIENT SIZES—AT YOUR CHEMIST NOW!
Available in 3 oz., 7 oz. and 14 oz. bottles.

ANTISEPTIC LISTERINE

87% of all infections initially attack the body orally

Medical science believes that nearly all illnesses start their dangerous work in the mouth. Among the many germs that enter the body in this way are those responsible for:

Hepatitis • Poliomyelitis
Scarlet Fever • Pneumonia
Influenza • Common Cold

Continuing . . .

The Proving Flight

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slammed the car door rather violently shut behind him.

The first arrival at Lalette Greenacres' party was the other stewardess. Angela Knight stood just within the small hall, pulling at her gloves and smiling politely at the obvious party clothes that the attic flat was wearing.

"It all looks very nice. Quite a spread!" She advanced into the living-room and peeped at the plates of sandwiches and sausage rolls and savories on sticks.

"And the bar's over there," Lalette waved at the table covered with a sheet and laden with beer, and a few bottles of spirits and glasses.

"Am I the first?" Angela followed Lalette into the bedroom and laid her coat down carefully and neatly folded her gloves and scarf. In the mirror, she re-powdered her face and combed her hair.

"Just had it set?" Lalette asked, watching the dark sleek waves fall prettily into place. "Looks very nice," she added politely.

"Well, it's rather a special occasion, isn't it? It's up to us to look our best."

"Oh, it's special, all right!" Lalette patted her own short blond curls behind Angela in the mirror.

"I hope I'm not too early," the other girl said stiffly. They neither of them knew each other very well, although they had flown on the same route for six months. Most of the stewardesses, unless they lived in the same house, were just nodding acquaintances.

Now the two of them were thrown together for a week, on an enterprise of importance and among a varied and rather difficult selection of men.

Each girl stared for a moment thoughtfully at the other's reflection in the mirror, sizing her up as friend or foe, and wondering, though not unkindly, why she had been chosen. Then simultaneously they each became aware of the other's eyes and smiled.

"Would you like to come in the lounge and have a drink before the others come?" Lalette asked, and led the way out.

"Who are you expecting?" Angela's brown eyes watched Lalette over the rim of her sherry glass. She moved a little nearer to the fire and held out her free hand to the warmth.

"I'm expecting whoever comes!" Lalette sat down on a leather-covered pouffe, and clasped her hands round her knees. The firelight scooped out the hollows and highlighted the planes of her pointed, well-boned face. It was a young face. Pretty and piquant under the short, fair curls.

Angela smiled and shrugged her shoulders. "That's one thing I find difficult about this life! You never know who's turning up, or where or when."

"Oh, but that's the fun of it! Anything might happen!" Lalette laughed. "And usually does."

Angela wet her lips again with sherry. It was not the kind that she was used to in her father's house and she was not now surprised that most of the bottles had their labels turned away.

"Well," she said slowly, finding conversation difficult and wishing now that she hadn't persuaded herself that it was the right thing to do to make her own small contribution to the send-off by attending Lalette's party. "If you don't know who's coming . . . do you know when?"

"Oh, any time now, I should think," She looked at her wrist-watch. Then she added casually,

"D'you know any of this crew . . . well?"

She was looking into the fire and Angela watched her face carefully. There was no sort of expression that she could define. Lalette's profile in repose had that sad, sweet air that she supposed some men found appealing, tinted prettily like a nineteenth-century watercolor. Not really the sort of person she would have chosen to partner her on this responsible trip. The sort of person her father would describe as not a good stayer.

"Captain Bellamy has taken me out several times," she said slowly. "If that's what you mean. We have . . . well, quite a number of tastes in common."

"Nice for you," Lalette said, nodding her head gravely. "What did you do?"

"Oh, the usual things that one does do. Dinner and the theatre. And then a concert once."

"In London?" Lalette looked only mildly interested.

"Yes, of course. But we did a trip together to Montreal. And there I took him to see some friends of Daddy's."

She smiled. "They liked him tremendously. They were English, of course. Ex-army, like Daddy. They wrote afterwards and said they thought he'd go far. I think he will, too."

"And does Daddy?" "From what he's heard, yes. But of course they haven't met."

LALETTE walked over with the bottle and poured some more sherry into Angela's glass. "Well"—she raised her glass—"here's to the happy day."

"Which one? Tomorrow?"

"No. The happy day . . . when he does . . . meet Daddy."

"Oh," Angela laughed. "We haven't got around to that yet!" She clasped her hands in front of her, suddenly not at all averse to a quiet girlish talk. "But he does seem . . . shall I say? . . . reliable and hard-working and—"

"Deadly dull," Lalette finished for her.

"Don't you like him?" Angela's eyes flew open. "I thought he was quite a friend of your family or something."

"He was in the R.A.F. with my brother. And I don't really think he's deadly dull." She paused. "It's just that you make him sound so."

"I'm sorry you don't like the qualities that I like in him. I find—"

Lalette cut in as though closing the subject. "Anyway, I'd rather fly behind him than anyone else."

"Except, of course, for the most senior pilots."

Lalette looked across at the other girl speculatively. "Did you say your father was retired Army?"

Angela nodded. "Brigadier," she said reverently.

"Well, you've certainly absorbed its seniority tradition!" she said, but with a kind of pert gentleness that disarmed Angela.

"I suppose I have. On the other hand, there's a good deal to be said for it."

Lalette was just going to express her doubts when downstairs the bell started to ring. It peeped four times.

"Here we go!" she said, jumping up and skipping out on to the landing. She peered over the well of the staircase. "There's a whole lot of them," she called back over her shoulder to Angela. The bell rang again. "And now they're all coming up at once!"

Half an hour later the party was in full swing. People had

mingled and then divided into groups. Drifts of tobacco smoke hung above the jampot bubble of the party underneath. Lalette squeezed her way in and out, filling glasses, handing round plates of sandwiches and opening boxes of cigarettes. She didn't know how long the phone had been ringing when she first heard it. There were so many high-pitched ingredients to the steady, sustained clamor in the room. She picked the receiver up quickly, sticking her finger in one ear to keep out the too audible success of the party.

"Yes, it's me. Don't I sound like me? You sound just the same Andrew."

Andrew Bellamy's voice at the other end sounded faintly exasperated. "Look, Lalette, I'm awfully sorry, but—"

"You can't make it, eh?" Her voice sounded light and pleasant. She frowned at the receiver and bit her lip.

"I'm afraid I'm about to be tied up at the Chairman's. Terribly sorry, Lalette. Have a good time and all that. Oh, and don't keep the boys too late!"

"I'm sorry, too, Andrew," she said flatly.

"And Lalette . . ."

"Yes, Andrew?"

"Apologise to Angela, would you? There's a good girl."

"Apologise for what, Andrew?" Lalette said gently. "That you can't come to . . . my party?"

"Yes, I said I'd see her there. Thanks, Lalette. That's fine, if you would. Good night."

"Good night," she said softly to the empty receiver. "Good night. Sleep well."

She walked away briskly from the hall table and back into the lounge. Her eyes were smarting with the cigarette haze and the room felt stuffy and stale. She saw Angela talking to two of the pilots in a corner by the fireplace. She moved over towards her.

"I wonder"—she nodded and smiled at the two men—"Angela, if you'd help me serve the coffee? No," she said firmly. "Just Angela. Yes, of course we can manage. They're not so keen to help on the aeroplane, are they?"

As soon as they were in the kitchen she said, "It was really just to give you a message. No, don't bother with the coffee. It's all ready, anyway. I'm just going to let everyone grab. You'll be disappointed. Andrew Bellamy phoned that he can't come and asked me to say sorry to you. I think he'd have spoken to you, but he was pretty tied up."

"Oh," Angela said, "and why?"

"He's going to the Chairman's. I gather he's about to dive into the midst of one of the old gent's get-togethers." Lalette smiled. "A pity! This sort of a party would have done him a world of good."

"But I couldn't agree less!" Angela's well-shaped eyebrows flew up. "You can't mean it. When he's going to Sir James?" She tapped Lalette's shoulder with her forefinger to emphasise each word. "That's what'll do him the world of good!"

The party in the Chairman's world was sumptuously under way by the time the Operations Officer phoned back.

As was right and proper, it was the butler who answered him, but Sir James Jolliffe was hovering (as he had been this past hour) not ten feet away. He was standing a little on his rather plump toes, hands in the pockets of his dinner-jacket trousers, a careful smile succeeding in stowing away ninety-nine per cent. of the anxiety of

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[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
For week beginning Nov. 19

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20	* Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, red. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in a new venture.	* Follow a certain instinct for caution in all directions. Repress ambitious urges that are too strong; base your hopes only on goals within easy reach.	* Should you be compelled to have repairs or improvements in your home, check up on competitive prices before making any agreement. You get a better deal!	* Bickering, quarrels, and misunderstandings can widen what was in the beginning just a trifling difference of opinion with the beloved. Patch it up with love.	* You can find time for personal interests but it means cutting out one or two group activities which you enjoy. Shun people who place strain on your patience.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20	* Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, blue. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in an unexpected present.	* There are possibilities of a business or professional success, but this may bring forth opposition which will need to be handled with finesse. Make light of your triumph.	* The family, relatives from a distance, friends of friends, may bear down on your place of residence without warning. This is all very pleasant but does involve work.	* You may attract a new love into your life when you have already given your promise to another. A conflict between love and loyalty can be devastating.	* Take people as they are as long as they show that they are sincere in their views and attitudes. If you are overly sensitive you can be hurt by trifles.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21	* Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, silver. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in an interview.	* You should have reason to be satisfied with developments in your financial department. Good work is likely to be recognised and receive a modest reward.	* Your home is your workshop, and the kind of product you turn out depends on the condition of your tools. Neglected utensils can be dangerous.	* Perhaps it looks like a long wait before you and the beloved can afford to marry. Long engagements are apt to end in disappointment. Why not remain free for a while.	* Remember old friends and associates. Visits to people who have greater burdens to bear than average can be a ray of sunshine for them and give you a glow.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22	* Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, cream. Gambling colors, cream, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in a competition.	* Efforts to bolster your earnings or savings may be given fresh energy through a chance incident. Be sure that a little windfall doesn't go down the drain.	* Don't leave all the work to the one person who already has all she can handle. Don't allow family arguments to spoil the party. Accept some confusion as inevitable.	* You cannot expect the romantic haze which surrounds the early stages of a love affair to endure for ever. The beloved is a human being, not a figure in the pictures.	* Reach decisions on social matters, accept or decline responsibility now, for after this week your social life will settle into a groove liable to last for several months.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22	* Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in happiness of friends.	* You may be called upon to perform some extra duty, possibly through the illness of a member of the staff or some other unexpected contingency. Be gracious.	* Put the interests of your family ahead of your personal wishes this week. Conflicts between domestic and outside activities must be resolved with a minimum of friction.	* House plans fascinate young lovers. If the beloved shows a keen interest in houses and furniture, that's a sure sign of true love.	* Take the logical conservative line, relying on past experience. It is not only useless but dangerous to take sides in squabbles between friends when you are fond of both.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23	* Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in choosing the right moment.	* There is likely to be gossip going around. Make certain that you are not in any way connected with it and that neither your work nor your character can be attacked.	* A busy period in the way of correspondence, possibly concerning plans for the holidays. Friends interrupt your schedule. Domestic tasks may be postponed.	* Your sign is so matter-of-fact in regard to love that it may miss out, or underestimate, those little things which delight others. The fondest heart can grow cold.	* You can break out of self-imposed bonds that stifle initiative, and give your talents wider scope. Consult with friends, weighing their opinions with your own.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23	* Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in a new acquisition.	* A trying week if you are attempting to placate irritable people, your employer, your family, or workmates. Remain calm even when under high pressure.	* Ward off temptations to plunge financially on behalf of your home or family. Make sure that you really need the article and that you can afford to pay the price.	* No matter what happens, you are going to lay down the law this week. The beloved is likely to be under fire for a number of deeds and misdeeds.	* Don't stay home if you feel depressed. Get out among people and concentrate your attention on practical affairs. In some cases a wish may be granted.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 22	* Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in strength of character.	* Count your blessings. What you have struggled for may not materialise, and what you never imagined may be deposited on your doorstep. See the funny side.	* Try out that new personality you have been secretly dreaming of at home first. Do you always change your dress in the afternoon and greet the family with charm?	* A certain magnetism holds sway over all the people with whom you come in contact. If it is love you seek, it will be yours abundantly, in spectacular dramatic fashion.	* Channel that new burst of energy along profitable personal and social lines. Cash in on popularity. Soon you will be called upon to make good promises, return favors, etc.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 20	* Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in a bit of extra money.	* You may be called upon to help someone out of a business or financial difficulty. Do not undermine your own economic security in order to do this.	* Lack of faith, doubt of the outcome could have a dampening effect and stall your spirit of enterprise. Unexpected breaks come to those who put their shoulder to the wheel.	* Although you may derive pleasure through talking about the one you love, there could be shyness due to fear of being teased. Your emotions are transparent.	* A question which concerns a group to which you belong is likely to come to a head. Play safe, make no rash statements, and steer clear of emotional strains and stresses.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 19	* Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in an invitation.	* There may be more talk than work on the job, yet new ideas may emerge from desultory conversation and better methods grow out of pooling of experience.	* You can depend on your friends to include you in their social calendar, but beware of getting tangled up in ways that exhaust your strength and pocketbook.	* Perhaps the one you love is very different from you in temperament. You are a soberides and the beloved is full of fun. That combination works out very well.	* If confidential reports come your way, keep your mouth shut when people try to quiz you. Make announcements at the proper time or friends may pay.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19	* Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, purple. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in being on the spot.	* If presents are being handed out in the form of compliments, a cash bonus, or promotion to greater responsibilities, have your palm out at the psychological time.	* Don't worry over mistakes that are past and soon forgotten by everybody but you. Just profit by experience, and don't do the same thing twice. Nobody is perfect.	* Your popularity quotient is extra high right now, and your company is widely sought, but don't let this go to your head or turn you from true loyal love.	* A number of you have had compliments, honors, and responsibility showered on you. Plan well ahead, even if a particular activity will be in recess during the summer.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20	* Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in superior knowledge.	* Duties that cannot be side-tracked had better be faced philosophically, but try to ease off on unimportant matters, or you will find that health and vitality ebb.	* There should be rewards coming your way for heroic efforts to help yourself and to improve your skills. Distinguish between jobs fit for amateurs and professionals.	* Perhaps you meet him, or her, on a weekend party, and discover that you have a dozen interests in common. After your return home there will be a date.	* Don't go off in a day-dream and take it for granted that all is running smoothly. Check upon details, see that others understand what is expected of them.

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DELICIOUS WITH MILK OR FRUIT, TOO!

PV83FP.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 21, 1956

Continuing . . . The Proving Flight

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his bright, shrewd eyes into the deepening lines of his face.

With a deliberately unconcerned gesture, he took the receiver from Underwood. And "Jolliffe," he said slowly, and then, "Perfectly serviceable now? Every instrument . . . the controls . . . the radios?" and after that, "Just what I expected!"

He grinned at Underwood, smacked his small square hands together, and in reply to the butler's solicitous "Everything is satisfactory, I trust, Sir James?" said with an explosion of boyish enthusiasm, "Perfect . . . perfect!"

"My felicitations, Sir James."

"Thank you, Underwood . . . thank you." The Chairman of Air Enterprise rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Captain Bellamy will be arriving any time now. Show him straight up, would you?"

Then leaving the butler in the hall, he walked up the wide shallow staircase. His progress in the world, so far, had been rather like those stairs. Slowly, measured step by measured step, each one richly carpeted against knocks and jars, he had risen almost annually. Now, he was starting to take the lift. His own engineering business had brought him in a comfortable fortune. The war had brought him a baronetcy. The airline business might bring him anything.

As Chairman of Air Enterprise he had sponsored this entirely new aeroplane for the lucrative North Atlantic route. If this came off (and it would) his worldwide reputation was assured; a barony, a peerage, the establishment of a modern steel-founded dynasty were not only on the cards; they were practically in the contract.

Reaching the top of the stairs he opened the door to what Lady Jolliffe called the Reception Room very slowly. The noise and chatter of the party died down a little. People stopped to turn their heads and smile and nod. It was always the same when Jolliffe entered a room. He sighed, half closing his eyes, so that the lounge became a blurred picture of rich colors and gentle movement.

For a time, he moved among the guests, chatting, savoring the sweetness that filled his well-trained senses: from the restrained voices about him, from the mingled smell of cigar smoke and French perfume, from the well-matured brandy, and—most important of all—

from the deference so plentifully accorded him.

Captain Bellamy was at last announced. Across a good yardage of Aubusson carpet, into an air that was lit and warmed and scented, and well insulated against trouble, came a man in uniform—the blue color clashing with the well-cut dinner-jackets and the kaleidoscopic silks and laces of model frocks. The still young face, tanned and clean-cut, gave the impression of being out of place, out-dated like a new wine by the seasoned flesh of the other faces around it.

Not seeing anyone he knew, the pilot stood still. Sir James, both fat competent hands outstretched in welcome, came striding across from the other side of the room.

"Come," he said, with a bubbling heartiness, his right arm making an arc behind the pilot. This was his man. The

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

whole gesture seemed to imply it. Here was a young man with ability and a sense of duty. Recognising both, Sir James had not even troubled to consider the second commandment in the Book of Pilots—seniority. Way above his seniors, this man had been promoted Chief Training Captain as the Chairman's instinctive choice for the right man for the job. "Now I want you to meet everyone . . . we've all been waiting for this moment."

His voice smoothly split open the groups of two and three, whose segments turned to meet Bellamy. Noble names, influential in business, in flying, or in finance, were exchanged for the down-to-earth, unknown one of Andrew Bellamy; while Sir James, as though conscious of the unfair market rate, was adding the odd make-weight here and there of, "A fine war record," or "One of our crack pilots."

Then as they moved away, and the few small groups behind them returned to cosier subjects, Sir James walked Bellamy slowly towards the library door.

"There are a few things I'd like to talk over," he smiled genially at the others. "And I'm sure you don't want to be

bored with shop. So, if you'll excuse me . . . Bellamy and I . . . a little get-together."

Sir James turned the handle and they walked into the darkness together. The baize-covered library door closed behind them. The Chairman switched the lights on and illuminated a dun-colored, sober-sided world, where row upon row of books had turned their stiff Puritan backs on the champagne and the laughter.

But Jolliffe tonight was carrying his own party round with him. His enthusiasm poured over the cold library air. In a great wave it burst over Bellamy as he stood (not unlike a very large blue-covered book taken down from the shelves) on the bearskin rug by the side of the empty fireplace.

"So the air-test was a great success, Bellamy?"

"Everything important worked, sir."

"Excellent!" Sir James clasped his hands together as though his right hand was wringing congratulations from his left. "So now . . . we're all set to go?"

"Yes."

"Everybody on the top line for the trip?"

Bellamy said dryly, "Operating crew looks fit enough."

"Fine . . . fine! All just like me . . . rarin' to go." His eyes left the pilot's face and looked up at the ceiling, where the golden future was painted.

"It'll be years before any other company can get hold of Emperors. We'll have a clear field on the Atlantic. And think of the loads!" Coming down to earth again, he smiled at Bellamy. "And she's got looks! Unorthodox, of course. Unusual. But all the same . . . handsome, wouldn't you say?"

"Looks like an aeroplane."

"Quite. She looks as though she can fly. And she handles beautifully, doesn't she?"

"Smooth enough. Controls are easy."

"And the immense power of those engines, Bellamy!"

"Needs it, sir. Big aeroplane."

"And the interior! Bright . . . comfortable."

"Cockpit's cramped. A little more room there—"

The Chairman laughed. "You pilots . . . never satisfied, are you? But I know you're as proud of her as I am." In an easy, confident way, he

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Adam and Eve

Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing account of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

MY brother had started playing football with the local team, and an aunt of mine asked my mother if he was the promising new player of whom she had heard glowing reports.

"Oh, I don't know," replied mother wonderingly.

"Well, does he play rover?" asked my aunt.

"Oh, no," replied mother emphatically, "only football."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. Barbara Corish, Lot 170, Marmion St., Palmyra, W.A.

Send your entries to "Just Like a Man" or "Just Like a Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

JUST LIKE A MAN

THE love of my life is one of those husbands who think a mother can fit in several hours of sleep during the day to make up for restless nights.

After one night of hourly visits to a fretful child, my husband said, "I've discovered why you are always tired."

Hardly daring to believe my ears, I waited for the announcement that he actually had been aware of the crying baby and my tumbling out of bed. "It's the way you sleep," he said. "You shouldn't sleep on your face like that."

£2/2/- awarded to "Prunella," Adelaide.

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Xmas is beach time, motoring time and, for lots of us, stay-at-home time. Outdoors, Trio's recessed controls, sand-tight seams and re-activator to keep batteries fresh, are great ideas. A.C. or D.C. operation makes Trio most suitable in any home. The gay two-tone cabinets are definitely good decor.



DE LUXE "21"

Craftsman-made console with concealed castors for mobility. In mahogany, walnut and maple.

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SUPER "17"
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Model with or without
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see your
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**HEALING
DEALER**



ALL STATES

stretched his arms. "How-
ever . . . better get down to
business, I suppose."

He talked of the programme
for the proving flight, the send-
off ceremony, the welcome that
might be expected in New York
and later in Bermuda. As the
conversation proceeded, on one
side there was the brief staccato
of Bellamy's remarks; on the
other, the full, rich flow of
carefully modulated eloquence.
Gradually the Chairman be-
gan to notice how one-sided it
was. Bellamy was showing a
regrettable lack of enthusiasm.
As he talked, he searched his
mind for a reason. The pilots
had been piqued that their ad-
vice was not called for in the
Emperor's design—had at one
stage even sent a deputation.

Perhaps it was that — just
another of those difficulties that
had cropped up during the
Emperor's building. There had
been many others; fights be-
tween airframe designer for
more weight (and therefore
more strength) and engine de-
signer for lightness (and there-
fore more speed): trouble over
this, trouble over that — the
suggestion only yesterday from
the factory that they should
postpone the proving flight to
fit the almost completed Mark
II hydraulic booster cylinders.

In all those times, the Chair-
man's confidence had cleared
the air, blown away the fog so
that everyone could see the
way he wanted things done.
He'd given out. They'd given
in.

And he was still giving out
today.

With his bright eyes flashing
out energy like electricity, he
was just saying, "And all this
publicity we've got—" when
Bellamy suddenly interrupted.
"Yes, sir. This publicity—"

The pilot paused, as vision
after vision of the Chairman
in action slid through his memory.
"Certainly sold the Emperor
to the public."

"They've taken her to their
hearts, Bellamy."

"Made them think the proving
flight's a formality." The
pilot's eyes went straight to the
newspaper, open on the Chair-

man's desk. "I'm interested to-
morrow in seeing what she can
do, sir. Not in fulfilling her
publicity claims."

So that was it. Sir James
had seen Bellamy's attention
wander to the large picture of
the Emperor in the paper, with
at one side a photograph of
himself—on the other, an im-
pressive portrait of Captain
Cavendish.

"We're very fortunate," he
said, "in having a pilot of Cap-
tain Cavendish's reputation
coming along with us to-
morrow."

Bellamy said nothing. Sir
James was satisfied he'd hit
the nail on the head. Two cap-
tains would be on board to-
morrow, partly to lessen fatigue,
mostly to fit in with the Chair-
man's publicity plan. Bellamy
was at his prime as a pilot —
but he was unknown. Caven-
dish was a household name —
but he had passed his flying
prime a very long time ago.
Adept at picking out the assets
in a man, Sir James intended
to get the best out of both
generations.

"And of course," the Chair-
man went on, to smooth Bel-
lamy's ruffled feelings at his
role of ghost pilot, "we're very
fortunate indeed in having a
pilot of your exceptional
ability."

Bellamy again said nothing.
He doubted whether Sir James
realised quite how fortunate
they were—and out of his loy-
alty to a fellow pilot, he felt
no inclination to tell him.

As part of his Training Cap-
tain's job, he had given Caven-
dish one of his bi-annual check
flights only a week ago. The
man flew as though he was
controlling an aeroplane built
in 1935, with no inherent sta-
bility. Never let the controls
alone once. His whole attitude
implied that no aircraft was
going to be allowed to fly itself
while Captain Cavendish was
in the cockpit.

"Well . . . I think that's the
lot, Bellamy. Unless you've got
anything to add?"

Continuing . . . The Proving Flight

from page 51

"Nothing, sir."

"In that case, shall we join
. . . I was going to say the
ladies! . . . the other members
of the party?"

They walked beside each
other to the door. This time,
Bellamy opened it. "After you,
sir."

The outward appearance that
the Chairman gave his guests
when he came back into the
room was exactly the same as
he had given them when he
left them, half an hour before.
He was just as full of enthusi-
asm: "Champagne, Lady

day of the proving flight.

"Don't you think a toast—"

"Of course . . . of course!"
He raised his hands up above
his head. "Ladies and gentle-
men . . . please."

There was a brief period of
undertone silence, while the
hired waiter, knowing his cue,
went round with the cham-
pagne.

Everybody obediently waited,
with a full glass a few inches
from their lips. In the sudden
hush, a stillness lay over the
room, broken only by the sound
of the wind and the rain on the
unseen darkness outside.

Sir James raised his glass on
high. There was no need to



Bartle?" and "Ah, there you
are, Sir Lionell!" and "I was
speaking to the Minister the
other day—" but all the
time his mind was chewing over
two new facts that he had just
learned, and which would now
have to be taken into considera-
tion.

Bellamy resented Cavendish's
appearance in the crew. More
important still, Bellamy was
not so much his man as he had
supposed.

"It's midnight!" His wife
plucked at his sleeve. "It's the

say much. In eight hours, he
could tell them the plain, un-
varnished truth.

"Ladies and gentlemen . . .
I give you . . . the Emperor!"

For a ten-mile radius the
subdued excitement encircled
London Airport like a halo
round the moon. Traffic flowed
towards the airport gates. Extra
guards were on duty. Avia-
tion's aristocrats, the Very Im-
portant Persons, were being
stood aside for and saluted. In
the middle of the stream,

hemmed in on all sides, a dark
green car with a long bonnet
impatiently tried to edge its way
ahead.

Just before the airport it
turned sharp left and shook
itself free of all company. But
the main sluggish current con-
tinued onwards, slowed down
at the first gate—then, recog-
nised by policemen, in swept
the managing directors of the
Emperor's manufacturers, the
members of the Board, foreign
experts, business bosses, insur-
ance men, bankers, and among
the politicians the Minister
himself.

The cars were stopped at the
second gate. Technical repre-
sentatives, the salesmen of the
firms who had done the cabin
decor, members of the Press,
caterers — all showed pink
passes.

The third gate was the public
enclosure and everyone was
paying sixpence.

But over on the far side of
the airport Bellamy swung the
green car on the rough-roaded
short cut to Operations through
a gap in the hedge, watched
only by an old man in hitched-
up corduroy trousers who was
supposed to be clipping it.

Out of the corner of his eye
he noticed that the Emperor
had already been towed out to
the tarmac to stand just beside
a dais full of microphones and
cine cameras. Men in overalls
swarmed like white ants over
her silver surface: coming and
going from the cabin: in and
out of the cockpit: up and
down from the wing — while
florists were arranging hot-
house blooms in pots to give
the impression she was walk-
ing on flowers.

Bellamy transferred his at-
tention to the bleak nakedness
of the concrete Operations
building, now getting nearer
and nearer. He parked just
beyond its double swing-doors.
As he was rooting round in the
car for his luggage, he saw out
of the back window that Cap-
tain Cavendish had already
materialised, and—very erect
and terribly tall—was standing
on the steps, waiting for him.

He locked the car up and,
humping his bag and brief-

case, walked slowly towards the
Grand Old Man of Air Enter-
prise Airways.

Captain Cavendish had en-
tered civil aviation thirty years
ago, when a pilot, if not quite
a god, was a Number One
Superman. Since then, with
the war and the advance of
social equality and science,
times had changed.

But Captain Cavendish had
not.

Rather, as his contemporary
airmen left him—a great many
killed, others grounded, some
intermarrying in spirit with
Bellamy's generation of prole-
tarian pilots, trained by tours
of military operations — the
responsibility seemed to fall
even more on his shoulders to
maintain the old ways and the
old attitude.

Immaculate, his brass but-
tons gleaming like a geometrical
constellation against the dark
blue heaven of his great-coat,
he was (on the ground, any-
way) the symbol of an almost
extinct race—a lord-of-the-
manor, still solvent after taxa-
tion and undaunted by death
duties, of vast estates in the
sky.

His unblinking eyes watched
Bellamy approach, but gave not
the slightest sign of recognition.
He waited until the younger
pilot had come right up to him
and had dumped his bag and
brief-case, like two offerings, on
the ground by his feet. Then
—"Ah, Bellamy!" he said.

"Ah, Cavendish!"

The older pilot frowned at
the sound of his naked name.
"You checked everything on the
air-test, Captain? Ab-solutely
everything?"

"Everything, Captain."
Cavendish paused to scruti-
nise the Training Captain from
top to toe. "Now, Captain
Bellamy," he said, "I have been
giving some serious thought to
this problem of dual com-
mand."

"Captain Cavendish . . . so
have I."

"And what I have decided,"
Cavendish continued, "is this.
We shall share the take-offs and
landings between us. You will

To page 59



by Dorothy Summers,
Home Economist

How one mother stepped up to a new way of living

How to live within a limited budget . . . with costs up, four children
to look after, and a house to keep! That was the problem confront-
ing Mrs. Jim Clark, of Rosedale Avenue, Bankstown, Sydney. It's a
problem that most of us face today, for it seems increasingly difficult
to live economically, yet still cling to standards we have set ourselves.

"But economising," says Mrs. Clark,
"was not my only worry. With four
children, mine was a 120-hour
week. What I wanted was to make
things easier for myself."

The Clarks' personal revolution
came when they invested in a home
freezer. Mrs. Clark has always
been interested in bottling . . . but
now, unlike bottling, she can keep
practically all food on hand, ready
for use whenever she wants it.
Cooked dishes, vegetables, bread,
meat, soups were easy to freeze,
and they stayed fresh — even for
months.

"It's so wonderfully convenient,"
said Mrs. Clark, as she was showing
us some of the types of food she
banks away. "I used to go shop-
ping every second day — it's a long
walk, too, especially with the
babies. Now Jim and I do the
major part of the shopping at the
market every fortnight."

On the economy side, the Clarks
claim that their home freezer — a
Kelvinator — pays for itself. Take
meat, for instance, which they buy
in bulk. The cutting is done by Mr.
Clark himself. A 12 lbs. side of
lamb is a common purchase. Their
last side cost 30/- whereas the
equivalent amount, bought in sepa-
rate cuts from the butcher, could

cost double or even more.

The saving is substantial, and
when you add the amount that can
be saved by buying vegetables and
other produce in bulk, you can see
how easily a family can live better
without increasing the food budget.



**New Kelvinator Upright Home
Freezer.** All Kelvinator models
are backed by Kelvinator's 5-year
Protection Plan. Available on
Lowest Deposits — Easiest Terms.
Choose a Kelvinator Home Freezer
for better living.

Convenience, economy, the extra
leisure it brings — these are prac-
tical benefits the Clarks enjoy with
their Kelvinator Home Freezer. The
quality of the food they eat is
higher; they enjoy out-of-season
treats. In every way, it's the means
of improving living standards.

Choose from two models

**Kelvinator Chest-type Home
Freezer (right)** holds 210 lbs. of
food. Capacity, 6 cubic feet. Offers
latest American designed freezer
features: special section for fast
freezing . . . two large storage bas-
kets for easy storing and food re-
moval . . . live-sided refrigeration for
effective and dependable freezing
... spring action lid — springs up,
stays up . . . powered by famous
"Polarispher" sealed unit. £185.

**Kelvinator Upright Home
Freezer (left)** holds up to 312 lbs.
of frozen food — capacity, 10
cubic feet — yet takes up same
space as average-size refrigerator.
Features three fully refrigerated
storage shelves — all food is within
6½" of a freezing surface . . . large
storage basket for food-packages of
assorted sizes . . . "Polarispher"
Sealed Unit. Price, £199/10/-.



• School lunches call for large supplies of sandwiches . . . but it's no daily
chore with a home freezer. Mrs. Clark cuts sandwiches once a week.



• Mrs. Clark prepares rockmelon, a
family favourite which will appear
on their table even out of season.



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This mist of concentrated Mortein quickly kills every fly, every insect pest—even those lurking behind curtains and furnishings.

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PARISIAN CAPES ... FILCHED FROM POLICE ...



• Jacques Heim's charcoal-grey flannel suit designed with a chic cape-jacket. Note hair-concealing turban.

• Fath's spectacular black astrakhan cape buttoned with astrakhan buttons and worn with a matching toque.

• Katherine Fauve's beige tweed cape cut to three-quarter length and finished with a wide shawl collar.

• Lanvin's enveloping black wool late-day cape. The collar trimmed with a heavy black silk fringe edge.

• Lanvin's dress and cape ensemble made in mink-brown wool. The cape is circular and waist-length.

• Fath's Scotch tartan straight-cut street coat made in tweed and finished with wide elbow-length cape sleeves.

• Dior's small cocoon-shaped cape (above), made in thick-textured black and white tweed, worn with beehive hair.

Flattering Curls

for holiday occasions

Try a new personality for your holidays—with PROM! So easy! So quick! So sure! And you can do it yourself in perfect comfort at home. No more tiresome appointments... no more uncomfortable hours at the hairdresser's. Simply wet your hair with PROM, roll it up for 30 minutes, rinse in warm water—and you'll have a head of soft, gleaming curls that will turn all eyes your way.



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YOU'RE SURE OF SUCCESS EVERY TIME WITH PROM!

Cited by couturiers as top fashion for autumn and winter season

● The cape, dramatic or demure, is making a strong new imprint on the Paris fashion scene. A cape can be an all-over shelter for a street dress or it can be quite short; and its influence is seen in coats and suits.

LANVIN-CASTILLO'S elbow-length cape (right) made in a fine pepper-and-salt tweed. The cape is finished with a false hood collar and worn over a slender black wool dress. The high pointed black fur toque is winter millinery news.

CHRISTIAN DIOR'S dashing black wool cape (left) made in three-quarter length. The cape is perfect city coverage for the season's slim sheath dress.

TYPICAL autumn fashions (above)—smart with a cape, or without. The dress, by Madeline de Rauch, has the new-again trouser pleats; the suit, by Chanel, is slim and uncluttered.



Rheumatism

holds no fears for me now!

Thanks to Harrison's Pills, thousands of men and women all over Australia can now say that. Rheumatic aches and pains that once made life a misery have most effectually now been conquered. Gone are the days of nagging pain, sudden cramps or loss of smooth power in the limbs, and the drawn-out, sleepless nights. No longer do simple every day acts bring stiffness in joints, aching backs, slow, awkward movement.

Let HARRISON'S PILLS help you regain

YOUR Health Harrison's Pills swiftly combat the cause of Rheumatic Aches and Pains, at the same time greatly helping the work of the kidneys, and easing the bladder strain. These famous pills cleanse the system of the poisons and deposits that so often are a basis of Rheumatic ailment. Harrison's Pills quickly lessen nagging pains and aches, stiffness, puffiness and swelling, headaches and loss of sleep. They stop the sudden dreadful "ageing" that comes with these ailments.

Why HARRISON'S PILLS are recommended for Rheumatic Pains

Harrison's Pills are a famous London prescription formulated to aid the body's most vital functioning in a gentle yet prompt manner. They are completely safe, and contain no injurious, uncertain, dangerous or habit-forming drugs of any kind. You will feel prompt, welcome, RELIABLE relief from those worrisome aches and pains when you take a course of Harrison's Pills.

EFFECTIVE HOME THERAPY

For many years, medical opinion has held that difficult as they are, the surest relief from Rheumatic complaints is secured by adequate rest, avoidance of cold and damp, and sufficient treatment. Fortunately, for most of those who suffer from Rheumatism and its kindred ailments (Fibrositis, Neuritis, Lumbago, Sciatica, etc.) a course of home treatment with Harrison's Pills provides the best, most rapid means of real relief.

SURE, SPEEDY RELIEF FROM THESE AGEING COMPLAINTS

Joint and Muscular Pains; Stiffness and Swelling; Kidney Weakness; Inflammation and Irritation of the Bladder; Frequent Pressure for Urinary Relief; Heaviness of the Limbs; Aches and Pains in Back, Head, Shoulders, Neck, Loins, Groins, Hips, and Sides; Swollen or Painful Legs, Ankles, Hands and Feet; "Locked" Joints; Shortness of Breath; Cramps; Dizzy Spells; Puffiness under the Eyes; Tired, Depressed, "All Gone" Feeling; Disturbed Sleep; Certain Types of Blood Troubles, etc.

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best relief for aches and pains.

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Continuing . . . The Proving Flight

do the westbound. I will do the eastbound."

"And while we're airborne?"

"When it's your turn, Captain, you will take the decisions in the air." He rubbed his chin for a moment reflectively, as though brooding over the wisdom of such generosity. Then he added, as a comfort both to himself and Bellamy, "After all . . . I will always be available to you in an advisory capacity."

"Thank you, Captain," Bellamy said gravely. "And when it's your turn . . . I will always be available to you."

from page 53

"Quite, Captain, quite." Cavendish meticulously flicked a piece of fluff off his greatcoat with his long, gloved fingers. "An admirable arrangement! And now . . . since I see the rest of my crew has arrived . . . shall we stroll over to discover what the meteorological officer has in store for you?"

On the far eastern side of the airport, Lalette Greenacres pushed open the door of the Catering Section and came in

with a rush of cold air, the last of the pale sunlight and a little flurry of smiles and apologies. Like a subdued echo behind her, Angela Knight followed her in.

"Oh, we are late, Mr. Hamilton!" Lalette rustled forward. Even in her uniform she seemed to move as though wrapped in silks and laces and taffetas. "I thought we might be. The traffic—"

"I got through the traffic," Mr. Hamilton said.

"Oh, I know," Lalette beamed up at him. "We saw you, didn't we, Angela?" In your enormous car. Driving like the wind. She patted her forage cap more firmly on her head and looked up at him with her big blue eyes. "We thought it was the Minister, at first!"

Not displeased, Mr. Hamilton said, "Well, it's all done! Food's checked. Bar's signed for. The works!" He swept a hand over his big bony jaw. "Yes," he went on, "that car of mine can certainly move. Cars like that certainly don't grow on trees."

"What do they grow on, Mr. Hamilton?" Lalette asked innocently.

It was the question to which all Air Enterprise, mindful of a steward's salary, would have liked to know the answer. But Mr. Hamilton was not to be drawn out. He gave a little smile of secret satisfaction. "Now's not the time for chit-chat, Miss Greenacres! We haven't got all day! Duty calls!"

Angela had gone to the window, and was now looking towards the main airport building. She said, in an almost gratified voice, "I'd no idea there'd be quite so many people."

Lalette turned, and walked over beside her. "A bit too many." She stood on tiptoe, craning her neck. "Many too many!"

"Well"—Mr. Hamilton came bustling firmly towards his charges—"they won't have come to see you girls. Now, Miss Knight . . . Miss Greenacres! Transport's been waiting these past twenty minutes!" He gently propelled them through the door and into the van outside. "They'll have loaded the stores by now . . . but we have to get the cabin ready."

As the van slowly wound its way round the perimeter track, Mr. Hamilton went on talking. This had to be done, that had to be done. Sir James liked dinner at eight. When Captain Cavendish was on duty, he insisted on tea on the hour, every hour. Not just a cup. The pot on a tray, and the cloth better be clean. Captain Bellamy liked his steaks well done, and often had a craving for orange-juice in the early hours. Engineer Officer Rawlings could never be satisfied, and must not be allowed to come poking round the galley. The future Line Manager, Captain Payton, liked a lot of magazines beside him, and as for the Public Relations Officer, Mr. Riley—

They were near the apron now, just passing the crowds that strained against the ropes of the public enclosure. The Emperor seemed to be a great silver magnet, drawing them all towards her.

"Wonderful publicity man . . . Sir James," Hamilton eyed the multitude with complacent approval. "Never seen such interest."

The van had stopped in front of the carpet. As they got out, Lalette whispered, "Makes you feel that your slip's showing," and the two girls self-consciously followed Hamilton up

the red road to where the Emperor stood waiting for them among its banks of flowers—an oasis in the grey desert of the tarmac. "Lovely flowers," she went on, keeping her eyes away from the sea of faces. "Just like a wedding!"

It felt strange to be walking across the carpet, to feel people stop talking in order to stare. Mr. Hamilton stopped at the steps and politely allowed the girls to precede him. As their shoes clanked against the metal stairs, they were conscious that hundreds of pairs of eyes, tired of waiting for the big brass to make an appearance and start the ball rolling, were watching them closely.

Inside the cabin it was warm. There was a smell of newness and disinfectant and now the sweet scent of fruit from the galley. The aisle carpet was a thick velvety pink, the seats bright red, and the inside of the fuselage was quilted and tinted the same color as the carpet.

"I said from the beginning it looks like a boudoir," Mr. Hamilton said, and sniffed. "Bit too fancy, if you ask me!" He walked up and down the aisle a time or two, as though to get the feel of it. "This carpet'll get trodden down in no time." He put a pink linen head-rest cover straight, tested the comfort of the Chairman's seat, and checked that it was unobscured by too much of the wing. "Miss Greenacres, you stack the stuff in the galley! Miss Knight, get the folders out and the cotton-wool and the sweets! With the paper bags! And see the books and magazines are ready! No watching the ceremony till the work's done!"

He peered out of one of the portholes at the dais and microphones. "We'll get a grandstand view from inside here. Best seats in the house . . . and all with the compliments of the management!"

"East, Captain Cavendish," said Bellamy.

"North, Captain Bellamy."

There was a moment's silence while the forecaster nervously fingered his tie. "It's a difficult situation," he said. "What with bad radio conditions and so few reports, it's impossible to forecast accurately which way this Low will move."

He put his finger on the trouble. Drawn on the chart of the forecast folder, a big depression covered most of the central Atlantic. Through his thick spectacles, he looked first at Cavendish on his left, then at Bellamy on his right. "I only wish we could be more help."

Sandwiched between them, he did his best with the deadlock. "Perhaps north-east—" he was suggesting mildly when Cavendish interrupted: "I have seen this sort of weather before." He paused. "Many times."

"Then you've been unlucky," Bellamy said.

"When you've flown the Atlantic as long as I have, Captain, luck doesn't come into it."

"At present it does."

"I tell you it doesn't!"

"Until forecasting's a hundred per cent. . . it's bound to."

"Look at the temperature at Weather Ship Charlie!"

"I've looked at it."

"There's your clue, Captain. The warm air is moving north, so we may expect—"

Bellamy said softly, "Let's cut out the meteorological lecture, Captain."

Over the head of the forecaster, Cavendish glowered down at him. He was not used

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Critics have hailed Victoria Shaw as the "Find of the Year" after the premiere of her first Hollywood movie — Columbia's "The Eddy Duchin Story". Victoria, formerly Australian model Jeanette Elphick, co-stars with Tyrone Power and Kim Novak.

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SNO-MIST POWDER DEODORANT

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 21, 1956

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5/2052 "SUMMER"



1/2036 "ARABESQUE"

Carpet makes a home
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9/2074 "ROSEBUD"



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Pretty ideas for Christmas



● There's not much time left before Christmas if you plan to make your own presents and decorations. Here are some helpful ideas for easy, last-minute gifts and trimmings for the home.

THE attractive Christmas decorations shown on this page take little time and less money to make. They are not as elaborate as the pretty bauble that adorns the top left of this page, but they are quite as effective.

Mirror decorations: Paint a picture on a handbag mirror with enamel paint. When dry, paste on scraps of felt, sequins, cotton-wool, or glitter to give a three-dimensional effect.

When the pictures are finished, paste them on to bright pieces of felt, first placing a folded piece of ribbon or felt between the mirror and the felt backing. This serves as a loop for hanging the mirrors.

Felt stocking: This can be made in any size you wish. Just cut a paper pattern in the shape of a stocking and cut it double in felt. Sew up the sides, turn over the top, and trim. We used bobble fringe and white wool, but rickrack braid, sequins, felt, or beads look wonderful.

For a children's Christmas party, make miniature stockings to put at each place with the child's name on it and a small gift inside.

Baskets: Use a flat basket for the gardener's gift. It can be used later for carrying

flowers. The cosmetic basket, a new and charming idea, can be decorated with red ribbons, tissue paper, cellophane, and glitter.

The cosmetics should be grouped on a bed of ruffled velvet, satin, or delicately colored face tissues. The basket illustrated on this page contains cold cream, vanishing and dry-skin cream, and powder, but talc, lipstick, and perfume could be added to the gift basket.

A bottle of hand lotion would be a welcome addition to both baskets.

Table centre: You need a tray or a piece of varnished wood approximately 11 in. by 15 in., two spiked flower-holders, and three candles cut to different lengths. Place the candles on the holders and bank them with flowers. For best effect use red, orange, yellow, or white flowers that seem to glow in the light of the flame.

Christmas tree: Use two different sizes of matching paper d'oyleys and impale them on a candle or a piece of dowelling. Make the top ones slightly cone-shaped by splitting them to the centre and overlapping and glueing the edges. Decorate with glitter and tiny paper stars.

A medicine glass weighted with modelling-clay makes a good, firm base for the tree.



ABOVE. A simple Christmas tree is made from paper d'oyleys, glitter, and paper stars. The snowman is made of cotton-wool mounted on cardboard or on stiff paper.

BELOW. This arrangement of flowers and candles makes a lovely centrepiece for the Christmas dinner table. A tray or piece of varnished wood is used as a base.



ABOVE. Decorations for the mantelpiece or to hang on the tree are made from handbag mirrors and scraps. All the family can help to make these. Below: Big Christmas stockings made from felt will delight the youngsters.



TWO BASKETS, shown at right and above, make ideal last-minute Christmas gifts. The gardener's basket, above, contains a plant, packets of seeds, tools, and gloves, and the cosmetic basket at right holds face creams and powder.



to this sort of treatment. He was beginning to regret his generosity over the question of command. Turning to the fore-caster, he demanded, "What's the head component on the Great Circle?"

The Great Circle is the shortest track across the earth's curved surface.

"Well . . . we estimate minus 55 knots at 24,000 feet."

"There you are, you see!" Cavendish transferred his attention to the now silent Bellamy. "With strong winds like that . . . we shall have to do a composite to latitude 58 North."

A composite is in effect a huge dog-leg—a kind of tacking to avoid flying into the teeth of the wind.

Bellamy said, "Those winds might be a good deal stronger."

"Unlikely, Captain."

"And much stronger on a composite."

"Captain Bellamy!" The enormous dignity of the older pilot had been unnecessarily ruffled. He pulled irritably at his iron-grey moustache. "You've done nothing but contradict me ever since we came into this office!"

"And you've done nothing but contradict me."

"I happen to have . . . rather more experience—"

"Not on Emperors."

"One aircraft is very much like another to the Atlantic."

"Not when we're flying so high."

"We have more fuel . . . a greater range—"

"Not when we lose so much more than piston-engined aircraft by descending lower."

The forecaster shuffled his feet uncomfortably. More used to being at the receiving end of digs and punches from know-all pilots, his present neutrality seemed strange. It occurred to him that they might get farther towards New York if they used their energy in fighting the elements instead of wasting it on each other.

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Continuing . . . The Proving Flight

from page 59

He glanced behind him sympathetically at the two shadows, the first officer and the navigator, who waited, just as silently as the unknown Atlantic three hundred miles away, for their commanders to make up their minds. Then, as though to try a new topic on which perhaps agreement could be reached, he turned over the pages of the forecast folder and said, "Shall we take a look at the other side?"

Both pilots examined the forecast map of surface conditions. A blue and red line—meaning an occlusion of warm and cold fronts—trailed all the way down the Canadian eastern seaboard. Goose, Gander, and the maritime airports, so useful in an emergency, were all borderline to out.

The met man said apologetically, "That's not very good, either, I'm afraid."

Cavendish cleared his throat.

"They've been too pessimistic over Gander . . . as usual."

Bellamy said nothing.

"And New York! At least New York's good."

"Too good," Bellamy murmured, thinking specifically of the fog that a clear, cold calm so often produces in the early hours.

"The trouble with you younger pilots, Bellamy, is that you're never satisfied."

Cavendish gave a cluck of impatience.

"Well . . . that's that!" He turned to Douthwaite behind him.

"You've got that straight for the flight plan? A composite up to 58 North?"

"Yes, Captain."

Cavendish was just saying, "Now for alternates, we'll use—"

when Bellamy cut in, "I believe I'm in command on this leg?"

Surprised and put out, Cavendish drew himself up to his full height. "I was just telling Mr. Douthwaite, Bellamy, what we'd already decided to—"

"We've decided nothing."

"Then perhaps we can decide something!"—Cavendish

opened his eyes very wide—"now."

"I have already decided."

"A composite, no doubt, Captain?"

"A Great Circle." He turned to the navigator. "Got that?"

"Yes, Captain."

Cavendish's face went almost white. "In my advisory capa-

Cavendish was leading in the walk to the door, "perhaps we could proceed to Operations to make up your Great Circle flight plan."

Just before he went out Cavendish turned towards the fore-caster and nodded. "Thank you."

Bellamy wished him "Good afternoon."

Then, followed by Douthwaite and Seawood, they



city, I most strongly recommend—"

"I heard your recommendation, Captain Cavendish."

"And yet you're not acting on it?"

Bellamy shook his head. "I've got to fly this leg. Not you."

"On the contrary, Captain, we shall all be flying this leg."

"Shall I put it, then—that it'll be my responsibility?"

Cavendish shrugged his shoulders. "You can put it that way . . . if you want to."

"You've had my interpretation. You've had my advice. Now!"

—he started to fit his fingers into his gloves—always with Cavendish a signal of adieu—

"is there anything else we want to grumble to the forecaster about?"

"That's the lot."

"In that case"—Captain

walked out into the corridor together. The meteorological officer watched them go. He smiled timidly at their broad blue backs.

"Have a good trip, Captains," he said.

When the three catering crew had finished, the Emperor's passenger cabin looked like a schoolroom awaiting a group of scholars. The chairs, identical and dead in line, had each in front of them a small folding table, and they all dutifully faced the square board on which from time to time (in colored lights instead of chalk) their master would write varied instructions. Each seat had a sheaf of papers and pamphlets of geographical and aeronautical information, a card to write

their comments on, and a complimentary company pencil.

There was a little air-sickness bag in case they weren't quite up to the weather, a button marked "Steward" to press when they felt like it, and underneath (discreetly out of sight) a saffron-colored life-jacket.

But, despite the examination they were about to sit for (or maybe because of it), the pupils and their friends were playing high carnival in the playground outside.

"If you come over here, Miss Greenacres," Hamilton said, "you'll be able to see very well. And, as you're a bit taller, Miss Knight . . . you stand a little behind."

Pressing her face against the porthole, Lalette watched the procession of important people, headed by Sir James and the Minister, slowly cross the carpet and mount the dais.

As the first two stepped on the platform, their feet seemed to set off a specially prepared cheer bomb that sent the dais and its surroundings and the public enclosure up in one great burst of sound. Sir James smiled deprecatingly at the Minister to emphasise the power of public enthusiasm.

The newsreel cameraman got busy and the B.B.C. interviewer moved his microphone nearer. A small girl, her little fat limbs the color of liver sausages in the chilly wind, wavered across the carpet and presented the Minister with a buttonhole.

"The Chairman's niece," Hamilton said. "Nice little kid. Should have longer socks on than that! Mrs. Hamilton never lets ours wear short ones until June."

Repeatedly the Chairman had to hold up his hands for silence. After bowing to the Minister, he eventually started his speech:

"Fellow air-minded citizens of this great and enterprising country, there never was a time when any enterprise that conquered any element was not dear to the hearts of Englishmen . . ."

It went on and on with in-

creasing eloquence. Buoyed up by his own words, driven by the emotion in his heart, he assured the listening crowd that: "If other airlines can't keep to schedule, I'll promise you we'll come in and out like clock-work."

Inside the aircraft, Hamilton swept his fingers over his jaw. "Very fine talker, Sir James! Now here's Captain Cavendish! He's taking off his gloves. He's going to say something."

Cavendish had withdrawn from the flight planning early in order to make this appearance before his public. Recognising him, they gave him a cheer. He spoke very briefly, but with immense dignity, about "this honor, this climax to my long career." The crowd cheered again as he replaced his gloves, and walked across the dais to stand at Sir James' right hand.

Mr. Hamilton leaned forward. "It's all over bar the shouting, I would say." He pursed his mouth. "Well!" He sighed and stretched. "That was a short speech of the Minister's."

"Didn't even know he'd started," Angela murmured.

"And well you might not, either," Hamilton said. "Over before it began. There they go!" He peered down. "Leaving already!"

The Minister was stepping down from the dais, bracketed behind by Sir James' hospitable arm and accompanied by Captain Cavendish. As they went, the long line of airport officials jerked into life.

Hamilton smoothed the sleeves of his jacket. "Now for business," he said.

Down below the B.B.C. man looked round. He and his microphone seemed suddenly to have been left very much on their own. Then slowly across the tarmac came the blunt-nosed crew car from Operations.

"Ah," said the commentator with relief into the microphone, "here come the rest of Captain

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Continuing . . . The Proving Flight

[from page 62]

Cavendish's crew! In less than twelve hours they will be standing on American soil. There's that air of quiet confidence about them . . . almost, one would say, nonchalance. To them, of course, this is nothing but a job of work. I'll ask the relief captain if he has time to say a few words to you . . .

Bellamy was climbing the third rung of the crew steps. The Great Circle to New York with the fuel available had, after all, worked out. But only just. It had meant using Boston and Washington as alternate airfields, both of which were so close they might well be affected by exactly the same weather, if New York suddenly started to deteriorate. And he didn't like that front along the Maritimes. And as for that huge Low at 35 West—

He felt someone tugging at his leg, and, looking down, saw it was Seawood. "They want you at the mike, Skipper."

Bellamy swore under his breath, climbed down, and walked up the dais to the microphone.

"And your name, Captain, is . . . is . . . is . . . ?" The commentator hurriedly scanned the briefing notes he'd been given.

"Bellamy."
"Of course . . . of course! Captain Bellamy," the commentator explained into the microphone, "will be standing by to give Captain Cavendish a helping hand when he's tired."

Bellamy stood stock still, looking at him.

"And what sort of trip does it look like from the weather point of view, Captain?"

Bellamy opened up the met folder, ran his tongue over his lips, and seemed just on the point of speaking at some length. But the commentator interrupted. His training had taught him to recognise a subject likely to strike a wrong note on a programme. Most people obliged by saying the words he more or less put into their mouths; but sometimes you got a man with a mulish attitude, and then you had to be careful.

The commentator said hastily, "The Captain's opened his folder for me. I can see there's going to be a few showers . . . a bit of rain. But I don't suppose little things like that will worry the Emperor. Thank you, Captain Bellamy, thank you." He gave a great big smile as an indication that the interview was over. "I expect you'll be wanting to start your engines, Captain?"

Bellamy said, "Yes," left the microphone, and, finding the crew-steps had been removed, joined his passengers, who were now clustering round the main gangway, preparing to embark.

There were still a few minutes to wait before the engines could be started.

The commentator was left alone again. Rather nervously he told the listening millions that the day was nearly over, and filled in the sudden silence that now hung expectantly over the Emperor by describing the shadows of the evening that stole across the sky.

Standing very straight at the top of the steps, Lalette had a wonderful view of the seven embarking passengers. First the top of their heads, then their faces, then the whole of them. She looked down at a grey tribby, the brim of which came gradually upwards to reveal a red face with a rather saggy chin.

"Good afternoon, Captain Payton," she said. "Your seat

is thirty-four, fourth down on the right."

"Thank you, Miss . . . er . . . ?" She remembered he always made a point of not knowing the names of the catering crew.

"Greenacres, sir," she said brightly, as he handed her his coat and moved on down the cabin where Hamilton was settling people into their seats. In a spare moment, he came back to lean confidentially towards Lalette. "Don't forget about Mr. Brocklehurst, will you? Here he is now."

Lalette looked up. "What about him? The V.I.P. treatment, you mean? There's a note about it here." She held up her square board with its papers pinned to it.

"That's right! But"—said Hamilton, not to be done out of his piece—"what it doesn't say there is this—" He paused. "They say he has the Minister's ear."

A gleam of humor momentarily sparkled in the deceptively clear blue eyes, but she extinguished it before it disturbed the set composure of her mouth. She glanced back at the other passengers, whose names did not appear on her board. Mr. Riley, the Public Relations Officer, now staring nostalgically out of his porthole at the world he had just left. Several seats before him, the airframe designer, Mr. Eastlake, was looking around the cabin with satisfaction. He was the clever, younger generation scientist who likes to look as little like a man with a brain as possible. Catching her eye, he smiled.

And away on the other side of the aisle, as if to draw attention to the cleavage, which had been described as quite enormous between them, sat Mr. Crutwell, the designer of the Emperor's engines. With his high domed head, his pale, dried-up mouth, he looked like men's wisdom through the ages.

Hamilton stopped beside her again. "Time the doctor was here!" He peered beyond her down the steps to the jumble of heads on the tarmac. "There he is, now! There he is! In the black homburg."

The Company's director of medical services detached himself from the group of well-wishers and came slowly up the steps. Dressed from head to foot in black, with a footfall as quiet as a sleeping man's pulse, he looked like a diplomat spy making away with the plans of the fortifications. The only color was in his face, in the reddish cheeks, and the eyes, murky green as goldfish bowls.

"Good afternoon, Dr. Enderby-Browne," Lalette said, and smiled. "Your seat is number eighteen. Yes, that's right! Seventh down on the left."

Hamilton came forward and took his hat, and showed him to his seat. He refused to be parted from the heavy black leather brief-case, but he allowed Hamilton to take away the black overcoat with its old-world velvet collar, revealing, like a black onion, a lounge suit of the same color and the same masterly tailoring underneath.

"Getting near!" Hamilton looked at his watch. The only excitement he showed was to sweep his fingers over his big, bony chin. "We'll be bang on time. Just you see! Sir James is coming on board now."

Lalette saw Angela, still standing on the tarmac by the

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When accidents happen— DON'T RISK INFECTION



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Continuing . . . The Proving Flight

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ground and a life that awaited them at 24,000 feet.

The light blazed on the strawberry-red upholstery of the many empty places. A dafodil that Riley had plucked from the flower banks before coming on board and had planted in the join between the two rear seats, now the sole survivor of the reception left behind them, jiggled its soundless bell every time the Emperor

If good books did good, the world would have been converted long ago.

— George Moore.

different from the ones she was used to. Instead of the angry rough shout, the clattering and banging, these had, somehow under their deep bass drone, a weird banshee wail. Even the lack of vibration seemed un-masculine and suspect. For the first time today, although briefly, she was afraid.

Then she rubbed up her buttons with the sleeve of her jacket, adjusted the angle of her forage cap, and walked up the aisle and through the door to the flight deck.

In the cockpit of the Emperor, she reported to Bellamy in what she hoped was a most military manner: "Passengers strapped in and rear door shut, sir!"

They took off to the west, into a green horizon. Gradually, while the Emperor climbed, the countryside below became faint and faded. The green air thinned into bits of lime-color that grew smaller and smaller until they were stamped out into nothing by the cold blackness of continuous cloud.

"Prop anti-icers on," Bellamy said. On the right-hand side of the cockpit a switch clicked down to send alcohol over the aircrews. Shuddering a little in a bumpy element, the Emperor hauled herself blindly upwards. Rain rattled against the windcreens. The same black air was the only view from the windows.

Nobody said anything. Even in the passenger compartment there was complete quiet. As always on the climb to cruising altitude, everyone seemed to be waiting. This was a no-man's-land forty minutes in the lift between their existence on the

heaved and swung in the uneven air. Now and again the hydraulic pump let out a wail like a female foghorn, as though to hark all attention back to the invisible depths of this wet world that licked at the port-holes.

Sir James, seeing Brocklehurst beside him look around every time the pump sounded, finally said, "It's the boosters."

"Oh?"

"There is no antiquated wire-and-pulley arrangement for operating the flying controls on this aeroplane," Sir James pursed his lips with pride. "Too big, you see. So, in common with other aircraft—but in much greater detail—hydraulic cylinders activated by the pilot's control column do all the pushing and pulling of the rudders and ailerons and elevators."

"Oh?"

"Even the emergency system

has to be hydraulic. A pilot would find it very difficult to move the controls manually."

"We live, do we not, Sir James," Brocklehurst observed, "in a highly mechanised world where man's strength is gradually being superseded—"

"Look at that!" The Chairman leant right across the Under-Secretary to point a well-padded finger at the new scenery outside. The Emperor's nose had pierced through the layer cloud. Now flying in undiluted air, she was still going up, but higher still, surrounding her on all sides, gigantic heads of cumulus had butted through the stratus, looking like the mushroom explosions from a pattern of hydrogen bombs.

"Very beautiful, Sir James," Brocklehurst said, ever mindful of the brief wartime career in the R.A.F. that had given him his only flying experience. "Reminds me of looking back on the target, one time we bombed Wilhelmshaven, just at dusk."

Watching the near-misses around them, they both stared over the plump engines and the curved wing, out at the gathering darkness beyond. Then the Chairman put his hands in his pockets and leaned back. The seats were quite definitely comfortable, but he had his doubts about the fabric. He had a mind to let his cousin, who was a heavy woollen manufacturer, give it a look-over. It was smart enough, looked really quite plushy, but he'd bet anyone a pound to a penny that it wouldn't wear.

Sir James closed his eyes. The engines filled his ears with

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the eyes



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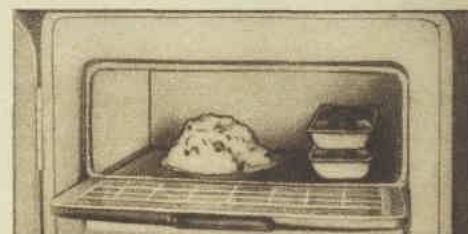
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 21, 1956

Continuing . . . The Proving Flight

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a strong, sustained sweetness, his nose drew in the smell of new leather and polish and expensive cigarettes. This flight was going to be a piece of cake, he told himself again and again. After all his careful planning there wouldn't be anything to it.

He toyed with a few points for his quarterly message to the staff; mastery of the air, conquering the weather, nothing impossible to determination and efficiency. He went over what releases he should make to the Press. From there it was just a short jump to salaries, from salaries to finances. A small smile relaxed his face.

"A magazine, sir?"

The Chairman opened his eyes.

Miss Greenacres, his nose told him, was a walking advertisement for the bottles and jars so lavishly contained in the ladies' powder-room. He looked her up and down frankly. Their eyes, like two advance posts of opposing armies, crossed each other as she also completed her equally frank and undisguised survey.

"Thank you, Miss Greenacres."

He smiled. Nevertheless, he made a small mental note to see Miss Carey, their female personnel officer, about the qualifications the selection board were on the look-out for in choosing their flying catering staff. Efficiency and utility must, he felt, take priority on the list. But he could still congratulate the catering officer on providing for this flight sufficient prettiness to distract his tired eyes.

"What have you got there?" He looked at the pile in the stewardess' hands. "The Economist," I think."

Brocklehurst chose the evening paper in order to look for his name in it. They both sat there, silently reading, no longer concerned with the turbulent air outside.

The aircraft was, in any case, riding more smoothly now. Belamy was doing his best to avoid the clouds. As he climbed he banked away from them, making the Emperor run the gauntlet, weaving and turning between the bursts.

But sometimes in this half-light haze that still filmed over the stars, a cumulus loomed up out of nowhere and snatched at her wing, tipping it up and making the metal shiver, the engines thump in their mountings, and the whole fuselage shake from an impact like bomb-blast, as the Emperor shied away.

"Turbulent north-westerly air-stream" was the way Belamy described the phenomenon to Seawood. "Difficult to see the things. Let me know if you spot another."

Screwing up their eyes, they both peered out of their wind-screens. But the cloud-tops were fewer now. The altimeter was reading 21,000 feet and there was clear darkness ahead. Somebody suddenly switched on Orion, low down in the southern horizon; then the Pleiades; Deneb and the glittering Arc-turus; the Plough; Sirius; Aldebaran; and the smudge of the Milky Way. When they reached cruising altitude, five minutes later, all the stars were already there to meet them.

Level, her speed building up rapidly, high in the clear, the Emperor's dark shape decked out from nose to tail with glittering lights moved boldly westwards towards her first rendezvous with North Atlantic air.

"No moon!" Rawlings grumbled to Hooper, as he throttled back the engines to

cruising power. "Black as the ace of spades outside!"

Back in the cabin, Sir James put away "The Economist" and boomed out to Brocklehurst, "Enjoying yourself?"

The Under-Secretary would have wished that the Chairman had not sounded quite so like an uncle to a favorite nephew he'd taken out on a treat from school. But he fished around for the party political smile and adjusted it precisely over his rather angular face. "Very much, Sir James."

He had not wanted to come. It had been the Minister who had suggested it, on the grounds that his appearance on the passenger list would give the lie to the too-often-spoken rumors that the Ministry was hand-in-glove with the nationalised airline corporations. He had been even less keen when the Minister had hinted that this private enterprise Emperor would inevitably follow the same primrose path that had already been blazed by other British long-range airliners designed since the war. But a



man had a duty to do; and if ever he was to succeed in the party he jolly well had to do it.

"Will you have a"—for a moment Brocklehurst had a vision of being about to be offered ice-cream, milk, or a chocolate ice-cream—"sherry?"

"I think sherry would slip down very nicely." He had rather a dry, old-fashioned way of speaking, as though he kept in his mouth, instead of a tongue, a whole collection of china ornaments, all badly in need of dusting. The interior of the cabin, designed with the modern emphasis on psychological colors to promote warmth and cheerfulness to its occupants, could do little with Brocklehurst's black-and-white pin-stripe suit.

Miss Knight was standing attentively beside them. "Two sherries, please," the Chairman said, and then, seeing Payton across the aisle glancing expectantly towards him, corrected himself with, "Make it three."

The future Line Manager slid as near to the other two as he could. This would be the time to talk of schedules and operating costs, of delivery dates and training programmes. Above all, of future plans for the organisation of the Line.

Behind them the other passengers gingerly took a taste of these first few minutes of the eleven-hour span they would be at this altitude. It didn't seem too bad. Newspapers and magazines remained the same as they had been on the ground. The daffodil was now quite still. Below their feet the floor was rock-steady.

Right at the back, Riley pulled the pink curtain over the black sky and the stars and asked Lalette for whisky. From the galley floated the smell of

dinner as Hamilton bent over the enamelled electric stove.

Everybody followed Sir James' example and relaxed completely. They watched the three pieces of high brass up at the front take their sherries and heard the Chairman say, "Smooth."

"Very smooth," Paton put in quickly. "You'll notice no vibration on the Emperor, Mr. Brocklehurst."

"No?" The Under-Secretary was busy studying the continuous waves of brown sherry that lapped against the side of his glass. From somewhere in the background, perhaps from the cabin, perhaps from outside, came a thudding, uneven whine. "Is that the hydraulic pump again, Sir James?"

His sherry-glass half-way up to his lips, the Chairman said, "I can't hear anything, dear fellow."

Payton said decisively, "I can't hear anything, either, Sir James."

Thud-thud-heel. Thud-thud-heel.

"Just a bit of wax, singing in your ears after the pressure change on the climb, Brocklehurst. Take a deep breath . . . and swallow!"

But three rows farther back the same noise interrupted Eastlake, the airframe designer, as he sat reading a detective novel. Black hair was sleeked over his high forehead as though purposely to hide it. The brown check suit and the yellow waistcoat suggested the horsey set rather than the Chief Designer's office.

He lifted his eyes from the pages and listened. Then he bent down and put his hand against the metal skirting board over the heating system. At the tips of his fingers he felt the tingling of vibration.

He glanced across at Crutwell. The engine designer was shifting uneasily in his seat, trying to get as good a view of the starboard outer engine as he could.

The airframe designer called across the aisle. "Crutwell!"

The engine designer turned his head and regarded him coldly. "Yes?"

Very slowly Eastlake lifted his thin, dapper body off the seat and walked over to Crutwell. In a low voice he said, "Something up, eh?"

"I don't think so."

"Awful lot of vibration."

"I can't feel it."

Eastlake looked disappointed. "Bit better now. But it was coming from number four."

Thud-thud-heel.

"Awful," he went on, "if we had to return to London . . . after that send-off!"

Crutwell said nothing. A few more wrinkles had tagged on to his already wizened skin.

A smile was now twisting up the corners of Eastlake's narrow lips. "Bit longer on the test-bed. That's what your engines needed!"

A goaded look had come into Crutwell's anxious eyes. He was a patient man. Normally a timid one, too. But Eastlake had an uncanny facility for getting under his skin. "They're only out of synchronisation," he said in an unusual burst of nervous irritation. "This flight engineer we've got on board . . . he's as bad as those half-wits in the hangars!"

One of the engines suddenly raced away into a powerful high-pitched scream. Then it died just as quietly away into a muffled beat of drums that gradually disintegrated into a half-hearted flappy thumping.

Crutwell got up. "I think I'll go forward to see what he's up to."

The smile on Eastlake's face



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had widened. "I think perhaps you'll have to."

As Crutwell passed the threesome on his way to the front the Chairman called out, "Has someone just sat on the propeller switches, Mr. Crutwell?"

He replied politely, "I don't know, sir." He knocked on the door of the flight deck and slipped on past the rest-compartment, where Captain Cavendish sat, perfectly unmoved, reading the "Evening News."

Just at the entrance to the cockpit he heard Bellamy say to the engineer in a voice full of exasperation, "You haven't got the things synchronised yet."

"Perhaps I could help, Captain."

The pilot turned in his seat. "Oh . . . it's you, Mr. Crutwell. Yes, I wish you would."

Rawlings sat in front of his fifty-six dials, beads of sweat already glistening on his forehead, his huge fingers tripping over themselves on the throttles and the switches.

"These switches!" he was saying, as the R.P.M. indicator on Number Four again sagged back too far. He glowered at them. Dainty little things, very artistically designed, more suitable for the lights in the ladies' powder-room than for the split-

second movements up and down to control the pitch of the propellers.

Crutwell suggested, "It's Number Four, isn't it?"

"I know! I've got eyes, too!" The engineer was hotter than ever. "What I'd like to know is why there isn't automatic synchronisation on board."

"No need for it," Crutwell said, rising to defence. "Enough complication on the panel now without adding to it unnecessarily."

"And these switches!"

"Ah, then I agree with you. I told Mr. Eastlake more than once that his idea of uniform switches throughout—"

Bellamy cut abruptly into this designing discussion with, "I can still hear Number Four."

Crutwell said to Rawlings, "I wonder, could I . . . for a moment?" The huge blue-covered shoulders grudgingly shifted to one side. The engine designer, bird-like, turned his head slightly to one side. He listened, while his hand touched the switches as though they were white hot. Then he said, "I think . . . I think that's it, isn't it?"

Everyone on the flight deck

Continuing . . . The Proving Flight

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listened. The sound of the motors now was sweet and even. Bellamy flashed his torch over the two propellers on the right, and watched the shadow of their blades march exactly in step like twin sentries on parade. "That's it," he said.

Feeling he had been shown up, Rawlings' face reverted to the bleakness of a red sandstone moor as he frowned at Crutwell, and received in re-

Young men are apt to think themselves wise enough as drunken men are apt to think themselves sober enough.
—Lord Chesterfield.

turn a nervous beam back through the thick spectacles.

The rest of the flight deck relaxed back into routine. Bellamy was just suggesting to Seawood that a cup of tea mightn't be a bad idea if he wouldn't mind pressing the bell, when a gruff voice spoke from the back of the cockpit.

It was Captain Cavendish. He stood, framed in the doorway to the rest-compartment, his grey eyes regarding the scene in front of them—Crutwell, Bellamy, the rest of the crew against a background of the clear black night—with evident disapproval.

"We took a long time to get those propellers sorted out, didn't we, Captain Bellamy?"

"Yes, we did, Captain Cavendish."

Cavendish started to adjust his gloves on his hands, and took his cap off its present position on top of the spare radio transmitter. "Now everything has at last settled down . . . I shall go aft to talk to the passengers."

"Tell them it was just synchronisation trouble, will you?"

"I shall certainly apologise to the Chairman, Captain."

"Thank you, Captain."

Captain Cavendish entered the passenger cabin very slowly. He made the very best use of the opportunity.

He took the glove off his right hand, ready for his introduction to the Under-Secretary of State. "Good evening, Sir James," he said.

"Ah, good evening, Captain Cavendish." Here was his prize exhibit, and the Chairman presented it with pride. "I don't think you've met Mr. Brocklehurst."

"I have not had that honor."

"Of course, I've heard a great deal about you, Captain."

The meeting was thus effected with mutual satisfaction.

"That noise you heard just now," Cavendish said. "I must apologise—"

"Somebody sat on the R.P.M. switches, eh, Captain?" the Chairman said again, and the pilot joined in the general forgiving laughter. "Something like that," he said.

"Smooth now," said Sir James.

"Very smooth," said Payton. "And a beautiful take-off, Captain," Brocklehurst put in, just to show he understood the finer points of those sort of things.

"And now the weather, Captain," the Chairman said, just a shade anxiously. "I haven't had the time—"

"There is a big Low in the Atlantic."

A little more anxiously: "There is?"

"A heavy head-wind component."

Much more anxiously: "But you'll be able to do it direct?"

"Well, Sir James—" Cavendish paused. He could never resist a moment like this. The hush as he stood there, seemingly holding up the ceiling with the top of his hat, was packed to the brim with the many things a pilot had to cope with—ice, storms, head-

winds, control, maintenance, fog, fatigue, forecasting, fuel consumption—all clinging like little Old Men of the Sea tightly round his ample shoulders. The suspense of his audience increased as the silence continued. They were all agog now. The Chairman could hardly sit still.

Then suddenly, from away up above them, through the now smiling grey moustache came a voice so calm and quiet that all the elements would have to cease to hear it, "I think I shall be able to promise you New York non-stop."

All the air in Sir James' lungs was employed in the one word: "Excellent!"

"The weather at our destination will be ceiling and visibility unlimited."

"Excellent!" The Chairman had no breath left this time. It was Payton who had deputised.

Cavendish stood there. The schedule for the proving flight was discussed. For Brocklehurst's benefit, Sir James outlined the plans: "There will be a welcome committee waiting for us at New York. We'll be a bit late, I'm afraid. I know a dinner and a cocktail party may well be on the programme of our four days there. Perhaps more . . . it all depends on the showing we can make. Down we go on Thursday to Bermuda—to show the flag for a couple of days. And we start back on Saturday, arriving home church-time on Sunday morning."

"Makes a nice week's holiday for you, Mr. Brocklehurst," Payton suggested, craning his neck round Cavendish's bulk so he could see and be seen.

"Makes a nice week's holiday for all of us," the Chairman corrected him. Then he looked up at the pilot. "Except for Captain Cavendish."

The pilot did not contradict him. They had started talking about operating costs, and Brocklehurst, whose sherry had sharpened his appetite, was looking round to see how dinner was getting along. Cavendish started to put on his right-hand glove. "If you will excuse me, Sir James . . . the other passengers—"

"Of course, Captain."

Cavendish moved majestically forward, allowing Payton at last an uninterrupted view of his superiors, and proceeded farther down the cabin to have a word with Eastlake.

Right at the back, Riley, the Public Relations Officer, had finished his third whisky, and deciding to promote himself advanced three rows to slip into the empty seat beside Enderby-Browne, who was busily engaged in making notes in an exercise book.

"Don't you find the noise of the engines too distracting to concentrate, doctor?"

The doctor's eyebrows quirked up above his bright

eyes. "I should find their silence even more distracting, Mr. Riley."

"Yes . . . of course," Riley gave a tolerant smile. "Still on the thesis, doctor?"

"Still on the thesis, Mr. Riley. Original research takes a great deal of time. And I have so little opportunity."

"If I could help at all . . . I mean, with the writing—"

There was one thing in which Riley excelled. He had a wonderful fertility for writing advertisements, and he combined this work with his usual P.R.O. duties.

"It's very kind of you, Mr. Riley, but—"

The doctor shook his head, and applied himself once more to his notebook. How the P.R.O. expected to help prepare a thesis on the effects of altitude, noise, exposure to cabin atmosphere and carbon monoxide, fatigue, vibration, and irregular meals in relation to the airborne human body was difficult to perceive.

"I know what you're thinking, doctor." The florid face looked wounded. "You're not trying to lure people into being airmen. What you put down is the cold scientific truth. And what I put down—"

"I'm sure, Mr. Riley," the doctor said gently, "you write very well indeed."

But Riley was not to be mollified. The whiskies (Enderby-Browne had noticed all three of them) at this cabin altitude had had nearly double the usual effect. The eyes were already a little bloodshot. An interesting observation, well worth noting.

"You don't believe the stuff I write, doctor. I'll tell you something—neither do I!"

The effect of alcohol on the barriers of the conscious mind, inducing confidence and at the same time laying bare the reasons for a lack of confidence, the doctor noted to himself.

Interesting again.

Riley's voice grew higher. "And now you think I couldn't write the truth if I tried!"

The desire to pick a quarrel, fight. Curious that a few drops of yellow fluid could wash away thousands of years and disclose the primeval lust for the jungle, sieved out by modern civilisation.

"Not at all, Mr. Riley."

"But I can, doctor! And one day, I will!"

"I'm sure you will." Enderby-Browne looked up from his notebook, and saw that a few feet in front of him Cavendish had apparently finished all he was going to say to Eastlake. "Excuse me, Captain," he said.

"But could you oblige me with the cabin altitude?" It was essential to get it exact for that note on Riley.

Cavendish took a few more steps rearwards. "We're cruising at 24,000. Pressurisation is at maximum. That'll make the cabin pressure equivalent to 5000 feet."

"Thank you, Captain."

Cavendish inquired with grave courtesy, "Is the thesis finished, doctor?"

"Not quite, Captain."

"I heard you were coming with us to give a lecture on

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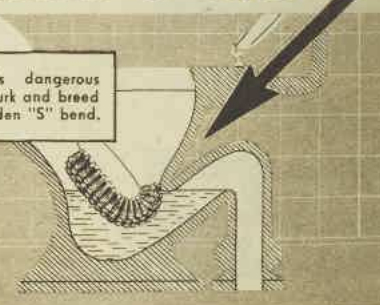
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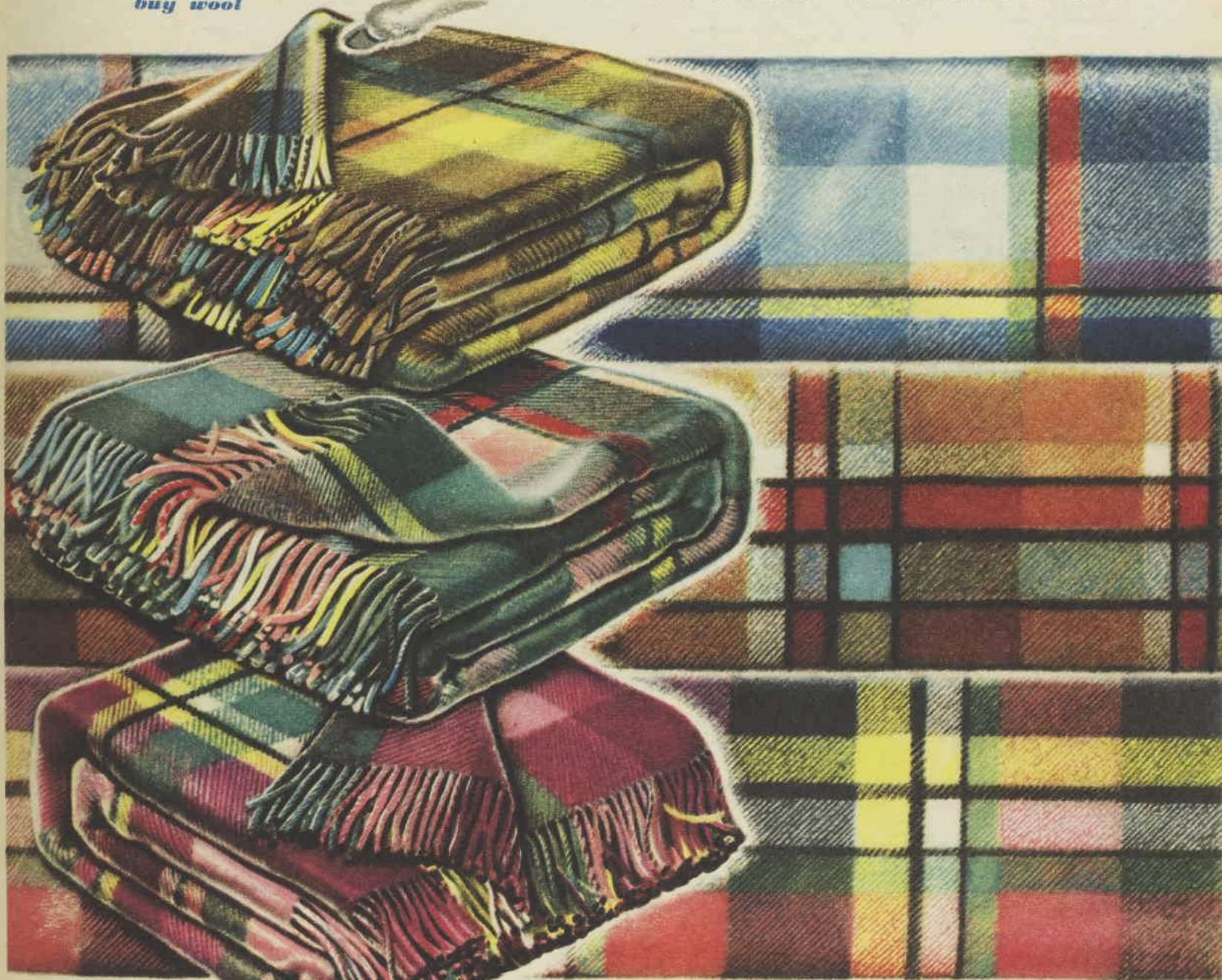


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your findings to the New York Canford Institute."

The doctor laughed self-consciously. It was, as a matter of fact, his ambition to lecture to this world-famous gathering of the world's medical brains. But so far, there had been no signs that it would ever be realised. "Oh, no! I'm coming in the course of my ordinary duties with the Company. They don't even know I'm coming over."

"I expect you could give us some surprises, doctor."

"Yes, Captain," he was specifically thinking of airline operators and airframe designers. "I could."

Eastlake heard him, and turned round to give out with his spick-and-span smile. "If you had your way, doctor, no aircraft would leave the ground!"

Enderby-Browne said in reply: "It's a pity, Mr. Eastlake, that you haven't designed a pressurisation system that would bring the cabin at cruising altitude down to sea level."

Irritation flashed across Eastlake's face. "That isn't practicable."

"Still a pity . . . for many reasons."

Any remark that criticised his work was enough to knock Eastlake off his horse. He reddened. This man knew nothing of engineering. He hadn't designed the combinations of cheap chemicals which it was his job to maintain as living human beings. The airframe designer had just thought of a suitably biting retort when a brisk voice announced, "Dinner is served, gentlemen."

Hamilton always seemed to know his cue. There he stood, in this difficult atmosphere, gleaming in his white coat, a tray in either hand on which

was tastefully arranged a bowl of turtle soup, a dish of olives and celery and sliced tomatoes, and a glittering array of tools to tackle further delights to come.

Eastlake got back on his horse again. He produced a party quip, "Just what the doctor ordered." And Enderby-Browne nodded good-humouredly as he noted down "deficiency of blood sugar as a cause of irritation." Then he put his exercise-book away on top of the life-jacket under his

There are very honest people who do not think that they have had a bargain unless they have cheated a merchant.

—Anatole France.

seat, and in its place accepted the plastic tray on his lap.

Captain Clavendish continued right to the back, to wash his hands preparatory to his own meal. And up at the front the Chairman had got through his soup, had got through as well nearly everything he wanted to impress into Brocklehurst, except the way Air Enterprise worked.

"It's the 'get-together' that does it," he was saying. "Co-operation. Team spirit. Singly, each of us is a thin twig. But bound one to the other—"

It was unfortunate, Payton thought, that the Chairman should hit upon the Italian symbol of Fascism. "What Sir James means, Mr. Brocklehurst," he said quickly, "is that

Continuing . . . The Proving Flight

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we all stand or fall by the Emperor."

Brocklehurst looked out of his porthole. It was beginning to clear a little, and through the darkness, several miles below the aircraft, could just be seen the irregular grey shapes of scattered clouds. "I can understand that," he said.

Those same grey shapes were studied by Bellamy, out of the pilot's left-hand window. He identified them as fracto-cumulus, height 8000 feet: five-eighths cloud above: temperature—25 degrees centigrade. With a ball-point pen he wrote it all down in the weather proforma—the oblong card which chimed the hours on the darkened flight-deck—and passed it back so that the engineer could add the fuel available, the navigator could put in their position, and the radio officer could send it to Control.

Emperor Able Dog was running easily now. Her motors hummed their monotonous tune in perfect harmony. Under the dimmed green lights the instrument panel, with its phosphorescent sparkle of lines and figures, stayed still and steady on its rubber mountings. The compass needle never moved from 295 degrees.

Seawood, sitting in the right-hand seat, was smoking. The red glow of his cigarette reflected in the dark mirror of the side window beyond. "Nice night, sir," he said.

"Not bad so far."

"Want your dinner now, Skipper?"

"No. Never have mine till late. You go back and have yours, if you like."

"Thank you, sir." Seawood started to get out of his seat. The red glow of his cigarette was replaced by an alternating flash of light, bursting out yellow into the darkness and then dying away again.

"Isn't that Fastnet Rock to starboard?"

Seawood turned and looked out. A great illuminated line, like a searchlight half smudged by intermittent cloud, pierced the darkness below. Like a powerful farwell signal from the ground in Morse, it flashed out at them three short, lighted dots and a long dash of darkness.

"It is, Skipper. Dead on our beam."

Bellamy said, "Tell the navigator, will you? Might as well get a ground-speed check on it." But Douthwaite had already taken one. He came up between the pilots with an alteration of course—300 degrees.

"Those winds, Captain," he said. "You were right."

"We're falling behind flight plan?"

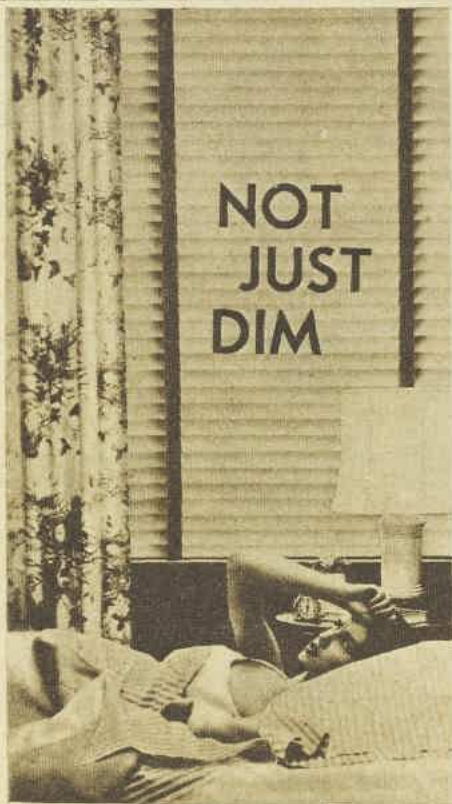
"Fifteen minutes late already."

Bellamy swung the aircraft round the required five degrees to starboard. All he said was, "And another ten hours to go!"

Gradually the flickering beam from the lighthouse, last outpost of Europe, moved farther and farther behind the aircraft till it was no more than a spark on the line of the horizon. Then it, too, vanished into the night, and Emperor Able Dog, cutting her lonely road steadily west against the resisting wind, was abandoned to the dark Atlantic.

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knees had turned to water, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and the box of peppermints shook in his hand.

Here, then, was Roberta. With a smile she accepted the box of peppermints, explained to the reporters how Henry had remembered her youthful fondness for the sweets, then laughingly posed with her arm through Henry's before graciously ending the interview.

Dizzily, Henry recovered his senses and indicated he had a car waiting outside the airport.

"How sweet of you, Henry," said Roberta. "I believe Aunt Agnes has had an accident. I would really like to go straight to see her, but I must put in an appearance at a little reception some friends have prepared for me. Would you mind very much if I asked you to take me there first?"

"Why, of course not," said Henry gallantly.

He was recovering from the first shock of meeting this new and exciting Roberta and an odd feeling was beginning to stir within him. He was already aware of a warm softness in her manner to which he was unaccustomed, and the sweetness with which she made her request was a pleasing change from the cool directions of Priscilla or Aunt Agnes.

They went to the party in Roberta's honor, and what with the presence of Roberta and a few potent cocktails the world to Henry began to take on an extremely rosy hue. In fact, he could hardly remember when he had last enjoyed himself so much. He had never met such friendly people, his quips and sallies had never met with such laughter and appreciation, and music had never sounded sweeter.

When at last they left for Aunt Agnes' place Henry realised with a shock that it was very late and he hadn't even phoned Priscilla. At Aunt Agnes' he went straight to the phone, but it only rang in cold, empty silence at Priscilla's end.

The next morning, feeling more subdued, he rang Priscilla again, but she had already left

Continuing . . . "R" Stands for Red

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for the laboratory. He found her already in her white overalls, looking as smart and efficient as ever.

"I'm sorry about last night, Priscilla," he began. "But Aunt Agnes asked me at the last moment to meet a young friend of hers."

"So I understand," Priscilla's observation was cool and unperturbed, which somehow irritated Henry. He thought at least she might have been annoyed.

"In fact," went on Priscilla, "there's quite an interesting picture of the meeting in this morning's paper."

And she showed Henry the paper with a picture of the smiling Roberta with her arm tucked through Henry's. Underneath a short paragraph told of the return of Roberta Howard, a successful young actress, soon to appear in "The Last of Lucinda."

Henry swallowed, but felt there was nothing more to say, so Priscilla folded the paper without further comment.

Henry went on with his work, but could not banish the disturbing emotions the meeting with Roberta had aroused. Her glowing beauty, her warm friendliness kept coming back to him with disconcerting effect, an effect he began to realise that Priscilla had never had upon him. He tried to banish these feelings of disloyalty, but without much success.

It had been Henry's ambition to gain the Morton Scholarship, and if he succeeded he meant to propose to Priscilla and then go abroad to continue his work after they were married. It had always seemed the logical conclusion to his work and courtship.

Why, then, when everything seemed so simple and clear-cut, should he have these disturbing emotions? But what if he did not gain the scholarship? Henry always felt cold at the thought. He knew Priscilla's heart was set on his winning it, and he felt he could not propose if he failed.

Roberta sent him tickets for the opening of "The Last of Lucinda," in which she had a leading part, and immediately he phoned Priscilla to see if she would care to go with him.

Priscilla paused a moment before answering without enthusiasm: "Very well, Henry, if you are so keen to go. I had hoped we could go to the concert, but perhaps we can leave that."

Henry was not so much aware of the play as of Roberta.



"I told sis you were here. She gave a glad little cry and went back to sleep."

Her warmth, her fire, her laughter, and her tears projected beyond the footlights and enwrapped Henry.

When the play was over and he was helping Priscilla into her wrap she said with a touch of condescension, "Well, Roberta seemed really made for the part, don't you think? But the star was wonderful, wasn't she?"

"Yes, I suppose so," agreed Henry, then added uncertainly, "Would you care to meet Roberta? She asked me to go to a little party in her dressing-room after the show."

"Well, you go, Henry, if

you want to," said Priscilla with apparent graciousness, "but I'm rather tired; I'd rather take a cab straight home, I think."

Henry, masking his disappointment, wouldn't let her go alone, but it proved rather a silent ride in the cab.

He rang Roberta to apologise for his absence at the party and to praise her performance.

"How nice of you to praise me, Henry," she said in her rich, warm tones, then a gurgle of laughter came over the phone. "In fact, when I look

put up with me I'd like to come."

"Why, Henry, I'd love you to come." Her pleasure came warm and sincere, even on the phone.

She was waiting for him with Aunt Agnes' dog when he arrived in his battered two-seater car. The drowsy warmth of the day put them in a reminiscent mood after Aunt Agnes' ample dinner, and they wandered about the house and garden remembering events and incidents, and things that were no more, like the vanished rabbit hutch. Henry could not remember when he had last spent so happy a day.

Roberta went down to the car to see him off. She tucked her hand through his arm as she had done at their first meeting.

"Good-bye, Henry," she said softly. "I won't be staying here much longer."

A feeling of panic rose in Henry. How could he lose her, when he had only just found her?

"Roberta," he said uncertainly. His hands closed on her smooth bare arms and, bending, he kissed her, leaving her in no doubt as to his feelings.

"Dear Henry," she whispered, "I could never forget you. Now you really had better go."

Henry went, and all the way home battled between what he now knew was his love for Roberta and his loyalty to Priscilla. He rose after a sleepless night and was shaving when the phone rang. It was Professor Hudson, who had just received the name of the successful winner of the scholarship. He was sorry if Henry was very disappointed, but it had been awarded to Gosforth, who, the Professor had to admit, had worked very hard for it, and was, too, a little older than Henry.

Henry thanked Professor Hudson, offered his congratulations to Gosforth, then put down the phone almost absently. He stood quite still for a minute trying to realise what it meant. The end of his hopes and aspirations? He could not

believe it. But he knew he could not now propose to Priscilla. He had a sudden feeling of lightheartedness.

He finished shaving, breakfasted with unexpected heartiness, and went to the laboratory. As he got out of his car he noticed Gosforth's car parked a little farther along, and, on an impulse, seeing it was occupied, he went briskly along with the intention of personally congratulating Gosforth. As he drew level with the car he was astonished to find Gosforth busily engaged in kissing Priscilla, who had snuggled beside him.

Henry coughed discreetly and, startled, they turned towards him.

"My congratulations, Gosforth," said Henry dryly, "and to Priscilla, too, it seems."

Priscilla got out of the car. Her face was very pink.

"Henry," she said, "there is something I wish to tell you."

"I will save you the trouble, Priscilla," said Henry kindly. "I see it is Gosforth you prefer. Well, Priscilla, I wish you every happiness."

He nodded pleasantly to the thunderstruck Gosforth and continued walking up the street. He hardly realised his destination till he found himself beside the phone box. What had happened to him? He had not gained the scholarship and he had not proposed to Priscilla, yet he felt strangely lighthearted and happy.

In a moment of clarity he realised he had actually feared gaining the scholarship, feeling he was not prepared for the work it would entail. In another twelve months, perhaps, yes. As for Priscilla, he had never really loved her. He had admired her greatly, but he knew now it was the warmth and fire and beauty of Roberta to which he wished to come home.

A bird whistled in the tree by the phone box and, whistling, too, Henry went in and dialled Aunt Agnes' number, and in a moment Roberta's soft, warm voice told him all he wished to know.

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Continuing . . .

He Married the Boss' Daughter

[from page 41]

indignation. In another moment she'd blurt out a lot of things that Amos did not want to hear.

"Nothing's wrong, Josie," he said. "Send Mr. Sweig in." She went out, and Amos covered his face and tried not to think about it. He knew how Joyce's unscrupulous, ambitious mind worked. He could almost pity Rosemary, except that she had been warned so many, many times about the guy.

Mr. Sweig came in with the obsequious belligerence that was characteristic of him. He was a small, white-haired man who had worked for Mr. Beatty for thirty years. Most of the work Amos now did had once been done—if it was done at all—by Mr. Sweig.

They were not friends. Mr. Sweig obviously had his secret opinion of young men who married soft jobs. Mr. Sweig, yes-man, glorified file clerk, indecisive putter, and air-tight bottle-neck, was one of the problems Amos would leave behind today. But he smiled.

"Hello, Mr. Sweig. What's the scoop this morning?"

Mr. Sweig sat down on an austere straight-backed chair. "Good morning. I don't like to bother you, but the stockholders' meeting on that car-loading deal is Friday, and Mr. Halloran says he hasn't received our proxy yet."

Amos ran his fingers through his hair and tried to focus his mind on things. "I'm sorry. I've got it. Mr. Beatty or I will be there in person," he said.

Mr. Sweig's lips tightened. "Did Mr. Beatty say so?"

"No, but—"

"Pardon me, Halloran always votes our stock."

The details of the deal came back to Amos. It was a typical Beatty set-up, a small parcel of family land down at the harbor, leased to a car-loading firm that owned the property on both sides. In addition to leasing the land, the Beattys owned stock in the company.

Neither lease nor stock was very profitable and now a larger firm wanted to take over the whole operation and had made an attractive offer. The catch was that they wanted the Beatty land, too. Amos had tried to pin his father-in-law down on it, but the Old Man had always evaded him. A Beatty hated like sin to part with land.

Amos held his temper. "The other stockholders like this deal and we mustn't be dogs in the manger about this little dab of land. At the very least, one of us ought to be at the meeting, if only as a courtesy."

"Halloran has always voted our stock and that property has been in the family for sixty-one years," Mr. Sweig insisted firmly. "Mr. Beatty's grandfather used to hunt there. Those lots are hallowed by memories."

"Hallowed or haunted?" Amos rasped, his temper slipping a notch. "Is this a business or a gallery of family ghosts?"

Mr. Sweig shot to his feet. His face was red. "I'm sorry, but that was not called for, and I feel you have exceeded your authority. I have always sent Halloran our proxy. I must ask you for that file, Mr. Belden."

He knew Amos was on his way out, and he could hardly wait. To Mr. Sweig, a ruined marriage meant only that he would regain some of his lost importance around here. Rosemary simply did not understand the intrigue that went on in a big city office, especially this one, where the lines of management were already so indistinct. And this old man was one of the worst office politicians Amos had ever met.

He was also a frightened man. Amos had heard him talking about it. Mr. Sweig's dog had bitten somebody and his liability insurance had expired. The Mr. Sweig who was being sued for damages was inseparable from the Mr. Sweig who had worked here for thirty years. In his present state of mind, Mr. Sweig could grow maudlin over his loyalty to the Beatty family while helping to ruin Mr. Beatty's daughter.

RUNNING an office was made up of a million such complexities, and it was ten times as hard when a man was only a "special assistant," with no real authority. A man had to be very skilful with people like Mr. Sweig. Personal problems, these things were called.

Ken Joyce was a frightened man, too. He was terrified of failure, but he knew all about office intrigue. He knew the value of calling the Old Man's daughter by her first name, with a smile indicating that he could tell more if he chose. Yet he, too, was loyal.

In a way, Ken Joyce and what he had done to Amos and Rosemary was just another personal problem. Amos felt the panic rise in him again. Why should he fret about a silly parcel of family land? He was through!

The load lifted from his mind explosively, leaving him

almost giddy with relief. "All right, why not?" he said.

He went to the filing cabinet and opened the top drawer, where Miss Gonzalez kept "current" matters, to get out the file for Mr. Sweig. Here in a back compartment, Amos kept an extra necktie and the firm's tickets to Santa Anita, together with the list of the people entitled to use them.

And here also was a gun, a .45 automatic with a full clip. Amos did not know whose gun it was. He had inherited it with the office. His hand closed on the butt of the gun.

He stood there a moment, thinking calmly of murder. If ever a man had it coming Ken Joyce did.

On Amos' desk was his favorite picture of Rosemary, looking back over her shoulder, her head tilted, those black bangs and narrowed eyes emphasizing the Egyptian look.

It was a good face. There was great stuff in that headstrong kid, and she was, after all, just a kid. She hadn't had the hard tutoring that experience had given the guy she had married.

He loved her. Amos' face did not change, but the frenzy came to a peak in him and passed, leaving his head clear. He was through, but he would not slam the door as he went out. He had come close to killing Ken Joyce and smearing Rosemary's name forever. He shivered as he realised just how close he had come to it.

He put the gun down, closed the drawer, and turned around. Mr. Sweig had not seen the gun. He was standing there waiting impatiently.

"Well, Mr. Belden?" he said.

Amos did not quite recognise his own voice. Certainly he did not recognise the firm, crisp words nor the light-hearted, easy feeling of being no longer Mr. Son-in-Law. For once in his life he had nothing to lose by doing what came naturally.

"I've changed my mind," he said. "I'm going to buck Halloran and I want you to back me up. The Old Man has to think of his sisters. They'd never sell anything, but you and I are businessmen and we've got to make up his mind for him. If we don't, who will?"

"I didn't ask for this responsibility, but it goes with the job. I'm not going to let the Old Man down. I hope you

To page 75

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Continuing . . . He Married the Boss' Daughter

from page 74

won't, either, but regardless of what you do I'll do what I think necessary. However, I should much prefer to have your support—"

He laid it on thick. He handled the old gentleman the way he had handled the kid in the basement garage. He told Mr. Swig what he expected of him, meanwhile shouldering him tactfully towards the door. The phone rang and Amos got rid of Mr. Swig rather abruptly before answering it. It was unreasonable to hope it would be Rosemary calling, but he hoped anyway.

It was Miss Leota. The old music teacher talked in a shrill, incoherent voice. Suddenly she began crying brokenly.

"Amos, don't send me any more money! I couldn't accept it! I just couldn't, that's all! Oh, Amos, I'm sorry—so terribly sorry about everything. It's not your fault!"

He put the phone down. So! Rosemary had been to see Miss Leota already. The old lady would let Rosemary cry on her shoulder, but Miss Leota had a full set of stiff principles and not much toleration for some of the modern attitudes.

He went on with his work, and if he stepped on a toe or two, he did not care. He made an appointment for the Old Man to see the Internal Revenue agent this afternoon, without bothering to consult Mr. Swig. He shot off a wire

to Phoenix, signing the Old Man's name to it. He dictated a letter to Halloran, breaking the news bluntly.

And all the while he worked he thought of Miss Leota and her old-fashioned narrowness about marriage.

Change the name, but not the letter—

Change for worse instead of better!

The B on his desk pad stood for "Beatty," not "Belden." He had worked here two years and did not even have an initial he could call his own. That rhyme worked both ways.

A small but distinctive commotion, like an early spring rip-tide, always went through the office when Mr. Beatty arrived. Amos waited for it to subside, giving Mr. Swig a chance to take care of the morning mail and the early phone calls. It was almost noon by then. At home, Rosemary would have left word with the maid that she would be out.

"I'll be in the Old Man's office," he told Miss Gonzalez, "but don't transfer any calls in there. We'll be tied up."

As he went down the hall he saw a light go on in Ken Joyce's office. Sometimes Ken had to go to court before he came in, but today Amos was getting a break on timing. Mr. Swig smiled a rather baffling smile at Amos and waved him

on into the inner office. For once, Amos did not care what that smile meant. He was through.

But he dreaded this part of it. He liked Carl A. Beatty. The Old Man was sitting at his desk scuffling through his mail. He did not meet Amos' eyes.

"Morning, Ame," he said. "Sit down. With you in a minute."

He knew what was coming and he dreaded it. Amos threw a leg across a corner of the desk, waiting until his father-in-law was ready to face things as Amos had faced them.

Then he said, "I suppose you've talked to Rosemary."

Carl A. Beatty frowned.

"Yes, she asked me to stop by this morning. She tells me it's all over, Ame. I'm sorry to hear it."

"You think I'm not?"

"Any use asking you to try just once more?"

Amos shrugged. "It's her move, sir. This time she went a little too far."

"Exactly how far?" Mr. Beatty said coldly.

Amos thought how to say it. "Don't misunderstand me, sir. Technically she's innocent, but she let a guy flirt with her at the expense of her reputation. He's on the make. She didn't know that at first, but she does now and she'll wreck our home rather than admit a mistake. That's about how it shapes up. She won't give an inch and I can't—not and still call myself a man. I've backed down once too often."

Mr. Beatty relaxed visibly and Amos marvelled at the Old Man's ability to hide his feelings. He had known, of course, what was being said, yet he had stood aloof, enduring the whippers about his own daughter, letting her husband handle it. He was a fair man, a man of honor and dignity.

"Caesar's wife," he murmured. "Well, you've a right to insist that she protect the name you gave her."

"That's it exactly! Rosemary doesn't think so."

"It settles one thing, anyway," Mr. Beatty said restlessly. "As of today, Amos, I want you to take over as general manager. You seem to have found your nerve. What did you do to poor Swig? Butter wouldn't melt in his mouth this morning! It appears I'm not going to be bothered about that car-loading proposition after all. You're handling it, he says."

Amos still sat with one leg across the corner of the desk.

"Oh, I know—you came in to resign," the Old Man was saying. "It's not necessary, Ame. I'd have done this long ago, except for what it would have done to the organisation. Nepotism is a dirty word. It takes a strong man to survive its taint, and you have not been very strong. Somehow you are today. I think you could handle the job even as my son-in-law if you'd take hold as you did with Swig."

"But apparently nepotism is no longer a worry. You and Rosemary have settled that. I'll dictate a memo to Swig today. We won't release it until Rosemary files for her divorce, but it'll be all over the office anyway or I don't know anything about human nature! You're entitled to that much after the malicious gossip you've put up with lately. I wish I could see their faces when the word goes around!"

He sounded bitter. He had a right to be bitter. He had been thinking this over for a long, long time and his mind was made up. He would stand by his daughter, but he would also be fair to Amos—and to the family interests. He was quite a guy and he deserved a break.

"Don't be in too big a hurry about that memo, sir," said

Amos. "I've got one little job to do first and it may impair my usefulness here."

"What job?" the Old Man cried.

"I'm going to bust Ken Joyce in the nose."

Mr. Beatty touched a button three times, summoning Mr. Swig to take dictation. "I've been wondering why you didn't do that long ago," he said. "I did not realise what a difficult position you've been in, Ame. I am not very proud of anything this morning and I'm not used to that."

Amos turned and walked rapidly from the office. Mr. Swig was just entering with his notebook. He had quite a shock coming. This would be the office whisper to end all office whispers. It was amazing; the effect the Old Man's daughter's personal affairs had on the Old Man's business affairs. An invisible ripple radiated from Rosemary's very bedroom and shook this whole building. That was what so many people did not understand—the subtle link of personalities in an organisation as big and complex as this one.

But Ken Joyce understood it.

Ken missed no beats. Ken looked up with his pleasant smile as Amos came in. He was a big, handsome, fair-haired man who made friends quickly, but not closely. That was one of the reasons Amos used to pity him—he was such a lone wolf.

Today Ken was afraid, but he knew he was safe. He had run into the Old Man's daughter a time or two, quite casually, and had bought her a drink. What was wrong with that? He smiled his disarming smile and said, "Hello, Amos. Something I can do for you?"

Amos studied him. He was not enjoying this as much as he had thought he would. He got a little queasy as he thought of the .45 and how close he had come to using it.

"Yes," he said, "you can stand up. I'm going to pound you to a pulp, for Rosemary's sake. I want people to see you slinking through the office with a mark or two on your face. They know you and they know Rosemary and they know me. They'll get the point."

Joyce just sat there, which was strange. He was full of fears in his mind, but Amos knew he was not a physical coward. Amos took a step towards him and saw something puzzling. He went behind the desk and pulled up the Venetian blinds, to let more light in on Ken's face.

Ken spun his chair quickly, turning his back, but there was no way to hide so black a black eye. He had probably spent hours last night bathing it in cold water. He had tried to cover the blue-green bruise with shaving talc this morning, but it was too vivid to hide.

Someone had hung a dandy on him! Amos' heart jumped crazily. Only one person could have done it, and she was too stubborn to admit that things had gone so far. Or too scared and confused.

Amos remembered the whiteness of her face last night, and the tense way her toes had curled. He saw her again in his mind, running around barefoot in that skimpy nightie, drinking buckets of coffee and smoking like an addict.

He remembered, too, her big jade ring. It had been her mother's, and in its heavy mounting it was as good as a set of brass knuckles. She had slugged Ken! The kid had swung on him, and then did not know how to tell Amos about it.

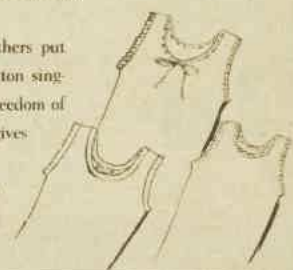
Amos lowered the blinds with a clatter that made Ken jump.

To page 78



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8 am

A FIRE, DID YOU SAY? 'Course I'll hurry, but you don't expect me to miss my breakfast, do you, *not when there's Kellogg's Corn Flakes?* How d'you expect me to get my strength up, anyway? Boy, they even *smell* good! When I get through this little lot I'll be as strong as ten firemen.



12.30 pm

40-HOUR WEEK FOR MOTHERS? Don't make me laugh! Good thing it only takes a minute to fix myself a nourishing lunch. Milk, fruit and Kellogg's Corn Flakes. *Mmm!* just what I needed. Wonderful the energy you get from these Kellogg's Corn Flakes. . . Where *did* I leave that broom?



5 pm

THE WAY THESE DOLLS PLAY UP! I'm really quite worn out. I don't think I want any tea, thank you, unless—*Oh, Mummy!* Kellogg's Corn Flakes! Yes, please! I am a teeny bit hungry after all. I mean, couldn't you possibly leave the packet? I might just want a second helping.



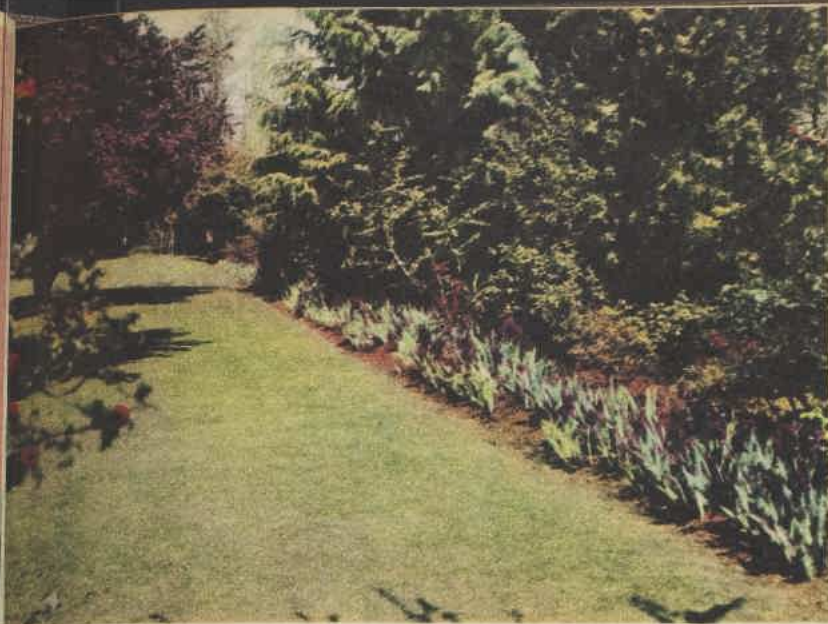
10 pm

LONG TIME BETWEEN SNACKS in this house! Wonder if those kids left any Kellogg's Corn Flakes. What luck—another packet! Here's one snack that won't keep me awake with indigestion. These Kellogg's Corn Flakes taste just as good for supper as they do for breakfast.

BIG IN FLAVOUR

ENERGY FROM
THE SUN

BIG IN FOOD VALUE!



A CANBERRA GARDEN shows a fine spread of lawn bordered with trees, shrubs, and beds of bearded iris. The *Prunus nigra* (at left) contrasts with the *Cedrus deodara*, *Koster's blue spruce*, and other conifers.

Green Summer Lawns

• Every lawn needs careful treatment in summer, whether it is a good one that has been tended for years, a thin one grown in poor soil, or a run-down lawn in which the grass is yellowish.

THESE are the "musts" of summer lawn care:

Regular mowing to a sensible height; regular feeding with a nitrogenous fertiliser; sensible watering; the careful application of weed-killers such as 24D; regular inspection of lawns for such troubles as dollar patch and brown patch, and control of pests such as grass beetles and their larvae, and mole crickets.

It is really marvelous what a few months' conscientious management will do for a lawn, even one that was faultily laid down.

The special needs for lawn success during summer include a sharp, well-oiled mower or a modern power motor; a quantity of sulphate of ammonia; plenty of well-sieved (preferably light) soil, good water supply, and up-to-date sprinklers or plastic hose.

A "medicine" chest, well stocked with weedicides, fungicides, and insecticides with which to deal with the weeds, fungal troubles and insect pests that sometimes attack grasses or spoil the look of good lawns, is also recommended.

Top-dressing has become a fetish with many gardeners, whether their grasses need such treatment or not, and its use is little understood by the rank-and-file back or front yarder.

Heavy layers should, at all times, be avoided. However, if grasses such as buffalo or kikuyu become spongy, with much of their root system exposed to the air and sunlight—often due to erosion by wind, heavy rain, or careless watering—light top-dressing will prove beneficial.

When the turf is very roots and spongy (i.e., springy, open and porous), top-dress gradually. Do not smother the grass, particularly in hot, humid weather or wet seasons.

Cut the grass as short as possible when the turf gets spongy. If weeds of broad-leaved variety are present in any quantity, apply a hormone weedicide such as 24D and repeat about a month later to catch seedlings which may spring up.

Rolling is not necessary unless the turf has been recently laid and is bumpy and uneven. Too much rolling causes matting of the grass roots after a few years, and frequently involves spiking or forking, or even the lifting and relaying of badly matted grass.

Where the lawn is in moderately good to good condition, feed it lightly with sulphate of ammonia to retain the chlorophyll or green color in the grass, and water sensibly. Many people waste tens of thousands of gallons

of water every year on lawns. Except in very sandy areas and during intense heatwaves, no lawn needs to be saturated by sprinklers for hours every day of the week. It is doubtful whether such treatment is necessary, even in the driest areas.

Provided the foundation of the lawn is well built up with organic matter that holds water well, and is not merely turf placed on a bed of deep sand, one thorough saturation with the hose or sprinklers each week will be enough, except during very long, fierce heatwaves.

Raising the mower blades so that the grass is not cut too short during summer months is another wise precautionary measure.

The extra length of the grass blades protects the roots and prevents undue drying out and yellowing during hot, dry weather.

Very short mowing in hot weather is the chief cause of yellow lawns from December to March. This is clearly evidenced in the bleached base left when long grass has been cropped severely.

Be content with merely clipping or mowing off the grass blade tops, instead of giving lawns a very close shave. This may not be as satisfactory to the tidy soul as "a skinner," but it does result in all-round better color.

Where water is precious and heavy dews are experienced every night and morning, much of this moisture can be conserved by the early bird if a long, fairly heavy bamboo cane or "swishy" smooth-barked stick is used to displace the dew.

This should be used as horizontally as possible and be passed lightly through or over the long grass before sun-up.

Lawns of mixed grasses should be cut no shorter than 1½ in. during hot weather, as the roots are liable to get sunburnt, and dry out rapidly during drought.

Letting grass grow too tall is also not wise. It is poor practice to let lawns grow up tall and coarse while one is away on vacation, following this with a close cutting on one's return. This will ruin a lawn no matter how good and strong the grasses.

Lead arsenate scattered and watered-in wormy lawns or those containing grubs or larvae of various beetles and weevils will give good control. To kill mole crickets, squirt chlordane or DDT down the vertical holes they make in the soil.

Recently chemical controls for rubbishy species such as summergrass or crabgrass have been introduced, and where these pests are recognised, one of the many proprietary preparations should be used for their control.

It pays to apply them early before the grass gets big and out of hand.

GARDENING



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Continuing . . .

He Married the Boss' Daughter

from page 75

He looked up at Amos with
shame in his eyes.

"I don't know what got into
me!" he gulped. "I never was
a wife-chaser, and you've cer-
tainly been square with me! I
—I just don't know what made
me do it!"

"Skip it," said Amos. "Here
it drops. I'll just add this, Ken:
Nobody's after your hide. No-
body wants your job. Get a
grip on yourself! Have as
much confidence in your work
as the Old Man and I have in
it, and you won't have to play
office politics. And as far as
I'm concerned, this ends it."

He hurried back to the Old
Man's office, passing Mr.
Sweig again on the way. Mr.
Sweig stared in bewilderment
at the notes in his book. There
was a time for force and a
time for tact.

Amos clapped Mr. Sweig on
the back and whispered,
"Thanks for backing me up,
pal. The Old Man appreciates
it."

Mr. Sweig stared.
Carl A. Beatty was looking
for something in his desk
calendar, muttering under his
breath. He was back in the
swing of things. You got the
Old Man's undivided attention
for only a few moments each
day.

"I didn't do it," said Amos.

"No?" said Mr. Beatty.
"No. Apparently Rosemary
beat me to it. That ring of
hers almost tore his eye out.
He's wearing a beaut!"

The Old Man found what
he was looking for. He tore
the page from the calendar
and put it in his pocket. "Knew
I had that address some-
where!" he said triumphantly.
"Yes, she told me she clouted
him, and I told her she was
still in a jam for getting her-
self in a spot where she had
to fight her way out. It's out
of your system now, isn't it?"

"Well—" said Amos.
"All right, it is. Now make
it up to her."

"How?" Amos cried.
"I don't know. She's a per-
son, isn't she? Look at the way
you handle Sweig. Look at
how you manage me! You
haven't fooled me a bit on this
car-loading deal! You wanted
your own way and you got it,
no matter what I thought.
Doesn't your own marriage
mean as much to you?"

"Yes, but—" said Amos.
The Old Man put on his
neat homburg and brushed
the lint from his neat blue
suit.

"She loves you," he said
crisply. "She ran to Miss
Leota for sympathy and got
none. She ran to me for sym-
pathy and got none. There's

no one else she can complain
to, and she's finally got to
face up to it and tell you that
she's sorry. All other exits
are closed and she still loves
you."

"She'll never cop a plea!"
said Amos. "Not Rosemary!"
"Not if you take that atti-
tude! Call her up and keep
in mind that you love each
other and that wives are worth
as much tact as anyone in this
office. You've been saving all
your tact for us and laying
down the law at home. Try
it the other way for a change.
Lay down the law here and
use a little diplomacy on the
girl you love. You may use
my phone. And use your
head, too."

HE headed for the
door. He had his own way of
managing people—and how
very, very much Rosemary was
like him! It was a mistake ever
to underestimate Carl A.
Beatty. Rosemary was pretty
young, but it was probably a
mistake to underestimate her,
too.

"I don't want any divorces
in my family. Fix it up,
Amos," said the Old Man. "And
see that Internal Revenue man,
because I certainly have no
intention of doing it. And let
me know what you decide on
that Phoenix deal. And if
Halloran calls, you handle him.
He's an old friend of mine
and you're not getting me into
a tussle with him! And oh,
yes. You kids have dinner
with me tomorrow night.
Damn foolishness, all this
quarrelling. Tact, boy; tact!"

He went out with his charac-
teristic quick step, like a short-
stop charging a double-play
ball.

Amos reached for the phone.
He licked his lips nervously as
he dialled. This had to be
done right.

The usual invisible ripple of
relaxation did not go through
the office as the Old Man left.
He had left someone in charge
this time.

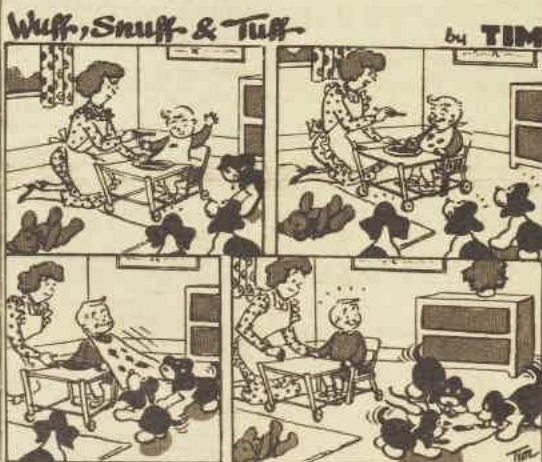
"Hello," came Rosemary's
voice. She sounded stuffed up.
She had been crying again.

Amos swallowed. "Honey,"
he said, "I'm a hound-dog.
I'm sorry. I—I—I—"

A few minutes later Mr.
Sweig opened the door. He
closed it quickly. Amos was
still on the phone, but he was
not saying anything. He was
just listening—listening and
smiling.

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FOR THE CHILDREN



Outdoor Girls

NEED SKIN PROTECTION . . .



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oils, leaving it dry and
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Peter Finch in the limelight

From LONDON and HOLLYWOOD

SHOOTING on Ealing's "The Shiralee" had to be rearranged to do only odd bits because Peter Finch in his swagman's role didn't look scruffy enough. He shaved off his stubble for the Royal film performance to meet the Queen.

It has been a strange week for "Finchie." In addition to being the central figure of the Royal Command film, "The Battle of the River Plate," with critics' plaudits ringing in his ears, Peter is now submitting to having his hand pumped by a batch of visiting German journalists. They are delighted at his humane and realistic portrayal of the Graf Spee captain.

CAR-BUYING craze has hit the unit of "Love in the Afternoon" in Paris. It started when director Billy Wilder bought himself a lush new Rolls-Royce.

Audrey Hepburn bought herself an all-white Thunderbird—very popular with the stars. It stays in her garage until husband Mel Ferrer rejoins Audrey from his location in St. Tropez with "Harvest Thunder." Audrey is having trouble passing her driving test.

Even Gary Cooper has been stirred out of his idleness—between takes—to buy himself a vintage Bentley. But he prefers buying suits. He has 200 in his wardrobe, which he clears out and restocks completely every two years.

VAN JOHNSON is leaving for location shooting in Spain in "Action of the Tiger." He is delighted with the leading lady cast to star opposite him. She is gorgeous Martine Carol, idol of the French screen. Crowded Van, "I adore blondes—particularly when they are shaped like Martine."

To join Van in Spain, la belle Martine has had to suspend work on her autobiography. Said she: "Writing your memoirs is a wonderful way of keeping your sense of proportion. It makes you think

back and realise just how big a role chance plays in your career."

DID you know that the Duchess of Windsor almost played a "bit" part in "The Monte Carlo Story" on location? But not quite. The film's director received a note of apology at the last moment; the Duchess could not take part in the gambling scenes. She was replaced by a Russian princess.

CONTINUING their artistic separation, Ingrid Bergman's director-husband, Roberto Rossellini, is now off to Russia. The Soviet Government has given him permission to make a film there which will be called "Russia Today."

FROM Rome I hear that Linda Christian, who has been making a royal progress through Europe for months with Edmund Purdom in close attendance, now has a new escort—a rich Italian. And lately there has been little sign of Mr. Purdom.

JACK HAWKINS' newfound freedom from contracts does not mean he has been wallowing in change of parts. After co-starring romantically with Arlene Dahl in "Fortune Is a Woman," he is going back to the job of winning wars. This time it is Japan and "The Bridge Over the River." Alec Guinness and William Holden will be joining him.

EDDIE FISHER and his wife, Debbie Reynolds, are planning a European trip so they will be able to make personal appearances at the London, Paris, Rome, and Berlin premieres of their first co-starring picture, "Bundle of Joy." Fisher is hoping also



ACTOR Robert Wagner and ex-model Barbara Darrow managed to get in plenty of sightseeing while they were on location in the French Alps. In this picture they are about to embark on the Teleferique, the spider-like cable car that hauls passengers up and down from Alpine heights.

that he will be able to return to the London Palladium, where he scored a big hit in 1953. The couple propose to sail for England in the New Year.

ADVANCE location units in Argentina have reported the receipt of several threats against the proposed filming of "The Moment of Truth," the story of deposed Argen-

tinian strong-man Juan Peron. Apparently these threats are the only reason for the hold-up in starting filming there.

TOP American showman Josh Logan and Maurice Chevalier are busily discussing a picture version of Logan's Broadway show "Fanny." At the same time Logan has been talking with Audrey Hepburn about doing "Sayonara."

Talking of Films

★ *That Certain Feeling*

COMEDIAN Bob Hope is disappointingly unfunny in Paramount's new widescreen comedy, "That Certain Feeling."

But this is not entirely the fault of Bob himself. The material that is provided for him is to blame to some extent. It is not really suited to Hope's style and talent.

According to the opening credits, it took four writers, including the film's producer and director, Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, both of whom have an adroit way with screen humor, to make the script of "That Certain Feeling" into a suitable vehicle for Hope. It could be an instance of too many cooks spoiling the brew. In any case, the comedy never does manage to get really airborne.

About the most you can expect of it are a few laughs and a snicker here and there.

Bob Hope is cast as a neurotic artist who cannot keep a job until he is engaged as a ghost for a stuffed-shirt cartoonist.

This last role is played in the broadest way possible by George Sanders.

Eva Marie Saint is the romantic interest.

Pearl Bailey's personality and singing help to brighten the scene.

★ *A Kiss Before Dying*

FILMED in color CinemaScope in an American university town, "A Kiss Before Dying"

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★★ Average
- No stars—below average

(United Artists) tells of a college hero on a murder jag.

There is no mystery about the villain of the story. Young Robert Wagner, the dream boy of the teenage set, is the lad who kisses and then kills.

His motive for committing murder is very simple. It's a fixed determination to allow nobody to stand in his way to money.

In its presentation, "A Kiss Before Dying" is a slick bit of work. But it simply doesn't thrill.

The uninspired acting of its cast is probably largely responsible for this reaction.

Star Robert Wagner absolutely drips with guilt from the moment that he shoves his wealthy and pregnant sweetheart (Joanne Woodward) over a high parapet and makes it look like suicide.

But the dead girl's sister (Virginia Leith) refuses to accept this verdict, and reopens the case.

Eventually the killer is tripped up in a situation of his own creation.

Neither Virginia Leith nor Jeffrey Hunter, who plays the amateur part-time sleuth who cracks the case, impresses.

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JO VAN FLEET, that talented character actress, with her young son Mike on the set of "Gunfight at the O.K. Corral," in which she appears with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas.

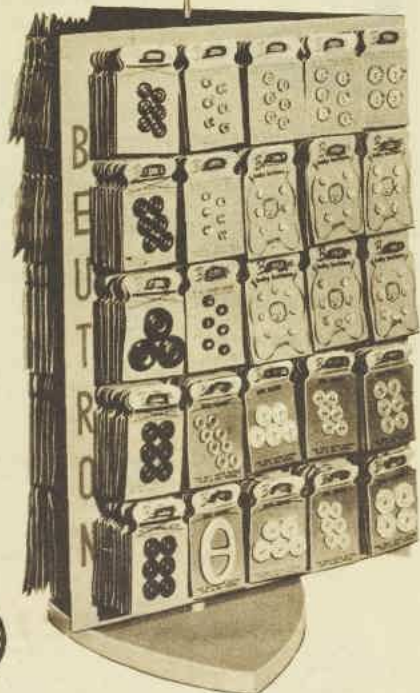
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[ADVERTISEMENT]

AVOIDING SUNBURN

By
MARGARET MERRIL

If you are thinking of spending the day in the sun and the wind, then be warned before it is too late. Nobody admires a woman with a fiery skin, so take care to protect against burning.

Oil yourself well with oil of ulan before you take to the sun, whether yours is a dry or oily skin, being sure to give special attention to your eyes, on which the oil should be thick. Tannic acid jelly type should be applied over the ulan by those with extra tender skins. Dark glasses will give your eyes added protection and look quite becoming.

When you come home, especially if you have been swimming, slip into a cool bath before massaging your body with oil of ulan. The rich emulsified oil penetrates the skin and replenishes natural oils, leaving you encircled with the delightful fragrance of dew-fresh perfume.

The sun in the great outdoors is good, but don't overdo it.

(Copyright: Margaret Merrill Beauty School)



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 21, 1956

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F4142.—Beginners' pattern for easy-to-make tailored shorts. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Requires 1 to 1 yard 36in. material. Price 2/6.



Fashion PATTERNS

• Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks after date of publication.

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

F4231.—Sleeveless blouse styled with a neat collar and finished with twin patch pockets. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1½ yards 36in. material. Price 3/.

F4231

F4345.—Smart four-piece holiday ensemble includes shorts, skirt, suntop, and contrasting jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires for skirt, shorts, and suntop 4½ yards 36in. striped material; for the jacket 2½ yards 36in. plain material. Price 4/6.



F4345



F4344



F4230

F4230.—Flared skirt designed for hip flat-tery. Sizes 24½, 26, 28, and 30in. waist. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/.

F4344.—Prettily styled for summer, a one-piece with a low-at-back collared neckline and softly flared skirt. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4½ yards 36in. material. Price 3/.

F4346.—Softly styled one-piece has a cool oval neckline and gathered skirt. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4½ yards 36in. material. Price 3/9.



F4346

Needlework Notions

No. 364.—MATERNITY SMOCK

Cool summer maternity smock is obtainable cut out ready to make in a floral printed tissue cotton. The color choice includes a multi-colored floral design on a pink, mauve, or blue background. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 24/9; 36 and 38in. bust 26/6. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

No. 365.—VANITY TABLE SET

The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice include white and cream Irish linen, and sheer cambric linen in pastel shades of blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Centre mat 11in. x 17in., small mats 8in. x 8in. Price 9/6. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

No. 366.—CUSHION COVER

Cushion cover with an unusual all-over design in a flower-and-leaf motif is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is British headcloth in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: 17in. x 17in. Price 8/9. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

No. 367.—SMALL GIRL'S SUNDRESS

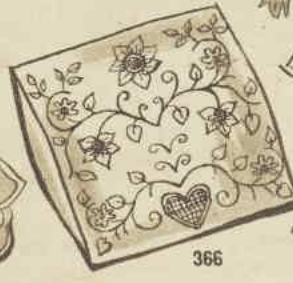
Prettily styled sundress obtainable cut out ready to make in printed Summer Magic cotton. The color choice includes red and green, lemon and blue, and lemon and green umbrella motifs all printed on a white ground. Sizes: Lengths 18in. and 19in. for 2 and 3 years 24/6; 20in. and 21in. for 4 and 5-to-6 years 26/-. Postage and registration 3/- extra.



364



365



367



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you've never been able to
give her before

... the marvellous, many-purpose, most-wanted
cooking appliance ... the time-and-money-saving

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AUTOMATIC FRYPAN

New this
Year!



... the *electric* frying pan that also
**GRILLS, BAKES,
ROASTS, STEWS,
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Here's an amazing cooking appliance that's really *new* and really *different*. Introduced to Australia only this year, it brings the Australian housewife an entirely revolutionary method of food preparation that *automatically* controls the cooking of an endless variety of wonderful dishes—ensuring perfect results every time. So easy to use, it saves time, saves worry. What's more, it gives a *new* and *different*, more delicious flavour to everything it cooks. Give her this marvellous kitchen help—*this* Christmas.

**On Easy Terms
FROM ALL
SUNBEAM DEALERS**

Christmas Cakes

By **LEILA C. HOWARD**, Our Food and Cookery Expert

● **Christmas is little more than a month away, and it is time to make and bake a fruit cake for the festive season.**

A GOOD Christmas cake is even in color with a smooth, moist texture, free from holes, and with the fruit evenly distributed.

The flavor improves and the cake cuts more smoothly if it is made three or four weeks before it is cut.

This does not apply to the icing.

Almond paste is best applied three or four days before the cake is to be cut and allowed to stand overnight before applying the covering icing and decoration.

CHRISTMAS CAKE

One pound butter, 1lb. raisins, 1lb. currants, 1lb. sultanas, 1lb. brown sugar, 1lb. mixed peel, 1 level teaspoon salt, 1 level teaspoon grated nutmeg, 10 eggs, 1 1/2lb. plain flour, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1/2 teaspoon almond essence, 1/2 cup brandy, 1 or 2oz. almonds, finely chopped.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream with essences. Add eggs, one at a time, then golden syrup and nutmeg. Pour brandy over fruit and chopped nuts before adding to the mixture, then work in flour and salt sifted together. Fill into tin, 9in. square, lined with two layers brown paper and one layer of greased paper. Bake 5 hours in a slow oven. Do not open oven door for at least 2 hours after the cake goes into the oven.

Note: This recipe may be halved

and two smaller cakes made in 7in. or 8in. tins, allowing 3 1/2 to 4 hours' baking time.

ROYAL ICING

(For piping decorations on cakes)
One egg-white, 7 or 8oz. sifted icing sugar.

Break egg-white into basin, add sifted icing sugar gradually, beat well until mixture holds its shape and stands in peaks, and is smooth and shiny. Keep covered with a damp cloth until ready for use.

PLASTIC ICING

(For covering cakes)
One pound crystal sugar, 1/2 pint cold water, 1/2lb. glucose, 1 tablespoon glycerine, pinch cream of tartar, 1oz. powdered gelatine, 1/2 pint hot (not boiling) water, 1/2lb. solid type white shortening, about 3/4lb. pure icing sugar, vanilla.

Grease top of a saucepan with butter. Boil crystal sugar, cold water, glucose, glycerine, and cream of tartar to 240deg. F. Remove from heat, cool a little, then carefully stir in the gelatine dissolved in the hot water. Add shortening, stir gently until shortening melts, add vanilla. Pour from saucepan into a large bowl, add sifted icing-sugar until mixture becomes white and firm. Or use the following method: Add about 2 1/2lb. sifted icing sugar to the boiled, cooled syrup, and leave for 24 hours. Turn on

to board or slab, and knead, gradually working in as much as possible of the remaining icing sugar. Roll to shape required on board dusted with icing sugar. Keep any surplus icing covered with food-wrapping plastic or a damp cloth to prevent a crust forming. Attach icing to the cake with a brushing of syrup (2 parts sugar to 1 part water), or slightly beaten egg-white.

ALMOND PASTE ICING

Quarter-pound marzipan meal, 1lb. sifted icing sugar, 2 tablespoons sherry, 2 egg-yolks, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Add marzipan meal to sifted icing

SANTA CLAUS and his sleigh, holly, Christmas bells, colorful parcels, and all the trimmings associated with Christmas, are used to decorate this charming cake.



DIRECTIONS for making and decorating this attractive Christmas cake are given on this page. See *Footprints in the Snow* cake below.

sugar, mix well. Beat egg-yolks with lemon juice and sherry, work into dry ingredients. Turn on to a pastry board dusted with sifted icing sugar, knead slightly, and roll to size and shape required.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW CAKE

Bake a pound cake in a 9in. round tin. Cover with almond paste and allow 24 hours to set. Roll out plastic icing to shape of cake and cover cake, smoothing surface with the hands dusted with sifted icing

sugar. The chimney is made by covering a small box with plastic icing. Mark with the back of a knife to represent bricks and paint with food coloring. Make 2 large boots from plastic icing and paint black. When dry, place in chimney, then pipe around top of chimney with Royal icing to form snow.

Cover small dolls with plastic icing to make angels. Pipe icing wings on greaseproof paper and when dry attach to dolls with Royal icing. Place near chimney. Stick small bon-bons around sides of cake with a dab of Royal icing. Mark footprints in the icing leading to the chimney. Pipe around edge of cake with Royal icing.

TWO CAKES illustrated at left are *Hearty Greetings* and *A Box of Fruit*. All cakes on this page were decorated by Miss Margaret Perkins, of Cremorne, N.S.W.

Continued on page 85



TRAINING TOMORROW'S ATHLETES TODAY!



One thing our Olympic coaches know is that it takes many years to develop a top-ranking athlete. Athletic efficiency, like mental efficiency, requires years of careful nurturing. The outstanding physical attributes of some of our finest sportsmen are directly associated to a foundation of wise diet and nourishment as youngsters. Case histories of many athletes prove how they benefited from Pro-Vita Weat-Harts—a regular part of their diet since an early age. The rich natural vitamins in Pro-Vita Weat-Harts will help your children build the physical vigour to win through life. Serve Pro-Vita Weat-Harts every morning, on cereal or fruit.

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**Midwinter
Modern**

MIDWINTER MODERN TABLEWARE has beauty of shape and designs unsurpassed—no wonder it is gaining every day in popularity. "Plant Life" illustrated is a design by Terence Conran on the Fashion shape, and is just one of many attractive Midwinter patterns now in stores. If you would like a leaflet and stockists' names, write to:

Midwinter Publicity Dept., A.W.W.S., Pottery Agencies Ltd., 187 Queen St., Melbourne, C.I., Victoria, Australia.

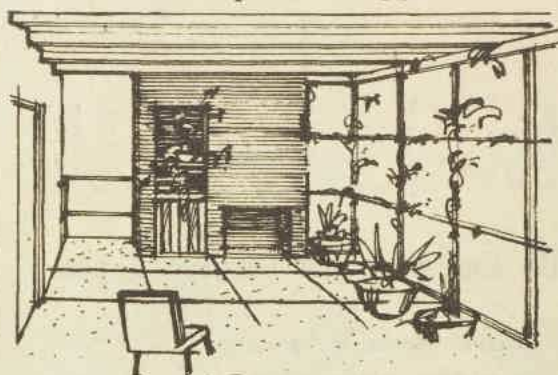
Adding a terrace

● Mrs. L. R. McGuinness, of Newcastle, N.S.W., had a billiard room built on to the back of her house and now wants to add a terrace to improve its appearance.

SHE also wants to provide some shelter for the doors of the billiard room and the adjoining laundry, where the rain from the south drives in.

Her problem is to provide this shelter from the weather, but also to allow the cool

ARCHITECT'S DIARY,
by Sydney architect
W. J. McMURRAY



southerly breeze to enter the house in summer.

For some time she has had the idea of building a terrace that would include a barbecue and space for an aquarium.

My suggestion (illustrated on this page) is a concrete-paved terrace supported on a dwarf brick wall. The eastern end of the terrace is shown built up in bricks to form a barbecue with an adjacent fuel cupboard.

In a recess over the cupboard are a few precast concrete shelves to hold small pot-plants.

The western wall could be built up in 4½ in. brickwork to form a substantial base for a timber framework on which to place an aquarium. Concealed colored lights among the glass tanks would make an interesting effect at night.

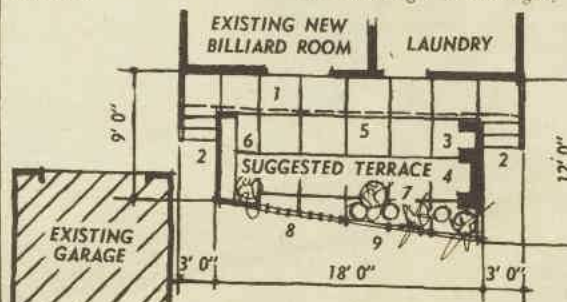
TERRACE has space for a barbecue and aquarium. It also gives protection from driving southerly rain.

The south wall of the terrace could have a squared trellis screen for climbing plants growing in brightly colored pots. Wire mesh on the screen would provide a hold for the climbing plants, which would form a windbreak.

Opposite the billiard-room door a panel of adjustable vertical louvers could be built to allow a little more control of winds.

A good way to protect the back doors from driving rain would be to cover the whole terrace with a pergola spanning from the existing wall of the house to the new trellis screen.

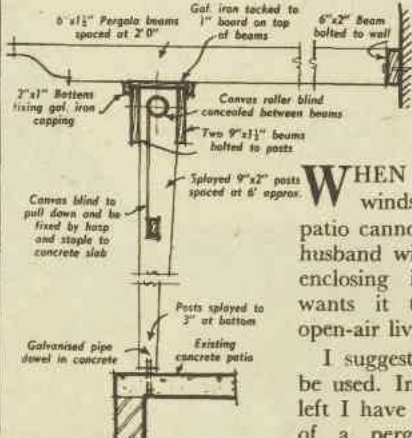
A 3ft. strip adjacent to the rear wall of the house could be sheeted with lin. boarding covered with three layers of bituminous felt and gravel to form a continuous hood.



PLAN SHOWS: 1, roofed section of pergola; 2, new concrete steps; 3, fuel store; 4, barbecue; 5, pergola cover; 6, racks for aquarium; 7, pot plants; 8, adjustable vertical louvers; 9, trellis screen.

ANOTHER WEATHER PROBLEM

● Another reader with a problem based on the weather is Mrs. Evelyn Adams, of Northgate, Qld., at whose home the patio faces west.



WINDBREAK and sun-screen can be made from a canvas blind that will roll neatly away out of sight.

WHEN the westerly winds blow, the patio cannot be used. Her husband will not agree to enclosing it because he wants it to remain an open-air living-room.

I suggest canvas blinds be used. In the sketch at left I have shown a detail of a pergola in which canvas blinds give shelter from the wind. These blinds are concealed in a

special compartment that protects them from the weather when not in use.

This arrangement also has the advantage of keeping late-afternoon sun from penetrating deep into the house and making the patio more pleasant at this time.

The construction is very simple, comprising splayed 9 in. by 2 in. posts spaced about five or six feet apart and fixed to the concrete patio floor with galvanised pipe dowels to keep them about 1 in. clear of the ground.

Two 9 in. by 1½ in. beams are bolted through the top of the post. A piece of lin. boarding on top of the beams forms the boxing in which the roller blinds are concealed.

The top of this boxing can be waterproofed with a strip of galvanised flat iron bent down the sides and fixed with 2 in. by 1 in. battens.

Shaped 6 in. by 1½ in. pergola beams are then fixed to the top of the boxing to project about 18 in. The other ends of the beams are secured to a 6 in. by 2 in. beam bolted to the main wall of the house.

WATCH BABY AFTER A FALL

By SISTER MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft Nurse

MOST of the falls a baby has are harmless, but it is most important to keep him under observation for some time after each tumble.

If the child falls on his head, put him to bed in a darkened room and keep him very quiet.

Even a slight concussion must not be treated lightly. You should get medical advice immediately if any of the following occurs after a fall: Headache, vomiting,

any twitching, bleeding from the ears, prolonged and deep sleep, or unevenness of the pupils of the eyes.

A leaflet describing the treatment for concussion and other emergencies, such as cuts or scalds, is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

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Ask for MIN-A-VIT
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..... H2-55

STILL YOUNG at 50

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Sweet wins prize

• Butterscotch dessert, which wins this week's prize of £5 in our recipe contest, is a sweet that will please all members of the family.

THE prizewinning sweet has a bland flavor, and is delicious served with either chocolate or butterscotch sauce.

The consolation prize is awarded to spaghetti Italiane, an appetising savory dish, good for weekend luncheons or as the main course for a buffet party.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

BUTTERSCOTCH DESSERT

Three teaspoons gelatine, ½ cup hot water, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1½ cups warmed milk, 3 eggs, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, pinch salt.

Place brown sugar and butter in saucepan, stir over low heat until sugar melts, cook further 5 minutes. Gradually

add warmed milk, stirring constantly, then pour mixture on to egg-yolks in top half of double saucepan. Stir over boiling water until mixture will coat a silver spoon. Remove from heat, allow to cool, then add gelatine which has been dissolved in hot water, and vanilla, mix well. When butterscotch mixture begins to thicken, fold in egg-whites

UNPEELED PEAR WEDGES, a slice of pineapple, a sprig of mint, and a glace or maraschino cherry make a cool, refreshing appetiser to start dinner on a summer night.

beaten stiffly with salt. Fill into wetted mould, chill until set. Unmould, serve with chocolate sauce and ice-cream.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. H. Plumb, 28 Hill St., Bega, N.S.W.

SPAGHETTI ITALIENNE

One pound minced steak, ½ lb. onions, 1 clove garlic, ½ lb. tomatoes or 1 small tin tomato puree, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 carrot, 4oz. spaghetti, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Melt butter in pan, add

sliced onions, cook until soft and lightly browned. Add grated carrot, parsley, crushed garlic, chopped, skinned tomatoes, salt, pepper, and meat, stir over heat until well mixed. Cover with a tightly fitting lid, simmer 1 hour, stirring occasionally to prevent mixture sticking to saucepan. Meanwhile cook spaghetti in the usual way, drain and rinse. Just before serving add to meat mixture to reheat. Serve immediately.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. J. Chataway, Box 102, Stanthorpe, Qld.

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2. AND ADD ½ TEASPOON SALT, ½ CUP OF VINEGAR AND 1 TEASPOON DRY MUSTARD.
3. MIX ALL INGREDIENTS THOROUGHLY UNTIL MIXTURE THICKENS. ALLOW TO STAND A FEW MINUTES UNTIL MAYONNAISE STIFFENS.
4. ★ RICH ★ VELVETY SMOOTH ★ SAVES SUGAR ★ SAVES TIME ★ ADD NESTLÉ'S SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK TO ALL YOUR SUMMER COOKING—IT'S AS BASIC AS FLOUR AND EGGS.

NESTLÉ'S FULL CREAM MILK
ANOTHER FAMOUS NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

CHRISTMAS CAKES

Continued from page 83

BOX OF FRUIT CAKE

Bake a ½ lb. cake in a 7in. square tin. Cover with almond paste, keeping edges square. Allow at least 24 hours to set. Roll plastic icing to shape of cake; allow extra icing to cover a cardboard lid the size of the cake. To attach plastic icing to cardboard: Spread royal icing thinly, but smoothly, over cardboard with flexible knife blade. Place rolled plastic icing over it, press and mould with the hands, then polish with hands dusted with sifted icing sugar. Decorate with a fine piping of royal icing and cashews. Place fruits, moulded from almond paste and colored with food coloring, into colored paper cases (type used for chocolates), attach to top of cake with dabs of royal icing. Hold lid in position desired, place a dab of royal icing at each point of contact, and support in this position while setting overnight—with some object such as a bottle—so that lid remains firm. Decorate edge of cake with piped royal icing.

SANTA CLAUS CHRISTMAS-BASKET CAKE

Bake a pound cake (see recipe for Christmas cake) in a 9in. square tin. Cover cake with almond icing; allow to set for 24 hours. Roll plastic icing to shape of cake and cover same. Mould flowers (Christmas bells and holly) from plastic icing which has

been colored and flavored. Allow to set. Make a small doll into a Santa Claus by covering with plastic icing, coloring and trimming it in the conventional way.

Make a sleigh and a basket from cardboard covered with icing; pipe lattice all over the basket and place it on its side on top of the cake. Arrange small toy reindeer on top of cake also. Color shredded coconut to represent Christmas packing and arrange on cake on top of a thin spread of royal icing. On the coconut arrange a variety of small articles moulded from plastic icing and painted with food coloring. Items such as a miniature Christmas cake, box of figs, wrapped parcels are suitable. Attach prepared flowers to corners, and pipe a shell pattern around base of cake with royal icing.

HEARTY GREETINGS CAKE

Bake a half-pound fruit cake in a heart-shaped tin, cover with almond icing. Roll out plastic icing and cover cake. Smooth and polish top with the hands dusted with sifted icing sugar. Write greeting across top of cake with royal icing, using a fine pipe. Mould three candles from plastic icing and place on the cake. These may be painted beforehand and allowed to dry. Make some holly leaves and place on cake. Pipe around edges of cake with rose pipe and royal icing.



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BY RUD



"TELL ME ANOTHER" SAYS KLEENEX TISSUES

SUMMER HAS ITS HAZARDS

THERE'S NO BETTER WAY TO CATCH A COLD THAN GETTING DRENCHED AT A PICNIC. BUT WHEN SUMMER COLDS STRIKE, MAKE SURE YOU HAVE KLEENEX ON HAND. IT'S SOFT—KEEPS COLDS FROM SPREADING.

KLEENEX WINS BLUE RIBBON

ADVICE FROM A PRIZE WINNING COOK. PUT PIKELETS BETWEEN TWO KLEENEX TISSUES WHILE COOLING. IT KEEPS THEM LIGHT AND JUST-MOIST. NOT SOGGY. MRS. M. KENNY, MURTON AVENUE HOLLAND PARK, BRISBANE.

CAUGHT RED HANDED

AFTER YOU'VE BLOTTED YOUR LIPSTICK WITH KLEENEX, GIVE YOUR LIPSTICK CASE A WIPE. KLEENEX KEEPS YOUR LIPSTICK TUBE CLEAN, LIPSTICK OFF YOUR HANDS. SHINES UP COMPACT AND MIRROR, TOO. MRS. M. KELLY, C/- EAST LIVINGTON P.O., VIA ALBURY, N.S.W. KL3/6/16 R3

*Registered Trade Mark

RUB ON... SPOTS GONE

SEE YOUR SKIN TROUBLE GO IN A FEW DAYS

Skin complaints like eczema; spots, pimples and rashes don't heal unless you get at their cause — the germs beneath your skin. Valderma, the wonderful new, double-antiseptic balm gets right under the pores and gives speedy relief from your skin trouble. See for yourself how effectively Valderma works! Try this simple 7-day test on your skin. Rub a little Valderma on your skin where the trouble is. Do this several times a day for a week. Within a day or two you will see and feel the difference Valderma makes. Often in only a few days, your skin will be clear and healthy again. From then on it's a simple matter to help prevent any further recurrence of your skin trouble. Merely rub a little Valderma into your skin at regular intervals.

DOUBLE-ANTISEPTIC ACTION

Valderma contains two powerful but gentle antiseptics which penetrate deep down under your skin and promote rapid healing of your skin complaint. Its



A British discovery—a new non-greasy antiseptic balm — works wonders with common skin complaints like eczema, spots, rashes.

non-greasy oil-in-water emulsion base does not clog the pores and allows septic matter to escape. Itching and irritation end. Gentle, soothing, healing Valderma does not stain clothing, and is invisible on your skin. You simply rub it in, then watch your skin trouble go. Ask for Valderma at your chemist or store; jars 3/6, tubes 2/6. *Reg. Vic. 4659.

TRY VALDERMA FOR YOUR SKIN TROUBLE

TEENA



GOT THOSE musty wardrobe blues?



Quick! the Air-wick

Why put up with that musty reek of dampness and mould? It's usually the weather, of course, and there's not much we can do about that — but there is an easy, economical and speedy way to rid cupboards of all unpleasant smells... Air-wick! You can stop any smell at its source! Just open your bottle of Air-wick and pull up the wick. Immediately, Air-wick's 125 natural air-freshening compounds, plus Chlorophyll, go to work—give you garden-fresh air. Remember, for less than one penny per day...



AIRWICK KILLS SMELLS FAST!

Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"LEE".—Holiday separates. Smart sleeveless blouse in floral no-iron cotton and plain colored skirt in rayon-linen. The color choice for the skirt is pink and blue; the blouse features florals to match.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust and 24½ and 26in. waist 78/6; 36 and 38in. bust and 28 and 30in. waist 80/3. Postage and registration 4/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust and 24½ and 26in. waist 57/6; 36 and 38in. bust and 28 and 30in. waist 59/9. Postage and registration 4/- extra.

"PENNY".—Small girl's sundress and matching bonnet in flower-printed linette cotton. The color choice includes lemon and blue, lemon and cherry-pink, pink and green, and beige and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes, lengths 18 and 19in. for 2 and 3 years 41/6; 20 and 23in. for 4 and 5-to-6 years 43/-. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes, lengths 18 and 19in. for 2 and 3 years 19/9; 20 and 23in. for 4 and 5-to-6 years 22/6. Postage and registration 3/- extra.



Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 81. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 643 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication.

If food is worth its salt it's worth its SAXA



Saxa Table Salt available in Cartons and Drums

"Tea is Good for You —particularly *Bushells!*"



The New York Academy of Sciences reporting on the effects of tea drinking concluded:—

"Tea as a beverage aids digestion, and stimulates physical and mental activity."

"Tea contributes essential nutritional factors."

Bushells

The Tea of Flavor